

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 549.—Vol. XXI.

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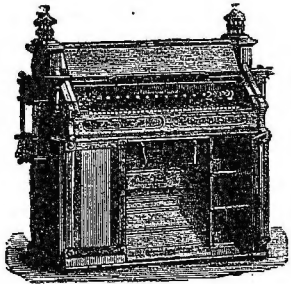


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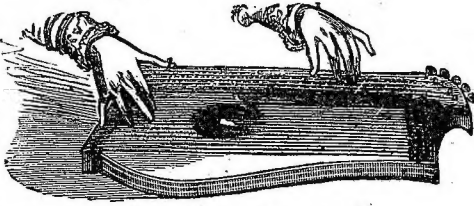
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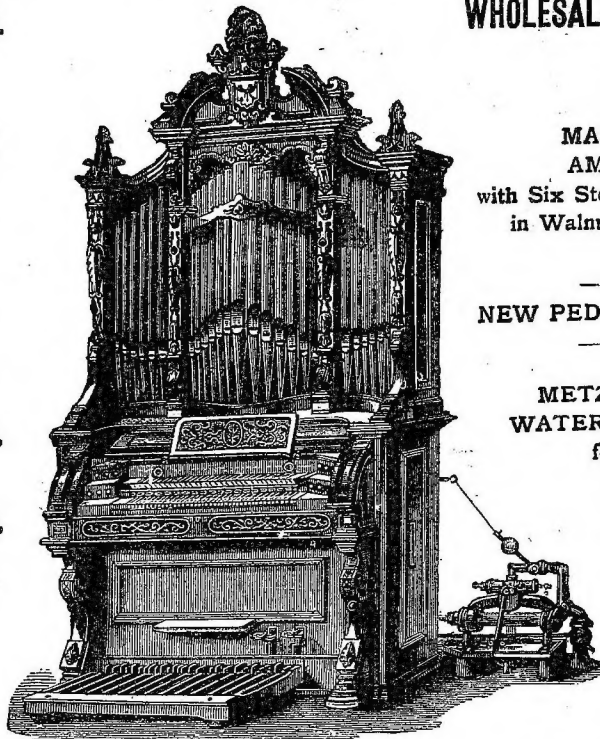
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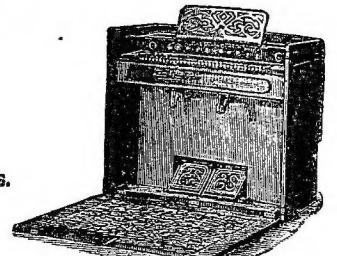
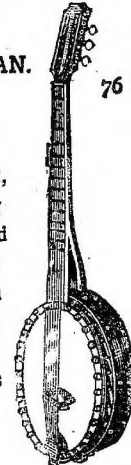


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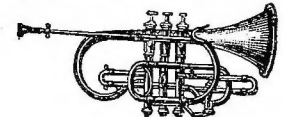
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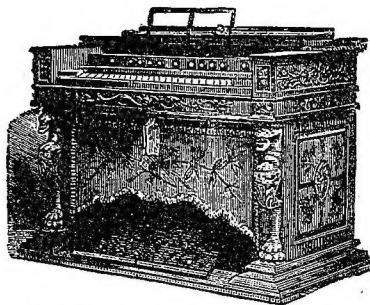
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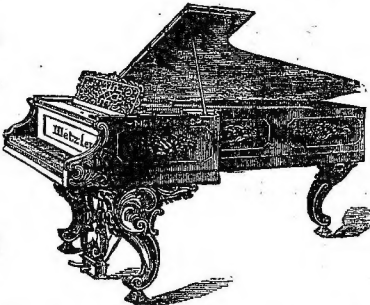
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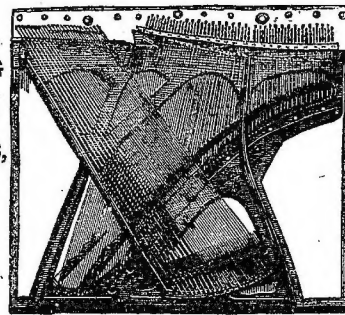
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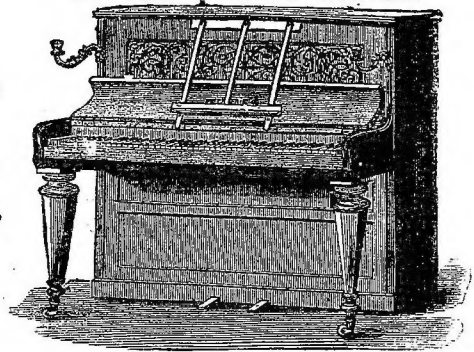
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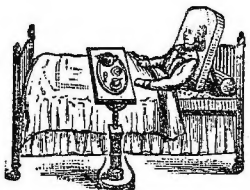
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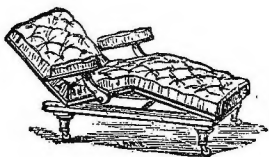
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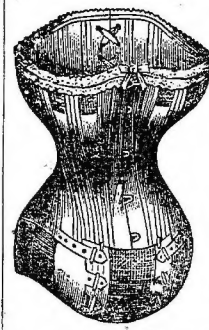
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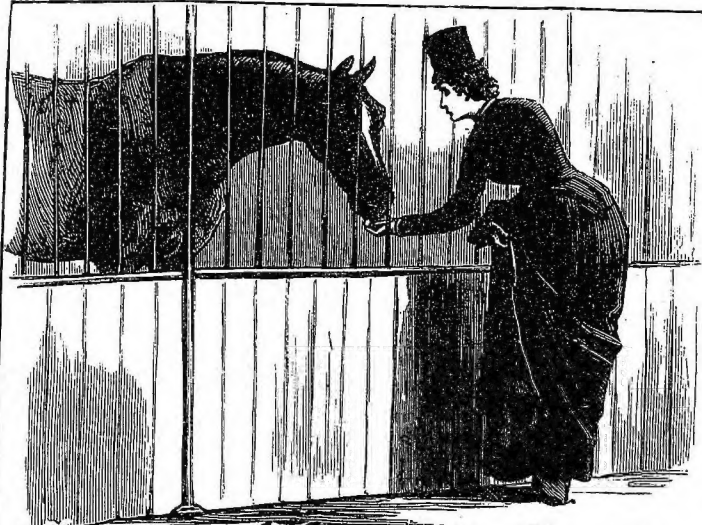
# THE GRAPHIC

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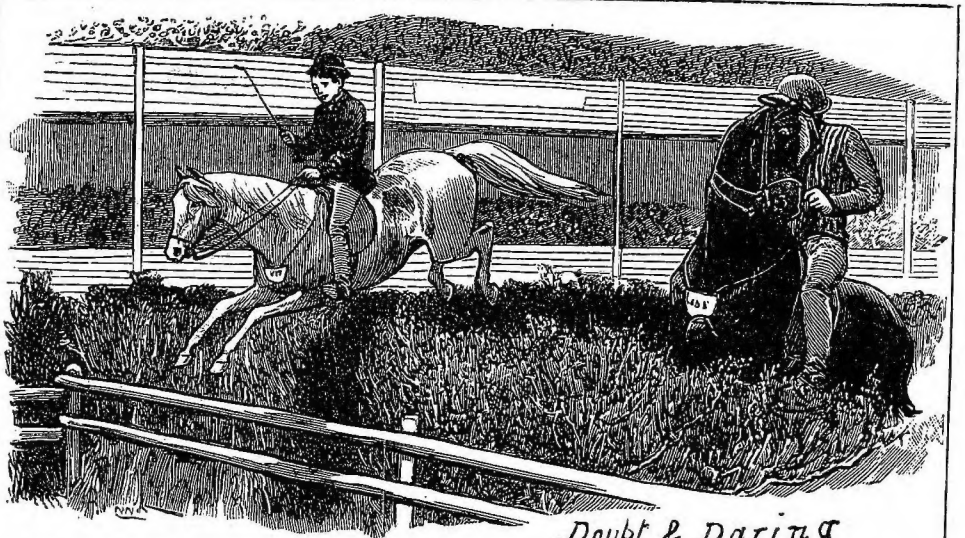
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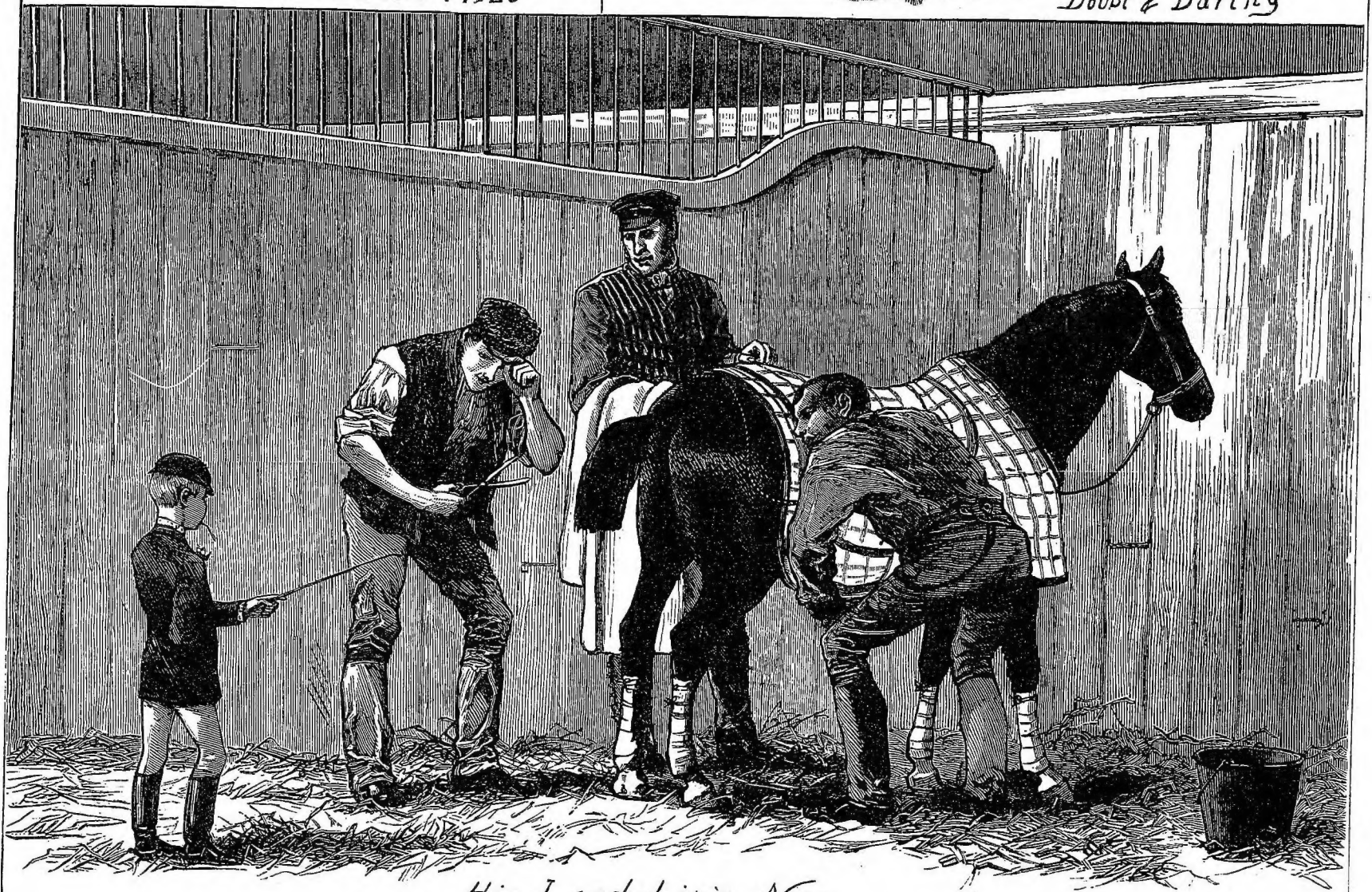
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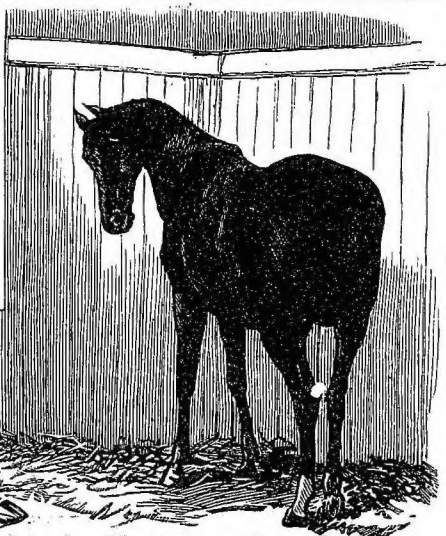
*"Doubt & Daring"*



*"His Lordship's Nag"*



*"The Arab Steed of the Poet"*



*"The Arab Steed of Civilization"*



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J.C.D.

SKETCHES AT THE ISLINGTON HORSE SHOW



## Topics of the Week

**THE NEW CONFERENCE.**—The Greeks ought to be very well pleased with the efforts made on their behalf by the English Government. Even they could hardly expect more than the summoning of a Conference to consider their claims. They are, however, unjust in the bitter attacks they make on the Tory Government. After all, if Lord Beaconsfield had seriously resisted their demands, nothing would have been heard of the subject at the Berlin Congress; for Russia was anything but favourable to them, and neither Prince Bismarck nor Count Andrassy wished to be thought particularly friendly. And France alone would not have succeeded in overcoming the lethargy of the rest of Europe. It was the co-operation of the English Ministry which enabled the French Cabinet to speak with effect at the "European Areopagus." If at a later stage Lord Beaconsfield was a less enthusiastic champion of the Greeks than they anticipated, it ought in fairness to be remembered that he had a great many things to take into account besides "the Hellenic idea." It was necessary that he should not so far offend Turkey as to drive her into alliance with Russia, and the interests of those Albanians whom it was proposed to "transfer" had also to be consulted. Now that some of the chief difficulties of the Eastern Question have been overcome it will be possible for the Liberal Government to take stronger action than the Tories could venture upon; and everybody who cares for the future not only of Greece but of Turkey must hope that the new effort which is about to be made will be successful. The Porte must know that sooner or later it will have to rectify the Greek frontier; and it would save itself from much inevitable trouble by making the necessary concessions at once.

**EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.**—Although press-exigencies debar us from commenting on the debate upon this subject, which was to take place on Thursday, a few general remarks may not be out of place. As the law now stands, the public can claim damages for injuries caused by the carelessness of an employer of labour or of his servants; but any such servant is barred from making any such claim against his master for injury inflicted in the ordinary course of his avocation by a fellow servant. For example, if a brewer's van is delivering beer at a tavern, and a chance passer-by is hurt by a rope breaking, he can claim damages, but if one of the brewer's men is thus hurt, he has no claim, upon the ground of "common employment." This doctrine is based on the theory that when a man enters upon a certain calling, he accepts the risks thereto appertaining, and that, knowing these risks, he is bound to observe a vigilance which cannot be expected of an outsider. This arrangement answered fairly well so long as industries were carried on upon a small scale, but with the gigantic extensions caused by the mechanical discoveries of the last hundred years, it became evident that some modification of the law was desirable. The doctrine of "common employment," for example, is plainly untenable in the case of the deaths and injuries inflicted on railway servants in the pursuit of their avocations. The subject is, however, one of considerable complexity, as it is difficult to define the persons to whom the employers can justly delegate responsibility, and for whose default, therefore, the employers may be held legally responsible. Moreover, if they are confronted with a legal obligation, employers may be less inclined than heretofore to grant voluntary compensation to persons maimed, or to the families of those killed, in their employment. At the same time, the fact that a change in the law is strenuously demanded by railway men, miners, and other workmen, shows that a grievance exists which must, if possible, be abated. Under all the circumstances, it is advisable that the Bill should be submitted to the consideration of a Select Committee.

**AMBITIOUS ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.**—The discussion in the House of Lords on Elementary Education ought to be of some service by directing the attention of the country to a question of great and increasing importance. It is whether we act wisely in transforming Board Schools from institutions in which children may obtain the rudiments of knowledge into institutions of a much more advanced character. It may be admitted at once that sentiment is on the side of the transformation which has for some time been going on. People who have given little serious consideration to the subject fancy that it is ungenerous to forbid the public teacher of the poorer class of children to conduct his pupils to the higher departments of knowledge. But it is surely not ungenerous to ask whether, by trying to make the Board School a school of secondary rank, we may not spoil it for the objects for which it is primarily intended. The Duke of Richmond and others were inclined to answer this question in the negative, but their opinion is the opposite of that of many high authorities both in this country and on the Continent. A teacher who is ambitious to instruct a few clever pupils in all sorts of "higher" subjects has obviously a strong temptation to neglect stupid children who cannot be induced to go beyond the three R's. If he yields to the temptation he cannot console himself by reflecting that he is at any rate making scholars of his "show" boys and girls; for, after all, it is but a smattering of learning—in any true sense of the word—that can be communicated in the most aspiring of

Board Schools. Besides, the ratepayer has surely some right to be heard in the matter. It can hardly be agreeable to him to provide the children of the poor with a better education than he can secure for his own; yet this is what he is asked to do by the enthusiasts who would like, at the public expense, to make a man of culture out of every little boy whom they happen to see in the streets. By all means let our elementary schools be as good as possible of their kind; but the nation ought hardly to sanction a radical alteration in their character without taking into account the obvious consequences of the change.

**ACADEMIES AND NATIONAL GALLERIES.**—As regards the State recognition of Art, although some progress has been made of late years, we are still about a couple of centuries behind the nations of the Continent. Remembering the ample space devoted to the French national collection of pictures in the Louvre, and its complete accessibility; remembering also the Paris Salon, open free to all the world on one day of each week; an Art-loving Englishman is humiliated by the contrast presented by our so-called National Gallery, which, were it not for private bequests, has little claim to be styled National, which is only open to the public four days a week, and is closed for an unconscionable length of time (just when the humbler class of country cousins come to London sight-seeing) for alleged cleansing purposes. There seems no valid reason why the Art-students should have the National Gallery all to themselves for two days in every week, especially as it is rumoured that a good many come there to flirt and gossip rather than to work. There is, of course, not so much space at the National Gallery as at the Louvre; still, it is difficult to believe that they would be incommoded by the admission of a public paying a sixpenny entrance fee; and those of them who are professional copyists would, like their Parisian brethren, benefit by the presence of this hitherto-excluded, much-enduring public. Those who have read Mr. Henry James's novel, "The American," will remember that if the public and the students had not been promiscuously admitted to the Louvre, Mlle. Nioche would never have obtained such a profitable customer as the wealthy Mr. Newman. As for the Royal Academy Exhibition, if the influential classes were really as fond of Art as they pretend to be at the May dinner, they would insist on providing a more roomy receptacle for this annual picture-show. Burlington House is an improvement on Trafalgar Square; but, as its suite of rooms are inconveniently crowded every day by shilling visitors, they are not likely speedily to be opened gratis, either Sundays or week-days. Indeed, the gratis stage will scarcely be reached till we have a Fine-Art Minister, with power to erect new galleries, and to revise the privileges of that guild who at present supervise our Art-progress. Skillfully managed, a Fine-Art Department might be made as profitable as the Post Office. Every picture accepted by the Government for exhibition should, we suggest, be retainable by them for twelve months, and, after the usual metropolitan display, should be successively exhibited in suitable galleries in each of the big provincial towns. A golden harvest might be reaped in this way, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

**CANOSSA.**—Prince Bismarck has again and again declared that he would never go to Canossa, but he is undoubtedly moving in that direction at present. The measure which gave rise to so much hot discussion in the Prussian Parliament at the end of last week can have no other motive than a desire to conciliate the Papacy, yet the Papacy refuses to respond in a spirit of moderation. It declares, on the contrary, that it will not be satisfied with anything short of a complete abrogation of the May Laws. Prince Bismarck, however, perseveres with his policy of peace, and it is probable, notwithstanding the protestations with which it has been met, that it will be ultimately adopted. Its adoption may possibly induce the Catholics to be somewhat less bitter in their opposition to his general tendencies than they have hitherto been, but that they will frankly respond to his offers of friendship is in the highest degree unlikely. In the first place, his offers of friendship are by no means of a genial character; he says in effect that while he will cease to use the lash with which he has tormented the Church he will not lay it aside altogether. It is only the application of the laws which he proposes to modify; the laws themselves will remain, and they may at any moment be brought into force again if the Vatican acts in what the Chancellor chooses to consider a refractory manner. The Catholics may be excused if they do not think that an arrangement of this nature deserves to be received with cordial manifestations of gratitude, especially since they know that if they wait they cannot fail to force the Prussian Government into submission. Although Germany is, *par excellence*, the country of the Reformation, it includes an immense population which is absolutely devoted to Rome; and this population will only be confirmed in its convictions and prejudices by persecution. The Papacy can, therefore, afford to look on calmly while Prince Bismarck pursues his own way. It is confident that if he does not yield both nominally and in reality, the day will come when a less powerful successor will be compelled to acknowledge its ancient rights.

**FARM LABOURERS AND THE FRANCHISE.**—The student of journalistic literature is naturally interested in the first utterances of a paper like the *St. James's Gazette*, which has

sprung out of the old *Pall Mall Gazette* in the same way that the United States sprang out of the British Empire—kindred, but hostile. The new venture disclaims partisan politics, with the exception that it purposes to do battle with some particularly noxious kind of Radicalism; yet, although unallied to any special party, its first article, "The Future of Political Ignorance," indicates a very pronounced Toryism. Indeed, it might have been indited by a disciple of Lord Eldon in the days when French Revolutionary excesses had (somewhat excusably) frightened most Englishmen who had heads to be cut off or property to be confiscated out of their sober senses. We learn from this article that the English peasant, upon whom the present Government propose some day to confer the franchise, is a very terrible and dangerous fellow. He is steeped in ignorance, and, as he has been for three centuries nursed in the rugged lap of the Poor Law, he is by birth and breeding a Socialist, and is already developing the tendencies of Continental Communism. If this is the kind of writing which pleases those dwellers in snug suburban villas who used to be the chief supporters of the old *P. M. G.*, we have no wish to deny them their daily pabulum; but, for ourselves, we must protest against this description of the agricultural labourers of England, who, as a body, in most of the qualities that go to make good citizens, are fully the equals of the working classes in the towns. They ought to have got the franchise in 1867, and they would have got it but for this reason. The Tories, who do not like extended voting power (except for the purpose of "dishing the Whigs"), naturally did not care to give the suffrage to more people than they could help; while the Whigs were horribly afraid lest the peasantry, if enfranchised, should go "solid" for Conservatism. So between the two parties, the men who plough and sow, and reap and mow, who follow the most varied of all manual employments, and who are literally the bone and sinew of the country, seeing that all the townfolk come originally from rural districts, and would die out in a hundred years but for rural recruits—these men were left out in the cold. But before long they will get their rights, and, when they do, we are confident that their conduct as voters will refute the aspersions which have been cast upon them.

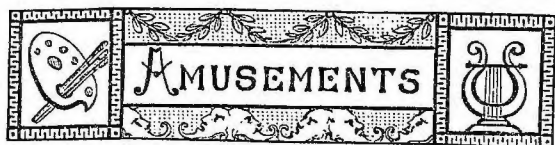
**CYPRUS.**—The debate on Cyprus can hardly have been unsatisfactory to the members of the late Government. It is true that some sarcastic references were made to the manner in which the island was acquired; but it was obvious from the whole tone of Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Dilke that there is to be no particular change in the Tory methods of administration. This must have been rather disappointing to those ardent Radicals who expected that if our "White Elephant" was not to be altogether abandoned it would, at any rate, be managed in a new way. By this time, however, they have become accustomed to the fact that, however vehemently the members of an Opposition denounce a Government, they are forced, on rising to power, to make the best of accomplished facts. As for the general question whether Cyprus is of much use to us, there are signs that the Tories themselves are in some measure coming round to the view which has from the beginning been consistently maintained by the Liberals. The island was to be "a place of arms," but as a matter of fact it has been found inexpedient to make serious preparations for giving it this character. The intention was also to govern it so well that it would serve as a sort of model in the renovation of Asia Minor. There can be little doubt that its inhabitants will in the end largely benefit by English rule; but whether it will serve any good purpose as an example of virtuous administration is another question. If Asia Minor is to be well governed the result will probably be achieved by means of a much more direct nature.

**READING ALOUD.**—We are glad to observe that Lord Sherbrooke has not lost his old "form" in the calm and somewhat depressing atmosphere of the Upper House, though we regret the necessity (some may say the absurdity) which compels him to conceal his familiar patronymic under a territorial disguise. But our present business with his lordship is on the subject of reading aloud. As he suffers from defective eyesight, Mr. Lowe (he *was* Mr. Lowe then) has had a series of boys, invariably chosen from the sixth standard, to read to him, and he has never had a boy who could read properly, or who was not staggered by words of three syllables. We must not attempt to make this experience of Mr. Lowe's prove too much. Young persons are usually nervous when called upon to read aloud in the presence of their seniors, and we should imagine that such a senior as the late member for the University of London would excite especial trepidation in the juvenile mind. Still, we think that Lord Sherbrooke has hit on an educational defect which needs careful attention. It is not only boys from Board Schools who read badly. People who speak badly are pretty sure to read badly, and the majority of Englishmen (the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh are far before us in this respect) mumble and mispronounce their words more than any other civilised people. Hence it is the exception to find an after-dinner or other speaker who knows how to make his voice travel so as to be heard over a moderately-sized room, or who can say what he intends to say without an exasperating amount of humming and hawing. When we think of the indifferent cookery, the dubious wine, and the tedious oratory too often provided, it is a wonder that Englishmen are so fond of public dinners. Then how rare it is in private life to hear a man read aloud something that needs good



reading, such as a passage from a standard author in prose or verse, so as to afford genuine pleasure to his listeners! Women are generally better in this respect than men, and the reason probably is that any tendency towards clear and distinct reading which they may have shown as children was encouraged by their mothers and governesses; whereas our personal experience, both at a public school and at Oxford, was that if a "fellow" when construing soared above the regulation school-boy monotone, and showed any variety and vivacity of intonation, he was stigmatised by his comrades as a "muff." Good reading was "bad form."

NOTICE.—THE GRAPHIC this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is devoted to ILLUSTRATIONS relating to GLASGOW. The specially-written Descriptive Article is from the pen of Mr. ROBERT WALKER, of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.—For binding, the Glasgow Sheet must be placed as directed by the pagination.



**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING (excepting the Saturdays in June), at 7.45, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, terminating with the Trial Scene. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Concluding with an Idyll by W. G. Wills, entitled IOLANDE, Miss Ellen Terry; Count Tristan, Mr. Irving. EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, at 8, THE BELLS (Mathias, Mr. Irving), and IOLANDE, Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performance of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE every Saturday during June, at 2 o'clock. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry.

**LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.** Oct. 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th, 1880. PATRON, THE QUEEN. CONDUCTOR, Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. OUTLINE PROGRAMMES may now be had on application to Festival Offices, Leeds. FRED R. SPARK, Hon. Sec.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—WEDNESDAY, June 9, ST. JAMES'S HALL, 8 o'clock, BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY IN C MINOR, Overtures, Isle of Fingal and St. John the Baptist, &c. Stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—SCHARWENKA will PLAY BEETHOVEN'S CONCERTO IN E flat, and some pianoforte solos. Vocalists, Miss Mary Davis and Mr. Walter Bolton.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

**CANTERBURY.**—Great success of the Grand Ballet, NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Invented and Arranged by M. Dewinne. Music by M. Edouard Frewin. Premiere Danseuses: Mlle. Ada and Alice Holt, supported by Mlles. Broughton, Powell, Aguzzi; M. Dewinne, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

**CANTERBURY.**—NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Every Evening at 10. Brilliant Scenic Effects, Magnificent Transformation, Gorgeous Dresses, Pretty Music, and the Best of Dancers. "It is not easy to convey to the reader in words an idea of the beauty of the Ballet." "It is worthy to rank with anything of the kind that has preceded it." "Too high praise cannot be given to the principals, whose dancing is fairly enchanting."—*Ev'g.*

**CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.** Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all the Star Artists Every Evening at 8. Miss Nelly Power, Miss Emily Mott, Marie Compton, Lizzie Simms; G. H. Macdormott, Arthur Roberts, James Fawn, Victor Liston, Fred Law, Caulfield and Booker, De Castro Troupe. Concluding with a Comic Sketch.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS**

THE NEW PROGRAMME  
EVERY NIGHT AT 8  
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, 3 and 8.  
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS AND BALLADS.  
Re-appearance of that immensely popular comedian,  
MR. CHARLES SUTTON.  
Introduction of  
AN ENTIRELY NEW FEATURE  
in the second part of the entertainment, in the shape of  
GRAND MILITARY AND ALLEGORICAL  
TRANSFORMATION SABOT DANCE.  
in which the services of the entire strength of the Company will be called into requisition.  
The Dresses by Mrs. May; the Limerick effects by Mr. Kerr.  
The Encampment by Moonlight.  
The Bivouac around the Watch-fire. Grand Military Chorus.  
Tenting in the Old Camp Ground.  
The Sentry. Vivandiers' Song. The Alarm.  
The Picquet Guard. Breaking up of the Camp. Military Manœuvres. Pastimes of  
the Troops.  
GRAND PAS DES SABOTS.  
Tableaux Vivants. Allegorical Finale.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.**  
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Hamilton Clarke. Last Week of CASTLE BOTHEREM, by Arthur Law; music by Cluding with a New Second Piece, A FLYING VISIT, by Arthur Law; music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

**MASKELYNE and COOKE, Egyptian Hall.**—ENGLAND'S HOME OF MYSTERY.—Mr. Maskelyne's Original and Marvellous Entertainment is given Every Evening at 8, and at 3 and 8 on Saturdays. Herr Adalbert Frikell, the popular sleight-of-hand conjuror, gives his clever and fascinating performance every Afternoon at 3, excepting on Saturday.

**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND** (incorporated by Royal Charter) for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of British Artists.  
The SEVENTY-FIRST ANNUARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the FREEMASONS' TAVERN, Great Queen Street, on SATURDAY, June 12, 1880.  
The Right Hon. A. J. B. BERSFORD HOPE, M.P., President of the Society, in the Chair.  
Gentlemen's Tickets, 21s.; Ladies', 12s. 6d., may be obtained at the bar of the Freemasons' Tavern, and of the Secretary, L. Young, Esq., 23, Garrick Street, W.C.

**EXHIBITION OF RHODODENDRONS.**  
ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.  
ANTHONY WATERER'S EXHIBITION OF RHODODENDRONS in these Gardens is now ON VIEW daily.  
Admission may be obtained by orders of Fellows, or from the Exhibitor, ANTHONY WATERER.  
\* The fine Standard and other Rhododendrons and Azaleas in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, are from Anthony Waterer.

**SAVOY HOUSE.**—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

**GROSVENOR GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION** now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission, 1s. Season Ticket, 5s.

**DORES GREAT WORKS.**—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

**INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**  
The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from nine till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.  
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W.

**FINAL EXHIBITION at BURLINGTON GALLERY.**  
191, PICCADILLY, of the WORKS of ELIJAH WALTON, the whole of which are for sale at very moderate prices.  
From 10 to 6. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

**GLASGOW AND HIGHLANDS.**—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals. New Steamer *Columba* or *Tona* from Glasgow, daily, 7 a.m., and *Tona* from Oban and West Highlands. Bill, with Map Street, Glasgow.

## "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

Now open daily to the Public an Exhibition of  
**FEEMALE TYPES OF BEAUTY,**

Painted expressly for the Proprietors of "THE GRAPHIC" by the following Artists among others:—  
J. L. CALDERON, R.A.  
FRANK DICKSEE.  
SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.  
A. HOPKINS.  
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.  
E. LONG, R.A.

PHIL MORRIS, R.A.  
MARCUS STONE, R.A.  
G. STOREY, R.A.  
C. E. PERUGINI.  
ALMA TADEMA, R.A.  
J. J. TISSOT.

AND  
"CHERRY RIPE," by J. S. MILLAIS, R.A.  
A Collection of Black and White Drawings by the following Artists are also on view:—  
H. HERKOMER, R.A.  
LUKE FILDES, R.A.  
FRANK HOLL, R.A.  
W. SMALL.  
MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON.  
The Exhibition also includes Water-Colour Drawings by:  
CHARLES GREEN.  
R. CALDECOTT.  
W. SMALL.  
GEORGE H. THOMAS.

ADMISSION: ONE SHILLING.  
14, GRAFTON STREET, One Door from 164, NEW BOND STREET.

NOTE.—As the proceeds will be given to a charitable fund for the benefit of Artists, no free invitations will be issued.

**BRIGHTON.**—EVERY SUNDAY, A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Ticket, 10s.

**BRIGHTON.**—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR. TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

**THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.**—EVERY SATURDAY. Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.00 noon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any train the same day only. EVERY WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Day Return Tickets to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, are issued from Victoria, London Bridge, and nearly all Stations.

**FAMILY and TOURIST TICKETS** are now issued, available for one month, from London Bridge, Victoria, &c., to Portsmouth (for Southsea, Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (for Bonchurch and Freshwater), and Haying Island.

**PARIS.**—THE SHORT AND CHEAP ROUTE.  
VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.

Express Service every Week-night, 7, 2, and 3 Class.  
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m.  
Fares, single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s.  
Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c.  
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.  
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.  
Passengers are now booked through from London, To Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France, by this route.

**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

### MIDLAND RAILWAY.

A Regular Service of EXPRESS TRAINS is run between LIVERPOOL and LONDON, by the New and Picturesque Route, through the PEAK of DERBYSHIRE and MATLOCK, as under:—

**UP TRAINS.—WEEK DAYS.**  
LIVERPOOL (Midland) dep. 9.0 10.45 12.0 2.35 4.0 10.40 11.30 4.0  
Station, Ranelagh St. LONDON (St. Pancras) arr. 2.45 4.10 5.45 8.15 9.35 5.15 5.0 10.0  
**DOWN TRAINS.—WEEK DAYS.**  
LONDON (St. Pancras) dep. 5.15 10.5 12.0 3.30 5.0 12.0 3.10 12.0  
Station, Ranelagh St. LIVERPOOL (Midland) arr. 11.0 3.40 5.40 9.10 10.35 6.0 8.55 6.0  
**B. PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM CARS** run by these Trains between Liverpool and London.  
**C. PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS** run by these Trains between Liverpool and London.  
Passengers travelling in the Drawing Room Cars are charged 3s. 6d., and those travelling in the Sleeping Cars, 6s., in addition to the Ordinary First Class Fare.

THE NEW ROUTE  
between  
LONDON and EDINBURGH and GLASGOW.  
VIA SETTLE AND CARLISLE, IS NOW OPEN, AND  
EXPRESS TRAINS to and from ST. PANCRAS STATION RUN AS UNDER.

**DOWN TRAINS TO SCOTLAND.—WEEK DAYS.**  
LONDON (St. Pancras) dep. 6.0 12.0 5.15 10.35 9.15 9.15 E  
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) dep. 6.0 3.49 4.50 8.55 7.45 7.45  
EDINBURGH (Waverley) arr. 6.0 4.32 4.45 8.45 7.45 7.45  
**UP TRAINS, FROM SCOTLAND.—WEEK DAYS.**  
GLASGOW (St. Enoch) dep. 6.0 10.15 2.30 5.0 9.15 9.15  
EDINBURGH (Waverley) dep. 10.30 10.30 2.35 4.45 9.20 9.20  
LONDON (St. Pancras) arr. 8.30 8.40 4.15 5.15 7.45 7.45

**D. Pullman Drawing Room Cars** are run by these Trains between London and Glasgow.  
**E. Pullman Sleeping Cars** are run by these Trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow.  
F. Will not commence running until Wednesday, July 21st.  
G. Will not commence running from Edinburgh until Wednesday, July 21st.  
H. Pullman Sleeping Car, Edinburgh to London.  
I. Pullman Sleeping Car, London to Edinburgh.  
The charge for travelling in these Cars, in addition to the First-class Railway Fare, will be 5s. Drawing Room, 8s. Sleeping Car.  
Derby, May, 1880. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.

### MIDLAND RAILWAY.

**TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1880.**  
FIRST and THIRD CLASS TOURIST TICKETS, available, with some exceptions, until 31st December, 1880, will be issued until 31st October, 1880. For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.  
Derby, April, 1880. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.



### THE HORSE SHOW AT ISLINGTON

THE seventeenth annual Horse Show was opened at the Agricultural Hall on the 29th ult. About 350 animals were exhibited, comprising the usual classes for hunters, riding horses, cover-hacks and roadsters, park hacks and ladies' horses, harness horses, riding ponies, trotting stallions, as well as extra classes for phaeton horses and Arabs. The Prince and Princess of Wales went to the Show on Monday, and the former was awarded the third prize for park hacks with his bay gelding Sir Jarge. After the formal parade came the jumping, which, as usual, excited great interest.

As those of our readers who are interested in the Horse Show have already learnt full details about it either from eye-witness or from the daily papers, we will merely in conclusion call attention to our engravings, which treat this equine gathering from a playful, rather than from a serious, point of view. That the last horse is a "weight-carrier" is indubitable.—In another cut "his lordship" is visiting his favourite nag, which the grooms are rubbing down for parade.—Our artists' two samples of Arab steeds are evidently *ad hoc* of the Arab stallions exhibited by Mr. W. S. and Lady Anne Blunt, whose recent travels in the East have been so highly appreciated, and who won the prize for Arabs with their dark bay Pharaoh, an animal whose blood is said to be of the bluest among Arabian pedigrees.—Horses, like children, love sugar, and it is just the sort of gift a lady would bestow on her pet.—In the last sketch boy and pony are plainly more than a match for man and horse.

### THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

The Passion Play, which is now being represented at the little Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau, is one of the very few relics of

the Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages which remain to modern Europe. When just a hundred years ago, in 1780, there was a general prohibition throughout Bavaria of Miracle Plays, a special exemption was accorded to the Ober-Ammergau villagers, and since that time they have regularly represented the Passion and Crucifixion of Our Saviour every ten years. The play, however, which has been originally attributed to one of the monks of the neighbouring monastery of Ettal, has undergone various transformations and modifications, the present version having been revised by the aged priest of the Commune, Herr Daisenberg. Until 1830 the play was performed in the churchyard; but at the present day, when thousands of people flock thither from all parts of Europe, a spacious stage and theatre, capable of containing 6,000 persons, have been erected for the purpose. As we have said, the play is represented every ten years, and is divided into two parts, the first beginning with Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and ending with His betrayal and imprisonment; and the second taking up the thread of the story with the arraignment of Christ before Annas, and ending with the Resurrection. *Tableaux vivants* from the Old Testament, each typical of the episode of Christ's life which it immediately precedes, are freely interspersed throughout the play—such, for instance, as the sale of Joseph by his brethren before the betrayal by Judas; or Daniel before Darius, typifying Christ before Pilate; or Moses raising the brazen serpent in the wilderness, foreshadowing the Crucifixion. The players are all inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau, and are of various trades, the part of Caiaphas being taken by the Burgomaster (Johann Lang), and the others by wood-carvers, potters, and other humble workers. The chief part, that of Christ, is taken by a wood-carver, Joseph Maier, as in 1870; and his performance of this sacred character is said by all to be marvellous, "every action in particular," writes the correspondent of *The Times*, "requiring the accompaniment of few or no words, being executed with great ease and the proper degree of dignity. The washing of His disciples' feet, His agony in the garden, His meek submission to stripes and insults, His look and attitude before His accusers, the forcible expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple, and His bearing on the cross, were all exceedingly well performed—in a way which, while proper to the dignity of the character, could hardly offend the most sensitive religious feeling." Of the other characters, the same writer awards still higher praise to Pilate (Thomas Rendl) also a wood-carver, "whose character is probably better enacted than that of any other, partly because Herr Rendl is a man of such fine physique and lofty bearing that he could easily pass for a noble Roman anywhere, without assuming the gorgeous corset and glittering diadem of the pro-consul." The part of Judas, taken by Gregor Lechner, is also exceedingly well portrayed—"the scowls, the visible avarice, the shoulder jerkings, the stealthiness, and suspicious face were truly admirable; and his haggling for an increase of the bribe offered him could scarcely have been better done by Shylock." Of the other disciples, Peter (Jacob Hett) was fortunate enough to have his character visibly stamped by nature on his countenance; while the character of Joseph of Arimathea was well depicted by Martin Oppenreider. The Virgin Mary, taken by Anastasia Krach, was comparatively weakly rendered, Mary Magdalene (Maria Lang) being pronounced infinitely superior. The whole *ensemble* of scenery and costumes, the groupings, and the dispositions of the *tableaux*, are said to be marvellous examples of stage training; while as to the acting of the general crowd, every man, woman, and child did their utmost, and that well, there being no looking up or aside at the audience to note effect, as in Paris or London—no small praise when it is considered that the players number some 600. None, however, we believe, receive any pay, and the surplus of any receipts, after all expenses have been paid, are handed to some charitable institution. The people of Ober Ammergau, the Rev. Malcolm M'Coll tells us in his little handbook, "are remarkable for their honesty, their intelligence, and their religious earnestness," and their feeling in taking part in the programme is well expressed in a reply of Joseph Maier, when asked if he did not feel much fatigued after his physical and moral exertion during the day, "Oh, but the honour of it!" Our portraits are from photographs by B. Johannes, Partenkirchen, Bavaria.

### THE GRAND HOTEL

ALTHOUGH we have had no Baron Haussmann to pull the town about our ears, yet, chiefly owing to the demolition caused by railway needs, Central London has been greatly transmogrified during the last five and twenty years. Trafalgar Square has shared in these changes. Landseer's lions have come into being; a new street has been made leading to a new riverside thoroughfare; Northumberland House, and the historic lion which once wagged his tail, have vanished; and on the site of the ducal mansion stands "a shapeless pile, which, from the Trafalgar Square side, looks like a rounded bastion pierced with innumerable loopholes" (we quote from *The Times*). The architects are not to blame for this external unsightliness, which was forced upon them by the desire of the proprietors to utilise every inch of ground. The English are not skilful in the art of bestowing good and appropriate names. We borrow the names of our modern theatres (as well as most of our plays) from the French, and, as there was a Grand Hotel in Paris, so it was decreed that there should be a Grand Hotel in London.

Once inside the spacious portals of the Grand Hotel, one forgets external shortcomings, and admires the magnificence and richness of its interior. All that marble, mosaic, murals, alabaster, and gilding could do to beautify the entrance-hall, the grand staircase, and the corridors has been done. Some may think overdone. There is a tendency towards this excess of decoration in steam-boat saloons and hotel dining-rooms. Yet, to the sea-sick, mirrors in richly-gilt frames are but a hollow mockery. And he who puts up at a hotel is more interested in getting a well-cooked and well-served dinner, with sound wine, at a reasonable price, than in partaking of his viands amid scagliola columns and black walnut furniture engraved with gold.

The atmosphere of London is so often gloomy and sunless, that the following deserves especial note. The triangular block of masonry of which the Grand Hotel consists has in the centre a huge well or shaft, which serves the double purpose of lighting and ventilating the hotel throughout. Thus the great dining-hall, which is situate in the central area on the ground floor, and which is spacious enough to seat three hundred persons at dinner, receives through an arched roof of stained glass a flood of daylight.

There is also on the ground floor a general reading and reception-room, where callers may wait or where guests may remain while their rooms are being got ready; while on the first floor, overlooking the Embankment and Charing Cross Gardens, there is a tastefully-furnished ladies' drawing-room. Altogether, there are some 300 rooms of different shapes and sizes, while all such modern luxuries as electric bells and hydraulic lifts are abundantly provided.

Talking of lifts, it was a decided lift for the Grand Hotel that it was opened on the evening of the 29th ult. by the Lord Mayor in his official capacity. In the presence of a numerous company who had been invited to inspect the building, the Lord Mayor drank a glass of wine, declared the portals of the hotel open to all the world (meaning thereby, we presume, the world with cash in its pockets), and wished success to Mr. Frederick Gordon and his coadjutors.

### NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS





ANASTASIA KRACH ("VIRGIN MARY")



MARTIN OPPENRIEDER ("JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA")



JOSEPH MAIER ("GHRIST")



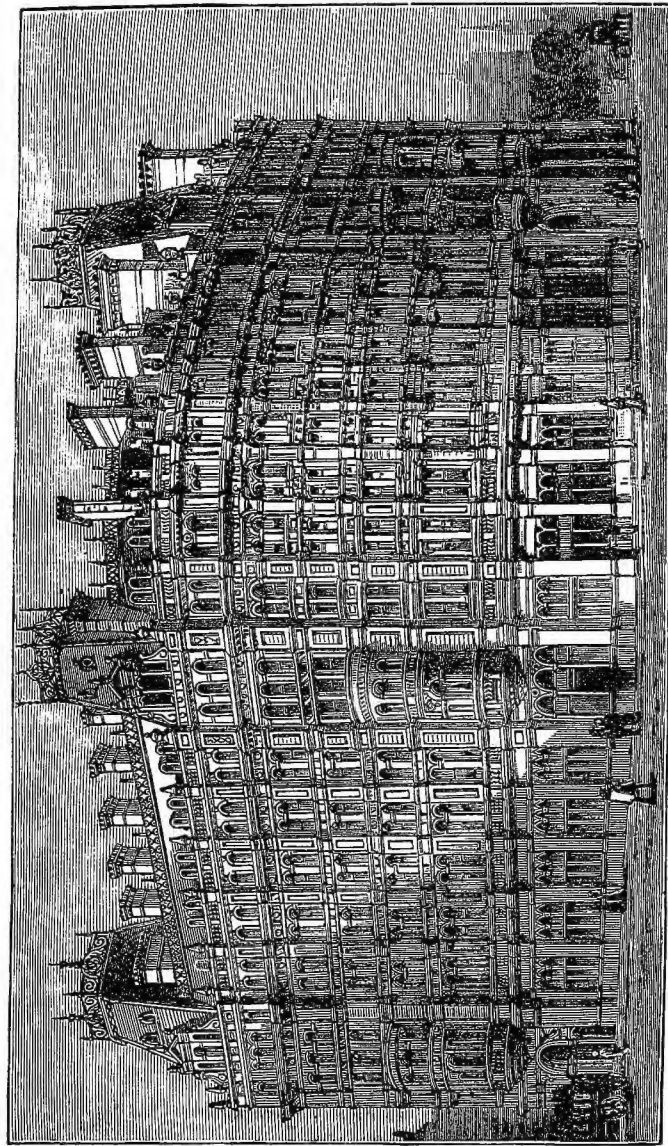
GREGOR LECHNER ("JUDAS")



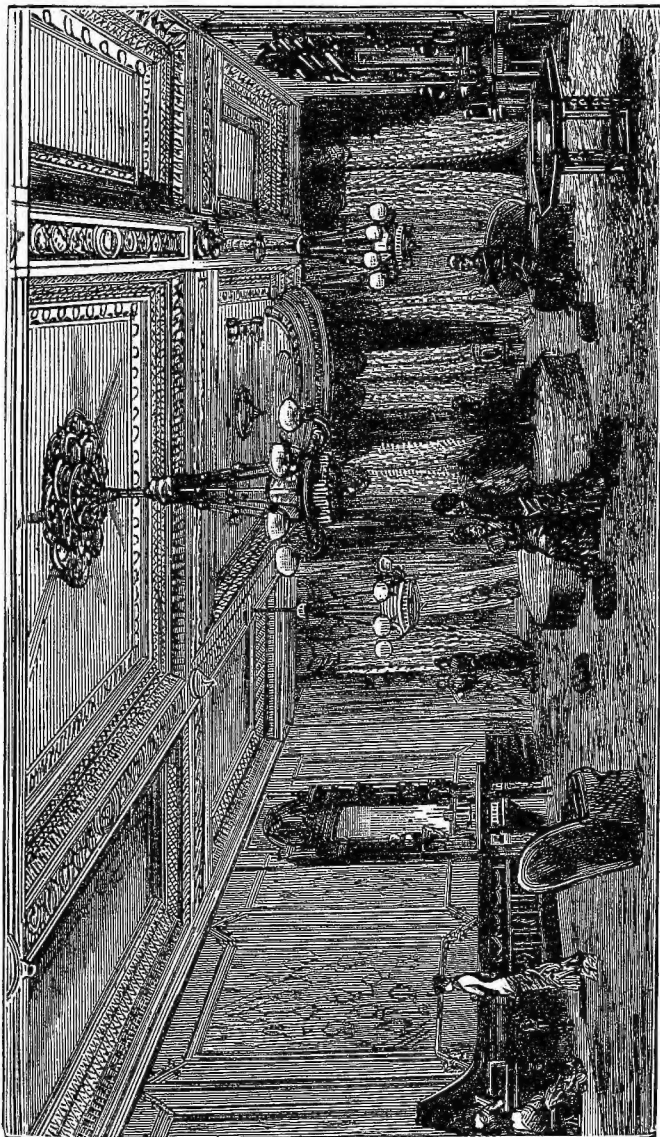
JACOB HETT ("PETER")

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU — SOME OF THE PERFORMERS

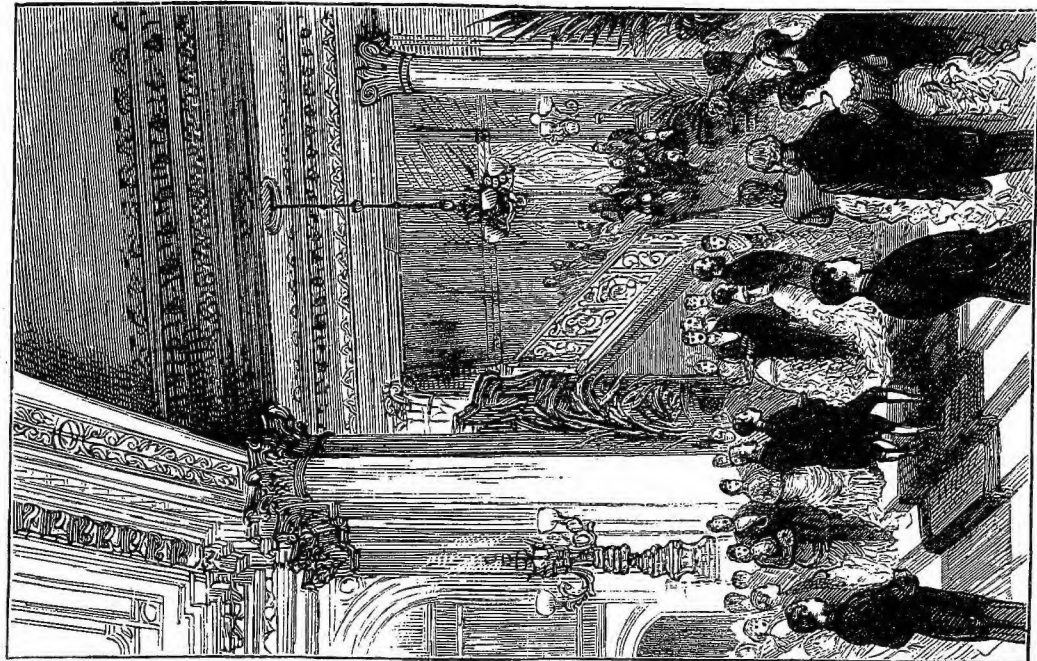




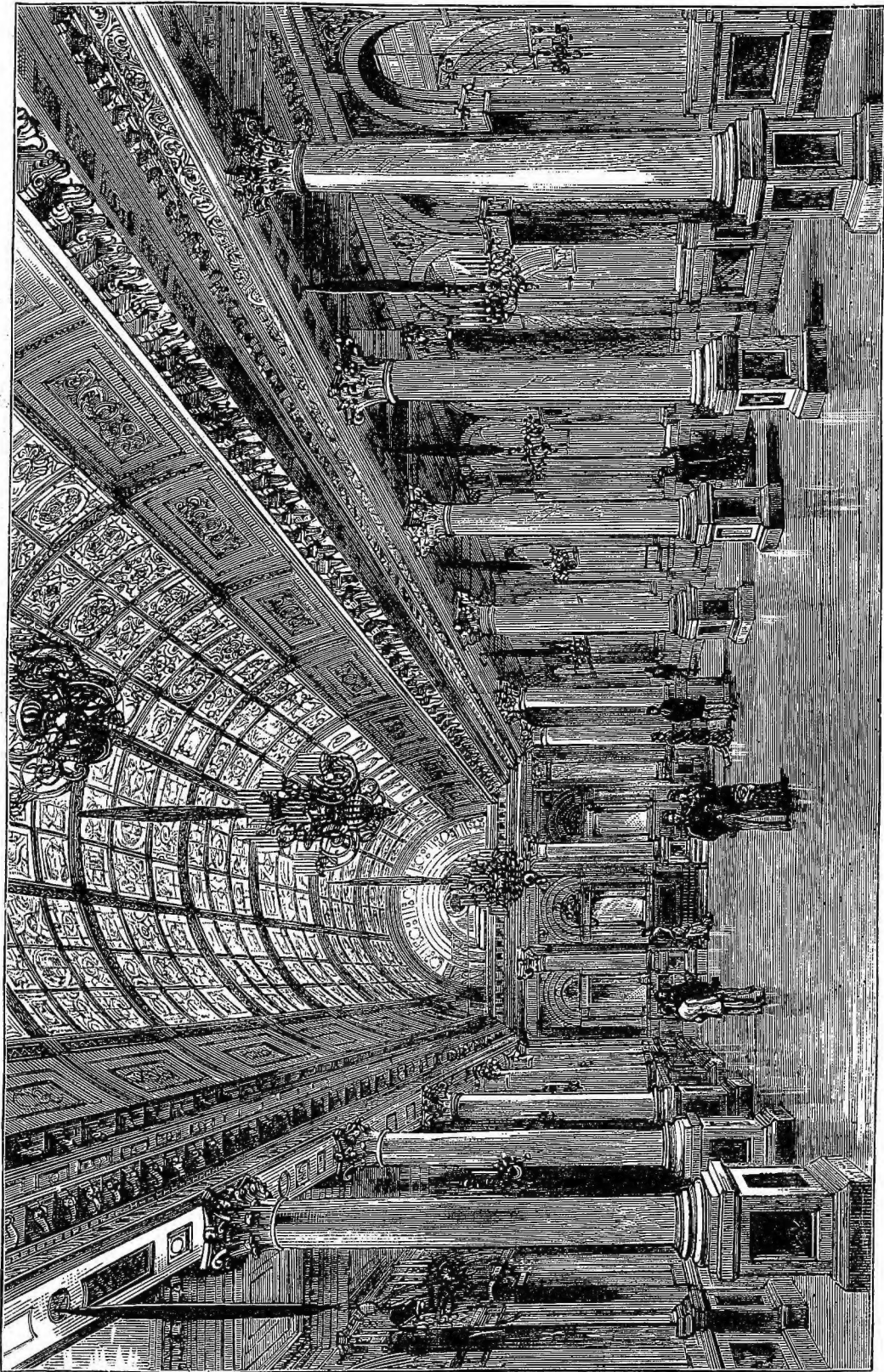
THE EXTERIOR



THE LADIES' DRAWING-ROOM



THE PROCESSION ON THE PRINCIPAL STAIRCASE



GREAT DINING HALL

OPENING OF THE GRAND HOTEL, TRAFALGAR SQUARE



## THE ANNUAL ASSEMBLIES OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCHES

### THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH ASSEMBLY

ON Thursday, the 20th ult., the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland commenced its annual sittings. In the morning a *levée* was held in Holyrood House, and at noon the Earl of Rosslyn, Lord High Commissioner, accompanied by the Countess of Rosslyn, went in procession to St. Giles's Cathedral, where Divine Service was conducted by the Rev. J. Chrystal, of Auchinleck, the retiring Moderator. They afterwards went to General Assembly Hall, where the Assembly was constituted, the new Moderator, Dr. Archibald Watson, of St. Mary's, Dundee, was chosen, and a committee was appointed to answer Her Majesty's letter. The Lord High Commissioner announced that the Queen had again been pleased to make her annual donation of 2,000*l.* for the purposes of religious education in Scotland; and the Assembly, after electing Mr. MacIntosh, advocate, as Procurator, in the room of Lord Lee, resigned; and transacting some routine business, adjourned till next day, when, and during the following week, they were engaged in the consideration of a variety of reports and motions.—Our engraving, which represents the procession in front of Holyrood House, is from a sketch by Mr. Alex. Peacock.

### THE FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY

THE General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland commenced its sittings on the same date, but it was not until the following Thursday, the 27th ult., that the case of Professor Robertson Smith was considered. On that day the galleries of the Free Assembly Hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and the sitting lasted from 10 A.M. until after midnight. There were originally no fewer than twenty-four distinct charges against the Professor, but practically they were all included in the accusation that his views with regard to the historical authority of the Book of Deuteronomy were contradictory of the Confession of Faith. The proceedings against him, commenced some three years ago, were concluded on Thursday last week, when four different methods of dealing with the case were suggested by Dr. Begg, Dr. Laidlaw, Sir H. Moncrieff, and Dr. Beith. After an animated debate Dr. Beith's motion, to admonish the Professor but leave him in possession of his chair, was carried, the numbers being 299 against 292, for Sir H. Moncrieff's motion, which was to drop the libel and expel the Professor as not having the confidence of the Church. The result was received with much cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs in the galleries, and when the excitement was toned down Professor Smith was called to the Bar, and admonished by the Moderator in accordance with the judgment. He made a brief speech in reply, saying that while he thanked God for the issue he had never been more sensible than on that occasion of the blame which rested upon him for statements which had proved to be so incomplete that, at the end of three years, the opinion of the Assembly was so divided upon them.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. R. Ross. Next week we shall publish some further sketches of the Free Church Assembly.

### GALLANTRY REWARDED

IN our issue of March 20 we published a portrait of George Oatley, the brave Coastguardsman, who had been recommended by the Duke of Edinburgh for the Albert Medal of the First Class, and we then gave a brief account of the daring feat which he performed at Peterhead on the 16th of February in swimming out with a rope through surf to a vessel which had been cast upon the rocks, by which means the lives of the crew were saved. Her Majesty not only granted the medal, but expressed her intention of presenting it in person, and this she did on Saturday, the 22nd ult., at Ferry Hill junction while on her journey from Windsor to Balmoral. The ceremony took place on a small platform specially erected by the side of the line, which was surrounded by a crowd of spectators, who cheered lustily as the Queen and Princess Beatrice stepped out of the carriage. Mr. Oatley was introduced to the Queen by Captain Best, R.N., who commands the Coastguard Division to which he belongs, and Her Majesty, while attaching the medal to his breast, graciously remarked that she felt much pleasure in decorating him for his gallant conduct in saving life. The Queen then re-entered the railway carriage, and resumed her journey amidst renewed cheering from the spectators. Sir W. Wiseman and the other officers of the training-ship *Clyde*, with some of the men of that vessel and of the Coastguard in the district, formed a guard of honour, and presented arms on the arrival and departure of the Royal train.—Our engraving is from a photograph by John MacMahon, 9, Union Road, Aberdeen.

### CANADIAN FARM LIFE, II.

OUR engravings this week are illustrative of work on freshly-cleared ground. In chronological order the first sketch to be described is that which shows cattle grazing on pasture which has never been disturbed by a plough. After the timber was felled and drawn off, the ground was seeded down with timothy and clover. Year by year a little is done to aid Nature in getting rid of the stumps by setting fire to them. In seven years they rot off of their own accord.—Breaking up the pasture is tedious work, and particularly trying to the temper when the plough point runs into some root or stump, and the horses jib about instead of backing, so as to allow the ploughman to get clear. Oxen used to be exclusively used for this work, but it is found that horses are usually pretty manageable among stumps.—When the harvest is ripe on such ground as this, a "cradle" has to be used instead of a reaper. The cradle is a scythe with three fingers, which enable a much larger "swath" to be taken, as they hold the grain, which can then be nicely thrown, heads one way. The "good woman" has turned out to give a hand at binding and setting up shocks.—The first taste of green corn is eagerly anticipated among thorough-bred rurals, who are wont to vie with each other as to how many yards of cobs they can clear off. Among this class of people a corn-eating match is no new thing. The sketch exemplifies the proverb, "Fingers were made before forks," and, as the corn is well salted and buttered, fingers get rather greasy.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. F. A. Disbrowe.

### THE RAILWAY UP VESUVIUS

See page 582.

### "ON THE COAST OF CORNWALL"

THE Turner Gold Medal for landscape painting was awarded to this picture by the Royal Academy in December last, and those who see the original at the Exhibition (No. 17 in the Catalogue) will agree that Mr. Henry Gibbs well deserves his prize. We spoke with approval of the picture in our Art review last week, and so we need only say that it faithfully reproduces a particularly fascinating bit of that delightfully Cornish coast along which an artist might ramble for a lifetime without exhausting its treasures. We are not sure of the exact locality, but near the Lizard, where the serpentine formation is found, there are just such "meadows" of yellow sand, belted round with steep rocks. The strapping lassie on the rock-path in the foreground adds a human interest to this charming work.

### GLASGOW ILLUSTRATED

See pp. 573 *et seqq.*

NOTE.—The continuation of Miss Edwards's New Story, "Lord Brackenbury," is postponed till next week.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—In describing an engraving of an incident in British Columbia in our issue of March 27th, we

remarked that "in North Western America, during the winter months, water can only be obtained by the application of artificial heat." A correspondent at New Westminster takes exception to this statement; which is certainly incorrect as regards the coast region, though he admits that eastward of the Cascade Mountains the winters are much more severe, and it was of the inland districts that we were thinking when we wrote as we did. Our correspondent sends us a weather table kept at New Westminster during a period of six years, from which it appears that, with the exception of a more abundant annual rain fall, the climate is more like that of England than of any other spot on the globe so far away. The average temperature of January is about two degrees colder, and that of July about one degree warmer, than that of Greenwich, and although in 1875 the river was closed to navigation by ice for six weeks, in 1877 it was only so obstructed during one day. We are glad to make these facts more generally known, as it is evident that in British Columbia we have an emigration-field more conducive, as regards climate, to the comfort of Northern Europeans than any other in the world, Tasmania and New Zealand, perhaps, excepted.



THE ALLEGED SECRET TREATY.—Mr. Charles Marvin, the ex-Foreign Office writer, has written to the *Echo*, stating that Sir C. Dilke's reply to Mr. Labouchere in the House of Commons on Friday last week, to the effect that "England was under no secret engagements to any foreign Power," is only a partial statement. The Secret Treaty of May 31, 1878, he says, embodies no engagement on the part of England. It consists of a solemn engagement on the part of a certain foreign Power towards ourselves. Mr. Marvin adds that he has no wish to gain notoriety by making this statement; but he has said so much about the Secret Treaty in his account of the disclosure of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, that he cannot allow it to be quenched by an evasive denial.

MR. GLADSTONE has received an address from the Bohemian Liberal Club at Prague, congratulating him on his accession to office, and complimenting him as the "champion of humanity," the "just revenger of Carlo Poerio," the "valiant adversary of the absolutism of the Pope," and the "noble herald of Bulgarian horrors." "Weak words," they continue, "cannot convey what the countrymen of John Huss feel, seeing Christian principles by his efforts applied and carried out in international relations. The Bohemian nation weeps for her past greatness, but she has not ceased to hope, to believe in the victorious power of right, freedom, and humanity."

MR. BRADLAUGH on Sunday delivered a lecture at the Hall of Science, on "Oaths, Affirmations, and Outlawries," at the close of which he is reported to have said, in reference to the Parliamentary Oath, that he intended to let the matter be fairly discussed by the Committee, and let the report of that Committee be fairly given, and let the debate follow on the subject; but he should then go to the table and either take the oath and his seat, or the House would have to use whatever power it could against him, for he would never give way. The Parliamentary Committee met on Tuesday, and after some discussion decided that Mr. Bradlaugh, who had intimated that he declined to retain counsel, should be allowed to attend, and that the proceedings should be conducted in public. They again met on Wednesday, when Sir Erskine May, Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, gave evidence as to what had already taken place in the House when Mr. Bradlaugh had come to the Table, and claimed to affirm. Search had been made for precedents bearing on the case, but he knew of none for objecting to administer the oath to a member who asked to take it, unless it could be argued that the case of Mr. Daniel O'Connell was one. Mr. Bradlaugh was permitted to question the witness through the Chairman (Mr. Walpole), and was also himself examined. He claimed to be sworn under a Statute of Richard II., and quoted a case, "Archdale," in which a member, after claiming to affirm, had been asked to take the oath by the Speaker acting on the direction of the House. He denied that he had at any time refused to take the oath, and said that he attached the same importance to the kissing of the book as the law did to the whole formula. He would go through no form which he did not consider to be binding upon his conscience.

A MEETING OF THE MIDDLESEX LIBERALS was held on Wednesday at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the presidency of Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P. An address was presented to Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., in recognition of his efforts to win a seat in the country. On the motion of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, M.P., seconded by Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., a resolution was also adopted, expressing grateful appreciation of Mr. W. E. Gladstone's services, especially through the critical events of the last three years, congratulating him on his election for Midlothian and Leeds, on his assumption of office, and on the triumphant return of a Parliament pledged to the principles which he has upheld with unparalleled ability. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in responding, criticised a speech recently made by Lord George Hamilton, his opponent in the recent election; and the Premier, in returning thanks, referred to the complaints that had been made that the new Government had not been true to the declarations made by some of its members while in Opposition. He asked the Liberals not to be in a hurry; the duty of the Government was to work steadily on the lines they had laid down, without boasting or premature disclosure.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY was officially celebrated on Saturday last with the customary observances. At the Horse Guards the "trooping of the colours" took place in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught. There were also military displays at Windsor, Aldershot, Chatham, Woolwich, and Portsmouth; whilst at Dublin the day was observed as a general holiday, and the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Cowper were present on horseback at a review in the Phoenix Park. In the evening the West End of London was very generally illuminated, and the usual Ministerial banquets were given in honour of the occasion. The Prince of Wales dined with Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street; and afterwards, with the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge, attended Lady Granville's reception at the Foreign Office.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY held its fifth annual public meeting on Saturday, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Dunraven, the new president, who, in his address, said that the principles of the society were spreading rapidly over the country. There was no desire to make people work on Sunday or to rob the churches of their congregations, but simply to obtain for the people, natural, proper, and innocent rest and recreation on Sunday. The only solid objection was founded on a misconception as to the identity of the Christian with the Jewish Sabbath, and a false estimate of the real nature of both institutions. It was too absurd to argue that we should not visit a museum or picture-gallery because some thousands of years ago the Jews escaped from Egypt with a good deal of plunder; and the value of the other reason urged for Sabbath observance depended greatly on one's belief in the Creation having been accomplished in six literal days. Speeches were also made by a large number of well-known advocates of the movement, and letters of sympathy were read from many who were unable to attend.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY on Monday held its annual meeting in the theatre of the University of London, under the presidency of Lord Northbrook, who delivered an address on the Progress of Geography during the past year. The income of the society was 8,979*l.*, and the expenditure 6,990*l.*, and there had been an increase of fifty-eight Fellows. Lord Aberdare was chosen to succeed Lord Northbrook as President, and the Royal medal for the encouragement of Geographical science and discovery was awarded to Lieutenant Palander for his services in the late Swedish Arctic Expedition. In the evening the annual dinner was held at Willis's Rooms, with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh in the chair.

M. LESSEPS arrived at Liverpool on Monday, and spoke on the subject of the proposed Panama Canal, to a large meeting of the members of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. He said that reliable and capable men had taken the contract for the construction of the canal for 500,000,000 francs. Eight thousand men would be employed on the work, which would be completed in about six years. He denied that the American Government or private individuals generally offered any opposition to the scheme. He proposed to place a certain number of shares at the disposal of the British public; but he did not care whether they were taken or not, as he could get plenty of funds, and was not asking for money, but offering it.

SEA-WATER FOR LONDON.—The Great Eastern Railway Company have this week started a business which ought to prove financially successful. They bring sea-water up to London, and send it round by their vans, distributing it in well-corked cans at the rate of sixpence for three gallons. Another company proposes to supply sea-water at one half-penny per gallon, but it is to be brought up in barges, and must be longer in transit, and therefore be less fresh than that conveyed by rail.

A PUBLIC PARK, some twenty-one acres in extent, has been presented to the town of Huddersfield by Mr. Henry Frederick Beaumont, one of the former representatives of the Southern Division of the West Riding.

THE JUBILEE OF BELGIAN INDEPENDENCE was to have been celebrated by the Belgian residents in London by a banquet, but the Belgian Ambassador being unable to preside, that project has been abandoned, and it is now intended to organise an "International Banquet" in commemoration of the event.

TWO FATAL ACCIDENTS happened on Saturday in connection with the Volunteers Corps. At Frome Selwood, a recruit belonging to the 13th Somerset Rifles, with his brother and a friend were practising at an improvised target with some ball cartridge, the possession of which has yet to be accounted for, when one of the balls struck a youth who was climbing a tree some 300 yards off. The lad fell to the ground, and died shortly afterwards. The other disaster occurred at North Woodside, near Glasgow, where a shower of huge stones was cast amid a crowd of spectators by the explosion of a mine during a sham fight in which the 1st Lanark Engineer Volunteers were engaged. One of the stones, weighing about 14lbs., fell on a boy's head, and death resulted in a few minutes.

THE LOSS OF THE "AMERICAN."—The passengers and sailors who embarked in the "gig" of the steamship *American*, when that vessel founded, were picked up, all well, by the German schooner *Moltke* and taken to Quetta, whence they have since been conveyed to Madeira by the Union Company's steamship *Cameroon*. Her Majesty's ships *Forrester* and *Firebrand* are still searching for the only boat now missing, the "dingy," which is said to contain one quartermaster and four seamen.

FATAL DISASTER AT SEA.—Captain Sturrock, of the *Scotia Queen*, from Demerara, which arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday, reports that on 30th April, in about 30° N., 60° W., he passed a raft which had apparently been made on board a man of war or first-class steamer, as it was bolted together and not lashed with chain, and two days after several dead bodies.



THE Bradlaugh controversy has escaped from the prolonged stage of discussion on the proposal to refer the matter to a Select Committee. The Committee is at this time of writing actually sitting, and before *The Graphic* goes out to the four corners of the earth it may be reported. The last state of the wrangle was almost worse than the first. It is desirable that the peculiar attitude of Parliament towards this case should be fully understood. The House is one great and unanimous body in respect of its detestation of the religious and moral opinions which Mr. Bradlaugh is accustomed to enunciate. Thereafter the House is split into two parties, one of which is anxious that right may be done though the heavens fall, and who decline to admit that because Mr. Bradlaugh is in no wise a desirable person, therefore the House of Commons should stoop from its lofty height of fair dealing. These two bodies of men regard the question from two totally distinct views. One in the discussion that has hitherto taken place has kept clearly in view the actual case before the House, which was whether the usual course in cognate circumstances should be followed, and a Select Committee appointed to discuss a question of law which had suddenly arisen; whilst on the other side a number of good and devout men ever zealous in the cause of religion and morality persisted in involving in the debate the issue whether Mr. Bradlaugh was or was not a fit person to sit in Parliament. That is a question which the House will presently have an opportunity of deciding. There is good reason to believe that, whatever course the Committee may take, the main question of Mr. Bradlaugh's admission to the House will come before the House of Commons in a form that will admit of a division on the direct issue. In the mean time the lovers of right and justice have triumphed by substantial majorities, and the case has been referred to a Select Committee.

This question once out of the way, the House has set itself to the work of legislation in a manner long unfamiliar. The Government lead the way with a full and increasing completion of the pledges given in the Queen's Speech. Already they have introduced a Burials Bill, and a measure designed to deal with the long-standing trouble about rabbits and hares. These are Bills which if passed would by recent standards of comparison make a fair show for the session of the Session bequeathed to the new Government. But it by no means comprises the list of Government measures actually before the House, or of which notices are pending. A very important measure, introduced by Mr. Dodson, the second reading of which was taken on Thursday night, is the Bill dealing with the Liability of Employers for injuries sustained by workmen. This has for years proved a subject of agitation among the working classes. During the last Parliament it was frequently handled by private members, but the Government of the day declined to touch it. Of course, nothing came of efforts of that kind, and opportunity was still enjoyed by professional agitators to represent to the working man the evil wrought them by the governing class. The Bill now before the House was actually introduced in the last Parliament by Mr. Brassey, being one of a group of measures the frequency of whose introduction testified to the burning character of the question. It will, perhaps, be accepted as a favourable indication of the sound principle of the Bill that deputations have



waited upon the Prime Minister for the masters, urging that it goes too far, and from the men representing that it does not go far enough. Between the two the Bill will prosperously make its way.

The Ground Game Bill is an instrument of very simple clauses. It chiefly provides that the occupier of land shall have the right to shoot hares and rabbits when he finds them thereon; or he may delegate the power to any person whom he pleases. The right and privilege is to be enjoyed concurrently with the landlord, who may also delegate it to a friend. Between the combined forces of landlord and tenant it appears probable that hares and rabbits will presently have a bad time of it. The Burials Bill, which came on for a second reading on Thursday, has been introduced in the House of Lords, ostensibly with the object of finding their lordships some profitable employment. This measure is practically that which Mr. Osborne Morgan has urged through successive years on Parliament. The House of Lords will know it better as comprising the principles of an amendment moved to a former Bill by the Earl of Harrowby, and which was rejected in the height of Conservative power by a bare majority of sixteen. The Bill throws open not only churchyards but cemeteries to all others besides members of the Church of England, stipulating only that the act of interment shall be accompanied by a service at once "orderly and religious."

The recitation of these measures will show that in spite of the disturbing influence of Mr. Bradlaugh's scruples the House of Commons is at last actually at work on useful domestic legislation. But this list by no means exhausts all the business in hand. The Home Secretary, who has taken in hand the Ground Game Bill, has been approached on the subject of the London Waterworks, and has not shrunk from the task because the ground is haunted by the ghost of a suddenly-departed Government. His mode of action differs considerably from that of his predecessor in office. He will not have any private conventions with surveyors, or any secret treaties with the water companies. He has moved for a Select Committee, to which the whole subject shall be relegated, and before which the precise value of those agreements for sale which the late Home Secretary provisionally entered upon will be rudely and thoroughly tested. What is even more important is that Sir William Harcourt has uttered the fatal words which show that the present Government does not regard as a sealed subject the question whether the existing companies have obtained the best and purest supply of water possible. Like Bonnie Dundee, the Home Secretary hints that

There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth.

The question, perhaps absolutely the most important to the health and welfare of the metropolis, will be divested of all bearings of private interest, and dealt with on the simple but novel basis of whence and how is London to be supplied with the best water?

Whilst solid work is being done at home, Ministers are not unmindful of their duty abroad. On Tuesday the subject of Cyprus came under discussion on the initiation of Mr. Rylands, whose mighty mind, surveying mankind from China to Peru, finds time to rest for a while even on a small island in the Mediterranean. Mr. Rylands made an elaborate speech reproducing much that had been said in the heated controversy of last year. Mr. Samuelson, who as all the world have had reason to know has visited Cyprus, stated once more the result of his personal investigation of the condition of the island and its inhabitants. When it came to the turn of Sir Charles Dilke to speak, he with a judicious gravity which shows how soon a capable man acquires the Ministerial manner, declined to go into the heated topics suggested by his friends below the gangway. England had now acquired Cyprus, whether rightly or wrongly was a question distinct of itself. Sir Charles' business as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs was to see that the island was administered well, and he was able to show that distinct steps had already been taken in that direction. Some of the monstrous ordinances that had been ratified by the late Government, as if in mockery of their professed intention of making the island a model for the imitation of Turkish rulers, had been repealed. A new spirit was infused into the administration of affairs, and already the result was secured in the better condition of the natives, and the easier working of the legislative machine. This statement had the rare good fortune to satisfy every one. Men approaching the subject from such diverse points of view as Mr. Rylands and Sir Henry Wolff withdrew their motions, while Sir Stafford Northcote did justice to the moderation and statesmanlike tone of the Under Secretary, and the scheme of administration which he sketched.

On Wednesday a fresh plank was fashioned on the Liberal platform by the second reading of a Bill to extend the hours of polling in boroughs throughout the country, making the poll to close, as in London, at eight o'clock. The measure was introduced by Mr. A. Dilke, brother of the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. No real opposition was offered to it by the Conservatives, and, being warmly supported by the Home Secretary, it was read a second time without a division.



By what process of reasoning Mr. Albery has arrived at the conclusion that the dissatisfaction expressed by the audience of the VAUDEVILLE Theatre on Saturday evening proceeded solely from a predetermination to condemn his new comedy we have not yet been informed; but it is quite certain that no token of any feeling of hostility was exhibited until the patience of the spectators had been tried beyond reasonable limits. The truth is, that from the rise of the curtain until near the close of the first act of *Jacks and Fills*, the audience were manifestly in excellent humour. Mr. Albery enjoys the advantage of standing well with the patrons of the Vaudeville. He is the author of *Two Roses*, one of the most successful pieces produced at that house; and although he is also to be credited with some productions of less merit, playgoers are not an ungrateful race, their tendency being, unless our observation and experience are altogether at fault, rather in the direction of indulgence than severity. Accordingly, not only was respectful attention devoted on Saturday evening to the unfolding of what story the author had to tell, but every approach to a witty observation from any of the characters was handsomely acknowledged. But there came a time when the dullest observers could not fail to feel that the piece was altogether feeble, that the characters were inconsistent and absurd, and that the dialogue, with the exception of an occasional example of whimsical cleverness, was characterised by a sort of idle jesting, neither amusing in itself nor pertinent to the action. The story of *Jacks and Fills* sets forth the adventures of two brothers, Samuel Irwin and Edward Irwin, on a visit to their employer, Mr. John Bunbury, a rich merchant. Bunbury has a high esteem for these two clerks; and, for this and other reasons, he has privately determined to take them into partnership. Much is made of this point, Bunbury insisting on their great merits, though one at least grossly misconducts himself, while Bunbury's legal adviser, one Kennicote, a Scotch lawyer, vainly endeavours to dissuade him from his purpose. The lawyer even takes upon himself to persuade the young man that their benefactor is in embarrassed circumstances. This is apparently with a view to test their sincerity, though how it is to accomplish that object does not

appear. Nor does anything of importance really result from the lawyer's blundering and officious efforts. Before the second act is brought to a close all the interest—if interest there can be said to be—centres in the mistake of a butler in delivering a love-letter written by Edward Irwin while in a state of intoxication to the wrong lady. In order to prepare for this incident, Mr. Albery has contrived that Bunbury's charming daughter shall bear the same name as her vain and ridiculous aunt, Cecilia McGullup, impersonated by Miss Larkin. All this again is, as Mr. Toots says, of no consequence whatever. The audience necessarily know that "the divine Cecilia" of the superscription of the love-letter is not the ridiculous lady; and they are, of course, prepared for the explanation which, after the latter has indulged in much sentimentality, is duly arrived at. Thereupon the curtain falls, leaving the spectators to wonder why the piece was called *Jacks and Fills*; how the author of *Two Roses* could possibly have written it; and, still more, how Messrs. James and Thorne could have read, accepted, rehearsed, and brought out so weak and tiresome a production. To speak in detail of the acting of a piece of this kind is obviously unnecessary. The Vaudeville company, of which the leading performers are Mr. James, Mr. Thorne, Miss Bishop, Mr. Herbert, Miss Illington, Mr. Vernon (specially engaged for this occasion), Mr. Howe, Miss Larkin, Miss Ewell, and Miss Cicely Richards, are certainly not wanting in talent; but no efforts on the part of the actors could possibly save from condemnation a piece so entirely wanting in merit. Mr. Albery's appearance on the stage at the close of the play to complain of an "organised opposition," of which he had probably no evidence to offer except his own unshaken estimate of the value of his own work, is an unhappy incident that can only be classed among the extraordinary mistakes into which clever men, under the influence of self-esteem, will sometimes fall.

Middle. Sarah Bernhardt's performance in MM. Meilhac and Halevy's comedy of *Frou-Frou* serves still further to confirm the impression of her great powers in passionate and pathetic scenes. Not even by the late Mlle. Desclée—the original representative of the part of the frivolous self-indulgent heroine—was the famous passionate outburst of Frou-Frou, when she charges her sister with robbing her of the love of her child and the sympathy of her husband, given with more terrible energy or pathetic truth. Equally powerful in a more tranquil way is her acting in the final death scene, furnishing the natural climax and moral of a play which, though certainly painful, is full of dramatic interest.

The question which now chiefly agitates the minds of Mr. Hollingshead's patrons relates to the promised appearances of M. Coquelin, in conjunction with Middle. Sarah Bernhardt, which were intended to commence on Monday next. According to the writer of the Monday morning article on "The Theatres," in the *Daily News*, this admirable actor's differences with the Administration of the Comédie Française have, notwithstanding his resignation of the position of *sociétaire*, compelled him in his judgment to decline to fulfil his formal engagement. There appears to have been some difference between M. Coquelin and M. Perrin as to whether permission to perform in England had or had not been verbally accorded. From the same authority we learn that the management of the Gaiety have determined, in the event of M. Coquelin's abiding by his present resolution, to return to their patrons the entire subscription for the fortnight—amounting to 4,000l.—while holding M. Coquelin responsible for this and other heavy incidental expenses. It is to be hoped that the legal proceedings which appear to be impending will by some satisfactory means be ultimately averted.

The one-hundredth consecutive performance of *As You Like It*, by Miss Litton and the admirable company under her direction, was rendered memorable by the transfer of the performance that evening to the larger stage of DRURY LANE, where the comedy will continue to be represented until further notice. This step is understood to have been due to the circumstance that the management of the IMPERIAL, not anticipating so remarkable a degree of success, had some months since let their theatre for a brief term to the Dutch Company of performers who are to appear here on Monday next. However this may be, the migration was effected on Monday last with every token of public favour.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A *Flying Visit* (written by Mr. Arthur Law, music by Mr. Corney Grain), will doubtless equal its predecessors in popularity. The scene is laid on the banks of the Rhine, and the complications of the plot arise from the accidental blowing up of a flying machine invented by one of the characters. Miss Hudspeh, as a jolly English cousin, Mr. Alfred Reed, as a public school boy, and Mr. Corney Grain, as his pedagogue, keep the fun merrily going. Mr. Corney Grain afterwards relates (musically) his doings at Ascot, describes the sort of music he heard there, and the curious game he played at which he kept losing half-sovereigns.

A new comedy, entitled *A Professional Beauty*, the work of a new author, who adopts the pseudonym of Vincent Ambrose, was performed before a large and appreciative audience on Tuesday afternoon last at the Imperial Theatre by the company which belongs to that establishment. The scenes of the play are laid, as its title suggests, in the fashionable life of London at the present time; and the author has, with some talent and wit, depicted some of the adventures of those who are whirled daily round in the vortex of "society," not omitting some specimens of the *nouveaux-riches*. The piece is laudably free from the vulgarity and constant pun-making which mar so many of our present comedies, and its satire, though sometimes severe, is never malicious. The two first acts, though excellent in their dialogue, are rather wanting in incident; but in the third act the plot thickens, and an interest is excited which rivets the attention of the audience to the last. The piece will be acceptable to persons of education whose tastes are artistic and intellectual, whose sense of wit is refined, and who do not depend for their amusement upon what is merely sensational, farcical, or grotesque.

THE YORKSHIRE FINE ART SOCIETY, which has only lately been constituted, opened its first exhibition at Leeds on Tuesday. Some 3,000 pictures have been contributed, including a collection from South Kensington.

THE PARIS SALON has been closed during part of this week for the jury to award the prizes. M. Aimé Morot has obtained the medal of honour in the Painting section for his "Good Samaritan," a similar honour in the Sculpture department being carried off by M. Gabriel Thomas for his statue of Mgr. Landriot. A sculptor also, M. A. Souchet, by his "Biblis changed into a Spring," takes the Prix du Salon, which enables the winner to travel for three years. The prices of pictures in the Salon may interest British Art-buyers. Thus, to quote those artists best known in England, M. Bastien-Lepage asks 1,000l. for his "Joan of Arc," M. Bouguereau's "Maiden Resisting Love" has been bought by an American for 1,000l., and the same artist values his "Flagellation of Christ" at 1,200l. Middle. Sarah Bernhardt's curious "Young Girl and Death" has sold for 320l., M. Henner's "Nymph" for 600l., and M. Jules Breton's "Evening" for 1,000l., while M. J. P. Laurens prices his "Bas-Empire" at 800l., and M. Constant his "Last Rebels" at 600l. Americans this year have bought largely, as there is a considerable artistic demand in the United States at the present time. Meanwhile, at home the Southerners are bent on encouraging native talent, and an Association of Artists has been formed in New Orleans to advance aesthetic tastes, promote Art education, and establish a permanent gallery of exhibition.



THE BRITISH FINE ART COLLECTION lately exhibited at Sydney is to be transferred to the Melbourne Exhibition.

THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK presented to the Americans will be placed on an eminence in Central Park, New York, opposite the Metropolitan Museum.

THE ALLEGORICAL MONUMENT OF THE DEFENCE OF PARIS in 1870, which is to be erected at the Rond-Point at Courbevoie, just outside the city, will be executed by M. Barrias.

QUEEN VICTORIA has been included in the Hindu Pantheon by the Garo-Hill tribes, who worship the "mother of the Feringhis" as they do their goddess Mahadeva, the consort of Siva.

A RELIC OF THE VIKINGS has been unearthed in an ancient mound near Sandeford in Norway—a quaint old galley, 60 ft. long, believed to have been used in piratical raids one thousand years ago.

THE ROMAN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1882 will be held in the Via Nazionale, where a site has been presented to the City by the Government. The first stone of the building will probably be laid on the Festa del Statuto.

A MEMORIAL OF THE NORDENSKJÖLD EXPEDITION has been sent to Victor Hugo's granddaughter, the well-known little Jeanne. It is a paper-knife made from a walrus tusk, bearing on one side the child's initials and on the other the inscription, "Hunting-trophy of the *Vega* in the Polar Sea, offered to Mdlle. Jeanne Hugo by A. E. Nordenskjöld."

MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER TO THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR is highly approved of by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who writes in the New York *Christian Union* that "the dignity of Christian apology has never in public life been more notably illustrated, and Mr. Gladstone's course in this matter affords an example which Christian men involved in not less prominent public controversies would do well to follow."

A "SLEEPING GIRL" now exists at Turville, a small village near High Wycombe, Bucks, who has neither spoken nor opened her eyes for nine years. When only thirteen the girl fell into a somnolent state, and became paralysed, and her condition has never since altered. Though she can take liquid nourishment the girl is most attenuated, and neither her hair, nails, nor feet have grown since she was first attacked.

THE OIL AND WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES kindly given by the members of the Langham Sketching Club for the benefit of the widow and children of the late A. Sheldon Williams will be on view at W. A. Mansell's and Co., 316 and 317, Oxford Street, on and after Monday, June 7th. A catalogue of the pictures may be had on application to W. A. Mansell and Co., or to Mr. F. Mason Good, Winchfield, Hants, who will be happy to answer any inquiries respecting the sketches. A few of the best works left by the deceased artist will also be on view.

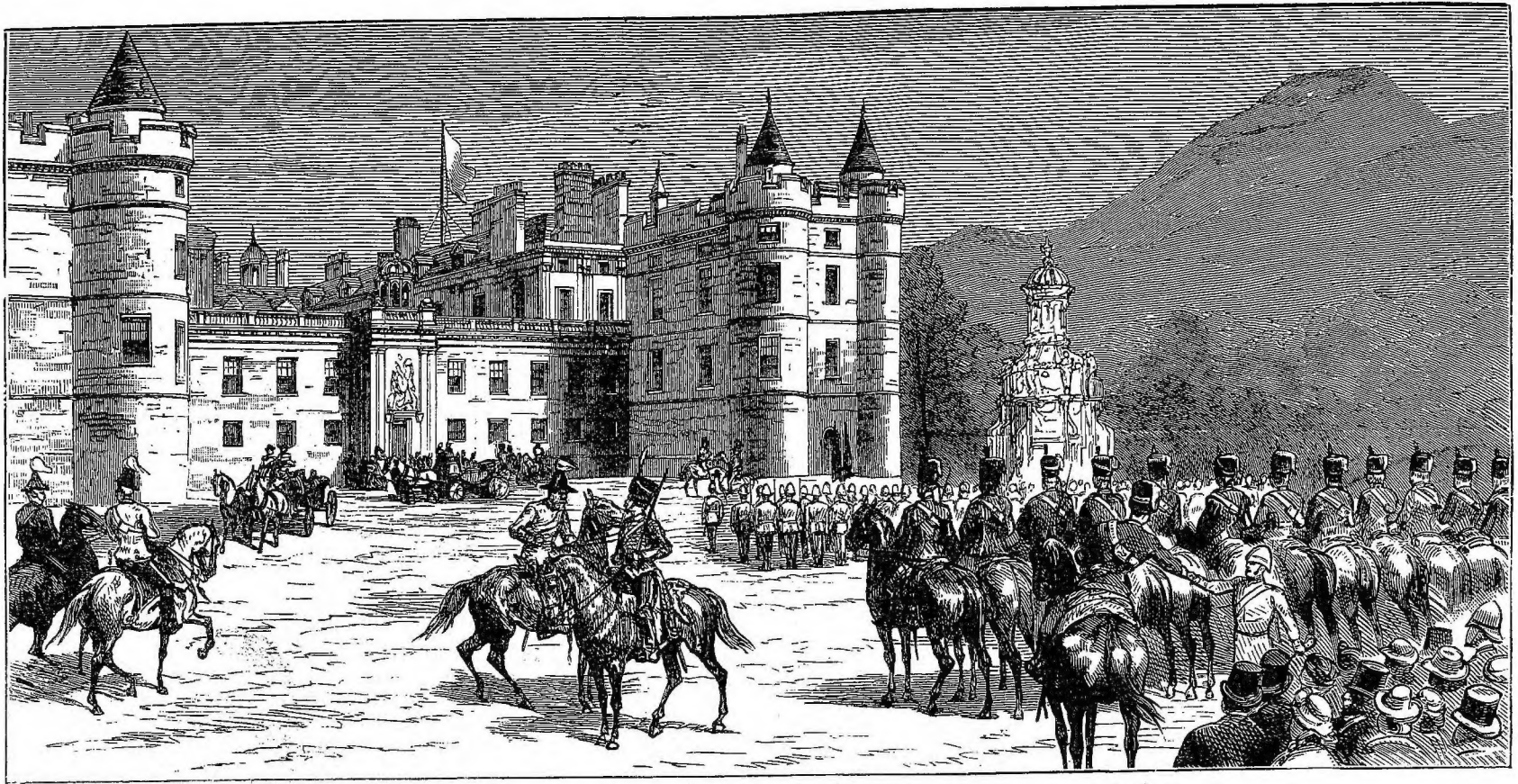
M. DE LESSEPS' PANAMA CANAL SCHEME has been thoroughly sifted by a generous-minded American, who, according to *Engineering*, claims to have discovered the French engineer's black designs, and has introduced a resolution into Congress against the project. He declares that M. de Lesseps' real aim is to divert the warm Gulf Stream, which now gives Great Britain her temperate climate, and so to freeze out the English-speaking nation; and he appeals to Congress against the "inhuman designs of France in thus attempting to destroy her chief European rival, and to injure the commerce of the United States."

THE POMPEIIAN HOUSE, which was first laid bare on the recent commemoration of the destruction of the city, has now been almost entirely disinterred, and is noted as the largest and about the best preserved of all the Roman dwellings yet discovered. The villa, which covers the whole space between three streets, and evidently belonged to some rich citizen, has two atria, four wings, and a spacious peristyle, in the middle of which is an ornamental fountain, while there is a complete bath, so that the doubts on the style of the arrangement of Roman baths may possibly be cleared up. The interior paintings are beautifully preserved, those on the first floor representing marine animals, one room being decorated with the representation of an aquarium. Scenes from animal life ornament the wings.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, when the deaths numbered 1,333, against 1,297 in the previous seven days, being a rise of 36, although 107 below the average, while the death rate increased to 19.0 per 1,000. There were 76 deaths from whooping-cough (a rise of 9, and 11 above the average), 68 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 31, and 34 above the average), 30 from measles (a rise of 8), 14 from fever (a decrease of 4, and 10 below the average), 17 from diarrhoea (a fall of 1), 11 from diphtheria (an increase of 6), and 10 from small-pox. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 208 from 241, and were 46 below the usual return, while there were 53 deaths from violence, including 14 suicides, nearly double the average number. There were 2,618 births registered, being an increase of 322, and 252 above the average. The mean temperature was 58.4 deg., or 2.3 deg. above the average, while there were 50.1 hours of bright sunshine out of the 112.2 hours during which the sun was above the horizon—equal to 47 per cent.

AN ARTIST'S PIANOFORTE.—A remarkable grand pianoforte has been on view at Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, in Great Pulteney Street, noteworthy not simply for its musical excellence, but for its design and decoration, both of which are due to the well-known painter, Mr. Burne Jones. The general tone of colour of the outside of the instrument is sober, brownish hues of grey and green. On the cover, over which there is a rich foliage of the olive tree, is painted at one end a figure subject of a Muse emerging from a winged circle, who offers to a recumbent poet a theme on a scroll, the words "Ne oublié" (which occur again inside upon the sound-board). He appears to be reciting an Italian poem, given at length at the other end of the cover in old manuscript form, beginning with "Fresca rosa novella piacente primavera." The outside of the case is surrounded by a series of eleven circles, representing the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, drawn with all the beauty of line and depth of poetic expression characterising Mr. Burne Jones's work, and painted in low harmonies of colour almost in *grisaille*. The largest and the most conspicuous painting depicts Orpheus playing to Pluto and Proserpina, while Eurydice awaits the decision that shall restore her to her husband or not. The entire inside of the instrument, soundboard and iron framing, is gilt, and contrasts brilliantly with the sober outside, the soundboard being covered with roses and rose-leaves, some of which have blown over, and lie scattered about on the diaper-patterned metal plate. Above, the cover being raised, is a painting representing Mother Earth, seated with her children, good and bad, playing about among tendrils of the vine, which are coloured blue, in boldly sweeping curves and spirals. There is a peculiar humour in the way this subject is treated, revealing a sense of fun with which few who know the artist only from his exhibited pictures would credit him. It will be observed that this pianoforte entirely differs from the jewel-like one made by Messrs. Broadwood for Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., of which we recently gave an illustration and description. That is Byzantine in intention and execution; Mr. Burne Jones's design, as might be expected, reproduces the Quattro Cento feeling and manner.





THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH ASSEMBLY—ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION AT HOLYROOD PALACE

## NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

**RICHARD KNIGHT CAUSTON, Esq., M.P. for Colchester (Liberal)** is the second son of the late Alderman Sir Joseph Causton of London, who was Sheriff of Middlesex in 1859-72. He was born in 1843, married in 1871 a daughter of Sir T. Chambers, M.P. for Marylebone, and is a member of the firm of Sir J. Causton and Sons, stationers and printers, of Eastcheap and Southwark. He is a member of the Skinners' Company, and a Commissioner of Lieutenancy for the City of London. In 1876 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Colchester.

**WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, Esq., M.P. for Coventry (Liberal)**, is the only surviving son of the late Mr. W. Day Wills, J.P. of Bristol. He was born in 1830, and educated at Mill Hill School and London University. He is a magistrate for Bristol, and head of the firm of W. D. and H. O. Wills, Bristol and London.

**ALEXANDER HENRY ROSS, Esq., M.P. for Maidstone (Conservative)**, is a son of the late Charles Ross, Esq., M.P. for Northampton, and Lady Mary, daughter of the second and last Marquis of Cornwallis. He was born in 1829, educated at Eton and Oxford,

and married in 1859 a daughter of W. Moseley, Esq., of Leaton Hall, Staffordshire. He is a magistrate for the county of Middlesex, and was formerly a Major in the West Kent Militia.

**CHARLES NICHOLAS WARTON, Esq., M.P. for Bridport** (who expressly describes himself as a "Tory") is a son of the late Charles Warton, Esq., of Old Tott, Burwash, Sussex. He was born in 1832, educated at University College School, London, and Clare Hall, Cambridge, and became a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn in 1861.

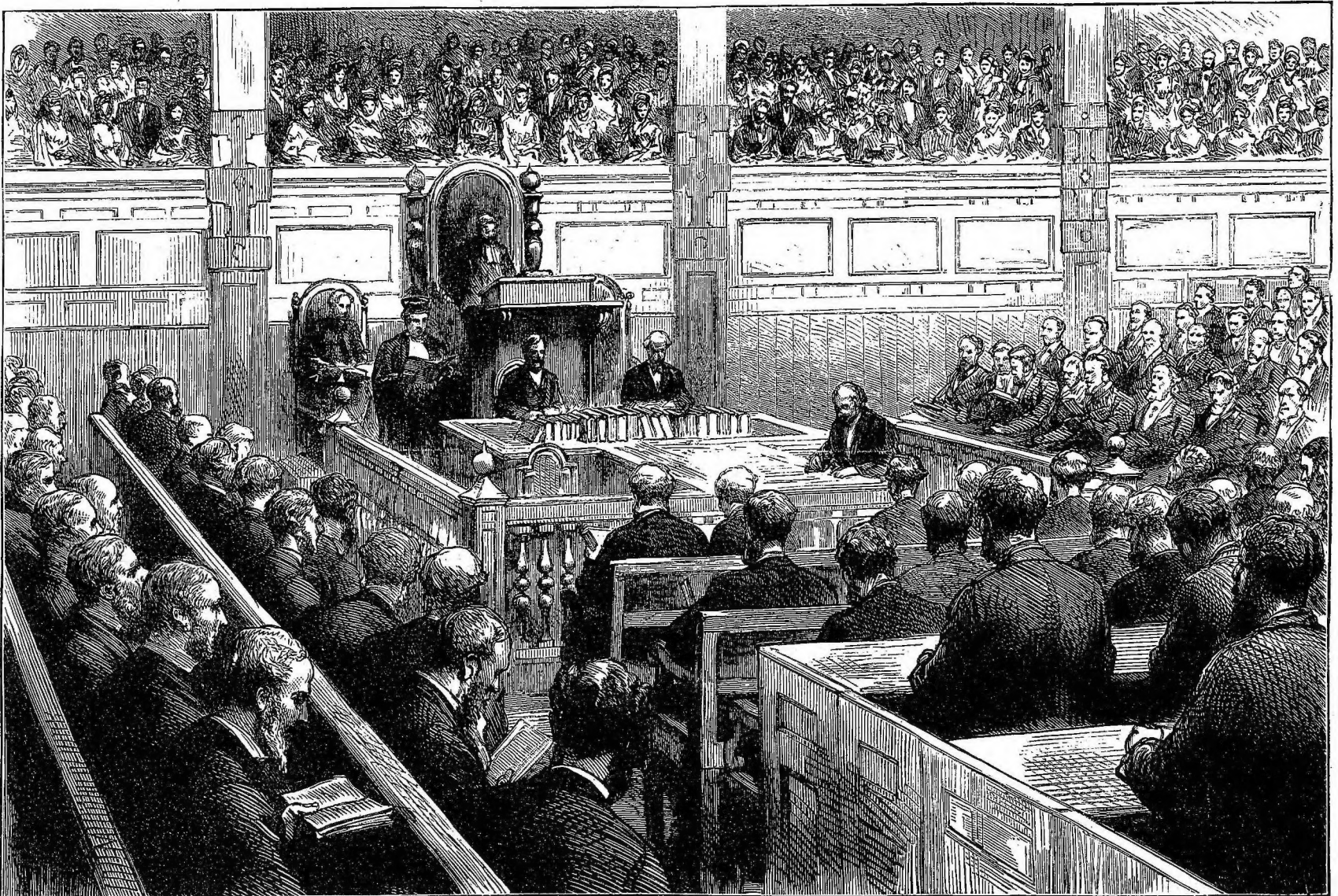
**GEORGE WILLIAM ERSKINE RUSSELL, Esq., M.P. for Aylesbury (Liberal)** is the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel Lord Charles James Fox Russell. He was born in 1853, educated at Harrow and Oxford, and became a student of the Inner Temple in 1865.

**HENRY BROADHURST, Esq., M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent (Liberal)**, is a son of a journeyman stonemason of Littlemore, Oxfordshire. He was born in 1840, and learned his father's trade, which he followed until 1873. He is now Secretary to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades' Union Congress, and has for some years past taken a leading part in the various working class agitations for higher wages, &c.

**WILLIAM NICHOLSON, Esq., M.P. for Petersfield (Liberal)**, is the youngest son of Mr. John Nicholson, of Upper Clapton, where he was born in 1824. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and is a magistrate for Hampshire, for which county he served as High Sheriff in 1878. Mr. Nicholson sat for Petersfield from 1868 to 1874, but was then defeated by the Hon. W. S. H. Jolliffe, whom he has now displaced.

**CHARLES DAWSON, Esq., M.P. for Carlow (Home Ruler)**, is a son of Mr. M. Dawson, of Dalkey, County Dublin, who was formerly an Alderman of Limerick. He was born in 1842, educated at the Catholic University of Ireland, is a member of the Dublin Municipal Council, and served as High Sheriff of Limerick in 1876-7.

Our portraits are from photographs: Mr. Causton and Mr. Broadhurst by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside; Mr. Wills by the "Van Der Weyde Light," 182, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Ross by L. Suscipi, Rome; Mr. Russell by S. G. Payne, 1, New Road Terrace, Aylesbury; Mr. Nicholson by Walery, Rue de Londres, Paris; Mr. Dawson by H. Kennerley, Llandudno; and Mr. Warton by Elliot and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.



THE FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY—SCENE IN THE HALL DURING THE DEBATE ON THE ROBERTSON-SMITH HERESY CASE





WILLIAM NICHOLSON, ESQ.  
Petersfield



ALEXANDER HENRY ROSS, ESQ.  
Maidstone



RICHARD KNIGHT CAUSTON, ESQ.  
Colchester



GEORGE WILLIAM ERSKINE RUSSELL, ESQ.  
Aylesbury



WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, ESQ.  
Coventry



HENRY BROADHURST, ESQ.  
Stoke-upon-Trent

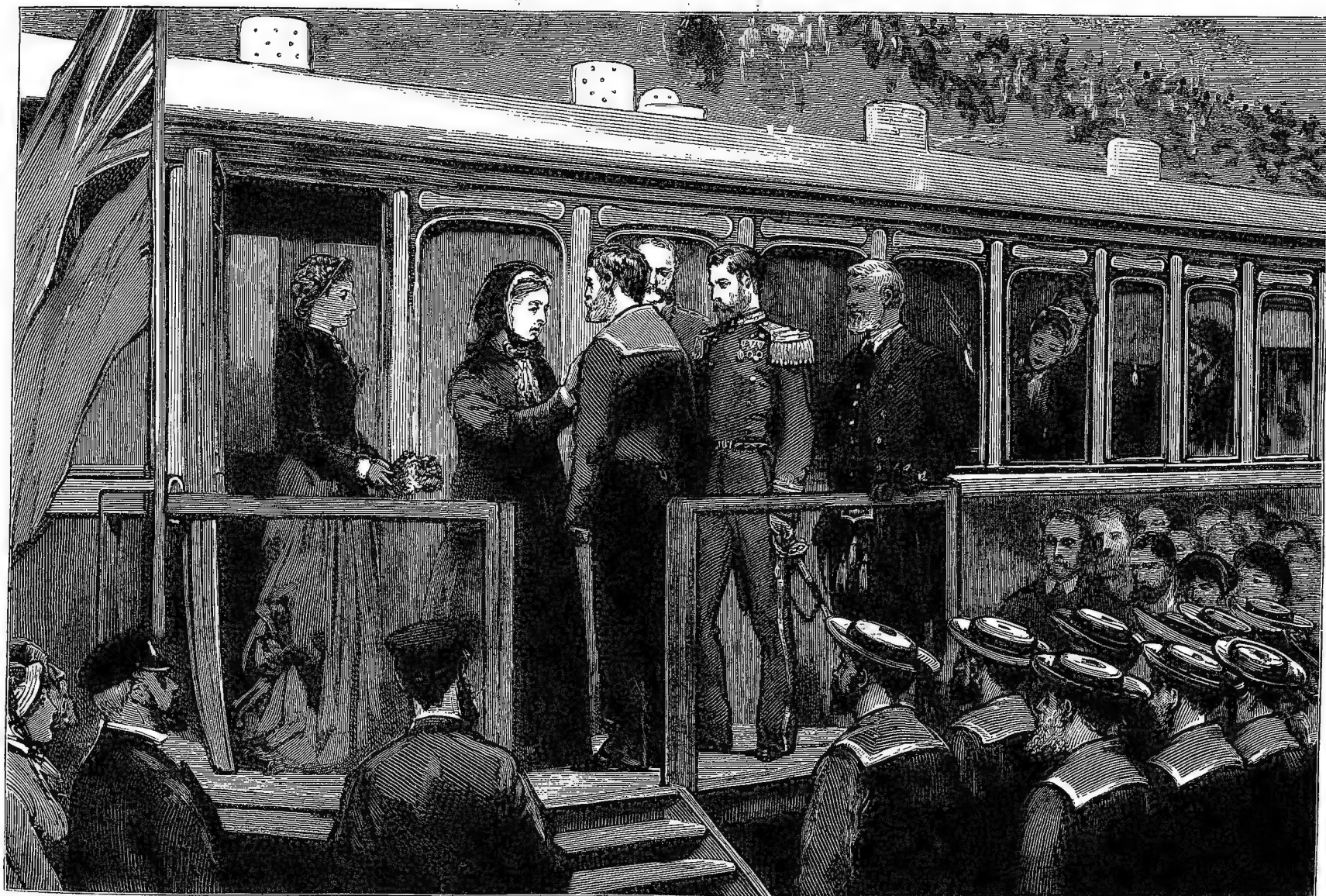


CHARLES DAWSON, ESQ.  
Carlton



CHARLES NICHOLAS WARTON, ESQ.  
Bridport

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—IV.



THE REWARD OF GALLANTRY—THE QUEEN PRESENTING THE ALBERT MEDAL FOR SAVING LIFE TO GEORGE OATLEY, COASTGUARDSMAN



FOREIGN

**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**—Mr. Goschen duly arrived at Constantinople at the end of last week, and at once applied to Sawas Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, for an audience of the Sultan. If we are to judge from current report and the attitude of the Turkish press, his mission is likely to prove a yet more difficult task than had been expected, as the Sultan and Said and Sawas Pashas are said to be determined to resist all foreign interference to the uttermost, maintaining that Turkey has done her best to carry out the Berlin Treaty. Thus they will say that her engagements towards Montenegro have been "loyally" fulfilled, the negotiations for the new Greek frontier have been delayed by the exorbitant demands of the Greek Government, while as for the internal reforms of the European provinces, they are being organised by an International Commission, as provided by the Berlin Treaty. Only as regards the reforms in Asia will they have nothing to urge except that Baker Pasha has been despatched upon a mission of inquiry. Of course the Powers, if they are of one mind and in real earnest, will have no difficulty in pointing out the utter fallaciousness of these excuses, but the fact that the Porte is ready to put them forward is in itself evidence that it is still as unwilling to enter upon the path of reform as in the old days of Sultans Abd-ul-Medjid and Aziz. The Turkish press also displays a vigorous hostility to Mr. Goschen and his mission, and replies to the accusations of the Powers by pointing out the condition of the unfortunate Mussulman refugees who are scattered over the provinces of Adrianople and Salonica, "which," the *Terakimani Hukuket* states, "causes an indescribable indignation, as Europe, under the pretext of reform, has respected neither the property nor the life, neither the honour nor the religion of these unfortunate people," going on to say that the Mussulman population of Albania, Arabia, and Asia Minor, "instead of letting themselves be annihilated like the Mussulmans of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, will prefer to die with honour." Mr. Goschen, as well as the new French Ambassador, therefore, is recommended to "shape his conduct in accordance with the gravity of the situation." We beg to join heartily with our Ottoman contemporary in this recommendation.

At CONSTANTINOPLE there is much latent uneasiness among the European residents, owing to the fact that another Englishman has been shot at, and that a Grand Council of the Ulemas have declared that Mahomed Veli, the assassin of Colonel Cummerford, cannot be executed for the crime. The Supplementary Conference of Representatives of the Powers, which was ordained by the Berlin Treaty in the event of Turkey and Greece failing to come to an understanding, will begin its sittings about the middle of the month.—Sir Henry and Lady Layard left Constantinople on Wednesday.

There is nothing fresh from ALBANIA, save that the Chief of the League has ordered the commanders of the forces at Tusi to take the offensive against the Montenegrins, a decision which the Mussulman party are said to oppose. The League have telegraphed to Mr. Gladstone, invoking "the exalted protection of the English nation for the cause of their territorial integrity, and the preservation of their rights."—In BULGARIA the Bill ordaining that any inhabitant of Servia and the Dobruzha would at once become naturalised as a Bulgarian by simple residence in Bulgarian territory has been withdrawn, in compliance with the wishes of the Powers, to whom Roumania and Servia had appealed.—In ROUMANIA Sir Charles Hartley has been inspecting the Danube works, and recommends the cutting of a new entrance to the Sulina branch from the Main St. George's Channel, and the construction of two other canals, in order to avoid the dangerous bends which impede the navigation of the river. No fewer than 500 new houses are being constructed in Bucharest—a fair evidence that the Roumanians were not impoverished by the sojourn of the Russian troops.

FRANCE.—Tuesday being the anniversary of the death of the Prince Imperial, the Bonapartist papers appeared with black borders, and teemed with appropriate articles, the *Orléans* prophesying that the "day will come when the national sovereignty, awakening from the long sleep in which dwarfs have enchained it, will hand over the power to the legitimate heir of the Empire." We shall go to Chiselhurst to seek the bodies of our two Emperors, and bring them over to sleep under the dome of the Invalides, near the founder of the Imperial dynasty." A funeral mass was celebrated at the Church of St. Philippe du Roule, which was crowded to excess by the principal Bonapartists, including Prince Napoléon, Princess Mathilde, and their two sons. The chief mass, however, is to be celebrated at the Church of St. Augustin next Tuesday.

The Radicals also have been to the fore this week, and the attempted Communist demonstration on May 23 is still an open sore. M. Clemenceau tried to bring the matter up in the Assembly, but was speedily crushed by an overwhelming vote, while M. Rochefort, one of whose sons was hurt in the scuffle, has published a most violent letter to M. Andrieux, the Prefect of Police, in the *Matin*, declaring that his boy had gone back to Geneva with two sabre cuts on the head, the other in the stomach. He was taking no part in the demonstration, and "the attempt to assassinate him was made by a policeman." The wretch who struck my son well knew whom he was striking, and it was evidently from vengeance against the father who has escaped your gaolers that you gave orders to put his son to the sword." Of course M. Rochefort does not expect justice, but he holds M. Andrieux responsible, and will box his ears when he returns to Paris. An inquiry has been made into the affair, and it appears that young Rochefort struck the first blow, and that the day afterwards he had not in any way complained, while he had previously declared his intention of taking part in the demonstration, and incur a sentence of six months' imprisonment. M. Rochefort is held by all to have been unduly violent, and even the Radical prints have said little about the matter, but the upshot has been that M. Rochefort has been challenged by M. Andrieux's brother-in-law, M. Koechlin, and that a duel was to be fought on the Swiss frontier on Thursday.

There is little other political news, but there has been considerable agitation concerning the *Fête Dieu* processions in the provinces, which the civil authorities have recently been empowered to prohibit if desirable. At several places this has been done, much to the indignation of the Clericals and a portion of the population. At Marseilles in particular cries of "Vive Marie!" "Vive les Processions!" were raised when the Bishop appeared on the steps to give his blessing to the crowd outside. The newly-elected Supreme Educational Council has held its first meeting, and M. Jules Ferry congratulated the University on the exclusion of non-educational elements from its management, referring to the elimination of the ecclesiastical, legal, and military members, and hoped that the Council would adopt an improved system of secondary education.

PARIS has been surprised by the resignation of M. Coquelin the elder, one of the chief members of the Comédie Française. It is true that the resignation cannot take effect for a year; but coming so close after the denunciation of Sarah Bernhardt, this is looked upon as a sign that the company is not in a healthy condition. The cause of the quarrel is the same as with the fair Sarah—namely, that M. Coquelin wished to come to "star" in England; but that, having already exhausted his holiday, M. Ferrin declined to give the required permission. The matter was referred to arbitrators, who pronounced against M. Coquelin, who thereupon resigned; but as he does not

intend, like Mdlle. Bernhardt, to lose his pension, to which he is entitled in a few weeks, he will not come to England. There is little other news, save that the King of Greece is the lion of the hour, and that M. de Freycinet and M. Gambetta have dined with him. A bust to the well-known landscape painter, Corot, was unveiled at Ville d'Avray, M. Gambetta, M. Meissonier, and other celebrities being present, Mdlle. Baretta, of the Comédie Française, reciting some verses in honour of the occasion.

GERMANY.—There has been a very brisk debate in the Prussian Diet over the amendment of the May Laws' Bill, which ended in the measure being referred to Committee. Herr Von Puttkammer opened the battle with a history of the abortive negotiations with the Vatican, but stated that the attitude of the Prussian Government have no effect upon the legislative intention of the House to approve the Bill. He appealed to the patriotism of the House to approve the Bill, "they ever be able to answer to history and their conscience if they did not do all in their power to achieve this." Dr. Falk, the author of the May decrees, followed with a most powerful speech, declaring that the Government had abandoned the position taken up by the famous Ministerial decision which enunciated the principle that the Vatican should make the first concession. He then lashed the Centre and Clerical party for having succeeded in rooting the erroneous impression among the Catholic population that war was being waged against their faith, asked whether Catholics could ever feel gratitude, and eloquently discoursed on the mischief which would be wrought by the Bill. Herr Windthorst, the leader of the Clericals, then took up the running, and abused the Bill for not going sufficiently far, declared that the "Catholic Church could not possibly endure living under an ever-threatening Damocles' sword, or thrive beneath the fall of the guillotine. As for any unwillingness of Leo XIII. to make concessions, "the great alacrity of His Holiness in this respect might almost justify the saying that the Pope himself had already gone to Canossa." To all this Herr Von Puttkammer replied that, as Dr. Falk condemned the Bill for doing too much, and Dr. Windthorst for effecting too little, the measure had probably hit the happy medium. The Bill was then referred to a committee, which has begun by rejecting the first clause.

The Emperor has been holding reviews, the great annual spring parade of the Guards taking place on Sunday on the Tempelhofer plain, and on Monday there was a review at Potsdam of the Guards who did not take part in the previous inspection. The Emperor has created Professor Nordenskjöld a foreign Knight of the Order of Merit for Arts and Sciences—one of the highest civil honours at his disposal.—On Wednesday a statue to Goethe was unveiled at Berlin.

ITALY.—The home political horizon appears to be somewhat clearer; the Left and the Dissidents have coalesced, thanks to the efforts of Signor Farini; and there is now some chance of actual business being transacted, the Electoral Bill being already under consideration. The Right are furious, and now abuse the Dissidents as heartily as they formerly courted them.—On Monday Queen Margherita, attended by Professor Palmieri, ascended Vesuvius, being carried up by porters, while part of her suite made use of the railway. She descended on foot, supported by two guides.—The proceeds of the San Donato sale amounted to over 273,000*l.*

The *Vice de la Veritas*, the organ of the Vatican, has eloquently denounced the May Law Amendment Bill of the Prussian Government, declaring that "the pretensions of Prussia contained in the new Bill are even greater than those implied in the May Laws. To this point the Church can never go." It is evident that no Catholic can assent to such a Bill; for, should he do so, he would render himself liable to the censures threatened in the Apostolic Bull, and the punishment of major excommunication."

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Lord Ripon arrived at Bombay on Monday, being received by the usual officials and a large crowd of Europeans and natives. The town was decorated, but the reception was markedly unostentatious. Next day the Corporation presented an address, expressing a hope that the new Viceroy will secure an "everlasting peace" to Afghanistan, encourage public works, develop the resources of the country, and extend railway communication. On Saturday there was a banquet and a ball; and on Thursday the Marquis would go on to Simla, where he would be received by Lord Lytton.

From Afghanistan there is little actual news, save that the reports of the negotiations with Sirdar Abdurrahman continue to indicate that he regards us in a friendly spirit, and is ready to treat with us. In fact two members of the Mission bearing a cordial reply to Mr. Lepel Griffin's letter arrived at Kabul at the beginning of this week. Less encouraging accounts, however, come of his present condition in Turkestan, as it is said that he cannot pay his troops and levies forced contributions upon caravans and traders. Nor is he regarded with any special favour in Kabul, and it is thought that his appearance may be the signal for a general rising, now that Mahomed Jan is again hard at work organising a large gathering in Zurnat. At Candahar all is quiet, but the various predatory tribes throughout the north are giving trouble.

BERMAH.—A revolution appears to have broken out in Upper Burmah which is believed to be headed by the Nyoung-Oke Prince, who has secretly left Calcutta. The insurrectionary movement is even said to have extended to Mandalay. Measures are being taken to prevent the British Burmese from taking part, all rebels crossing the British frontier will be disarmed, and troops have been ordered to be ready to march to the frontier for defensive purposes.

UNITED STATES.—The Republican Convention at Chicago is the all-absorbing topic, and the chances for and against the selection of General Grant are being most excitedly discussed. A week since the numbers were calculated as follows: 389 supporters of Grant, 226 of Blaine, 80 of Sherman, 34 of Edmunds, 17 of Washburne, and 10 of Windom. Eighty of the delegates who were instructed to support Grant, however, were said to wish to vote for another candidate, and the main point of discussion on Monday, when the Republican National Committee met to arrange the organisation of the Convention, was whether or no what is called the "unit rule" should be maintained. The debate was very animated and bitter, and was resumed on Tuesday, when an agreement was effected, and the Grant party consented to waive the unit rule. The rule as it stood required each State delegation to vote as a "unit," and consequently allowed of no expression of individual opinion. Now, as there is a large number in each State who are opposed to Grant, the abolition of the rule has materially lessened his chances, and it is said has reduced his supporters to about sixty below a majority. What the prospects of the other candidates are it is impossible to say at present.

Daniel Kearney, the anti-Chinese agitator of San Francisco, has been released from his imprisonment by order of the Supreme Court of California.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In RUSSIA the sentences passed on the nihilists, tried and condemned last week, have been commuted, Dr. Weimar escaping with ten years' imprisonment in a fortress, instead of fifteen years' labour in the mines.—In AUSTRIA the Emperor is making a tour in Bohemia, and has been enthusiastically received at Prague by both Germans and Czechs.—In BELGIUM the Permanent International Exhibition was opened on Tuesday in the presence of the King and Queen. This should not be confounded with the great National Exhibition which will be opened on the 15th inst.—In CYPRUS the Queen's Birthday was kept with the most enthusiastic rejoicings.—In SOUTH AMERICA the war between Chili, Peru, and Bolivia continues. Callao is still being bombarded by the Chilean fleet, which has done serious damage to the town. The inhabitants were flying to Lima, where great excitement prevailed.



THE COURT

THE Queen's birthday was duly celebrated in London on Saturday, when the annual "trooping of colours" took place at the Horse Guards before the chief members of the Royal Family, the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, being on horseback, while the Princess of Wales and her children, the Duchesses of Connaught, Teck, and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the families of the Duke of Edinburgh and of the Duchess of Teck looked on from the windows. The usual banquets and illuminations were held in the evening, when the Prince of Wales dined with the Premier, the Duke of Edinburgh with the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Duke of Connaught with the Secretary of State for War. Subsequently all three Princes attended the reception at the Foreign Office. Meanwhile, Her Majesty continues at Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice and the Princesses Victoria and Elizabeth, and will not return to Windsor before the 25th inst. The Queen has been showing her grand-daughters the beauties of the neighbourhood, driving to the Glassalt Shiel, to Birk Hall, and to the Glen Gelder Shiel, while the Princesses of Hesse and the Duke of Edinburgh have been present at Divine Service. Her Majesty and the Princesses were present at Divine Service performed at Balmoral by the Rev. A. Campbell, who has also dined with Her Majesty.—It is reported that the Queen and Princess Beatrice may probably visit Ireland this autumn, when they would go to Killarney, and stay with the Earl and Countess of Kenmare. The *Victoria and Albert* is now being renovated, and is to be ready for Her Majesty's use by July 1st.

Besides attending on Saturday the festivities connected with the Queen's Birthday, the Prince and Princess of Wales with their children and other members of the Royal Family were present at the playing of the band in the Friary Court of St. James's Palace, and remained on the garden terrace of Marlborough House until the Royal salute of 61 guns had been fired. In the afternoon the Prince went to the French Plays at the Gaiety, and in the evening the Princess, with her two sons and the Duke of Edinburgh, was present at Her Majesty's Theatre. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess and their children attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James. Next day the Prince held a *levee* at St. James's Palace, attended by the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, and subsequently he accompanied the Princess and his family to the Horse Show. In the evening the Prince and Princess dined with the Earl of Fife, and on Tuesday night they went to the Gaiety Theatre. On Wednesday there was a State Concert at Buckingham Palace, and in the evening the Prince of Wales again went to the Gaiety Theatre. Next week the Prince and Princess go to Titness Park, Sunningdale, for Ascot, and on the 18th the Prince goes to Trentham on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland.—The Prince has been created Colonel-in-Chief of the First and Second Life Guards and of the Royal Horse Guards, vacating his post as Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, which he has held since 1868. All these appointments were held by the Prince being 1,500*l.* per annum as Colonel of the 10th Hussars.—Yesterday (Friday) was Prince George of Wales's fifteenth birthday.

The Duke of Edinburgh on Monday presided at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Geographical Society. Next day he went down to Portsmouth to hoist his flag as Superintendent of Reserves on board the *Hercules*, returning to town to accompany Princess Christian the *Hercules*, returning to town to accompany Princess Christian to dine with the Earl and Countess of Sydney, and on Wednesday went down to Devonport, whence he was to embark on H.M.S. *Liveley*, and visit the various Coastguard Stations. The Duke's children have gone to St. Petersburg to join the Duchess, who will not return to England before July.—The Duke of Connaught has been promoted to be Major-General, and has been appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. He thus becomes not liable to regimental employment, and took leave on Tuesday at Aldershot of the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which he has commanded for some time. The Duchess on Wednesday opened a new wing of the North-East Hospital for Women.—Princess Christian will give away the prizes to the successful pupils of the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, on July 2nd.—Princess Louise and Prince Leopold have gone to the Falls of Niagara, whence they proceed to Chicago and Milwaukee, having giving up their idea of visiting San Francisco.

The Grand Duke of Hesse has gone home to Darmstadt, and the Grand Duke and Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz have also left England for Germany.—The betrothal of Prince William of Germany and Princess Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein was officially proclaimed at the New Palace at Potsdam on Tuesday, the Princess with her mother, sister, brother, and her uncle, Prince Christian, having arrived from the preceding day. The young couple first met a year ago, when Prince William was visiting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg at Gotha, and were engaged on February 14th last.—The ex-Empress Eugénie on the 15th inst. reached Liverpool, near the spot where Prince Louis fell. On Tuesday—the anniversary of the Prince's death—a Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's, Chislehurst.



CHURCH NEWS

THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY met on Tuesday at Westminster in obedience to the Queen's writ. The two Houses first assembled together, and after attending the service of Holy Communion in Henry VII.'s Chapel, proceeded to the College Hall, adjoining the Abbey, where the Primate took the chair, and Lord Alwyne Compton (Dean of Worcester), the newly-elected Prolocutor, was presented to him by Archbishop Harrison, the three exchanging set speeches in Latin. The Houses then separated, the Bishops going to the Board Room of Queen Anne's Bounty Office, whilst the members of the Lower House remained in the College Hall. On the motion of the Bishop of London, seconded by the Bishop of Manchester, an address to Her Majesty was agreed upon and sent to the Lower House. Amongst the petitions presented was one in favour of the entire closing of public houses on Sundays, which excited considerable discussion amongst the Bishops. Both Houses met again on Wednesday, when a variety of subjects were discussed, and in the Lower House, on the motion of Canon Gregory, an amendment was made to the Address to the Throne, praying Her Majesty to direct the preparation of a canon providing for a more complete representation of the parochial clergy in Convocation.

THE RUSSIAN OF LONDON'S FUNDS.—Sermons in aid of this fund were preached last Sunday at several metropolitan churches. At Westminster Abbey in the afternoon the Archbishop of York delivered a vigorous discourse. Dividing London into two towns, the rich and the poor, he said that for the one, there were riches



honours, and idleness, while for the other there was nothing but hard work or starvation. He called upon the richer town not to keep the message of salvation which God had sent to the whole world to themselves by withholding the means of making the message known to the poorer one.

**CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT IN WALES.**—In reply to an inquiry as to the possibility of separate legislation with regard to the Church of England in Wales, Mr. Bright has written a letter saying that the Church is so entirely one in England and Wales that he does not think it likely that Parliament will abolish it in Wales before it is ready to disestablish it in England; but this, he thinks, is no reason why Welsh people should not bring before the country their views as regards the question of the State Church.

**MISSION SERVICES IN EAST LONDON.**—On Sunday last the Bishop of Bedford, Bishop Suffragan of East London, preached in the morning at Hoxton parish church; held a confirmation in the afternoon at St. Paul's, London Docks; and in the evening preached again at St. Matthias's, Poplar, having previously to the service addressed the lay helpers belonging to the church in the vestry-room, and delivered an open-air address in the churchyard to a large and attentive congregation. Similar open-air services are to be held in St. Matthias's churchyard every Sunday evening during the summer (weather permitting); and a meeting is to be held at the Mansion House, towards the end of the present month, to raise funds for the furtherance of the Bishop's mission work.

**THE RITUALISTIC SOCIETY** known as the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament" held its thirteenth anniversary meeting last week at the Cannon Street Hotel, the large hall of which was crowded, while a side room was devoted to an exhibition of vestments, "altar linen," and other objects of ecclesiastical art and interest. During the past year 69 priests and nearly 1,000 lay communicants had been added to the roll of members which now consists of 900 clergymen and 12,000 lay persons. The Rev. Canon Carter, who is the "Superior General," said that there was strong evidence of a turn in the tide of popular feeling towards the Catholic section in the Church of England, and expressed his belief that they had seen the last of persecutions for extreme Ritual.

**THE JESUITS IN JERSEY.**—It is said that the French Jesuits, in anticipation of their expulsion from their own country, are negotiating for the purchase of the Imperial Hotel, St. Helier's, a building which is surrounded by grounds of about seven acres in extent; and which was erected about thirteen years ago at a cost of 41,000l.

**THE BLANTYRE MISSION.**—Dr. Cameron, M.P., accompanied by Messrs. Chirnside and King Hall, the authors of the pamphlet on the cruelties alleged to have been committed on the natives of Central Africa by the Presbyterian missionaries at Blantyre, near Lake Nyassa, Central Africa, had an interview with the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs on Monday, and left at the Foreign Office the buffalo-hide cat with which it is alleged that a native was flogged to death. Sir Charles Dilke promised that the fullest inquiry should be instituted. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland have also had the subject before them, and have resolved to send out a Commissioner, whose duty it will be to inquire into the condition of the Mission, and to furnish a precise report as to the possibility of maintaining it without having recourse to violence, or the assumption of any form of criminal jurisprudence.



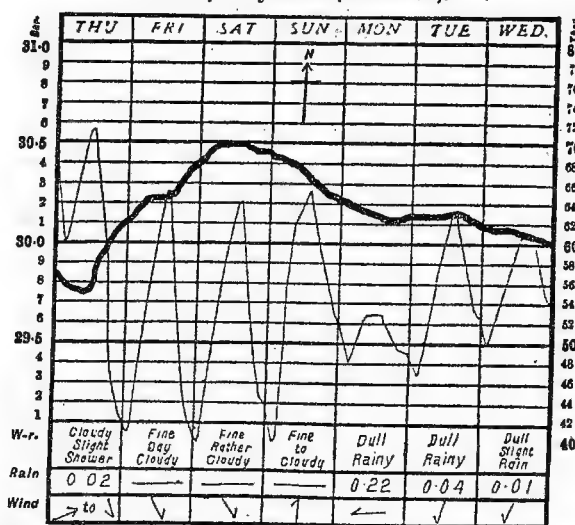
**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—Hackneyed as *I Puritani* must seem to old opera-goers, the melodies of Bellini retain almost their pristine charm, and while an Elvira like Madame Albani can be found to give them sweet and tender utterance are likely still to enlist the sympathy of audiences however critical. Such in fact, let Wagner and Wagnerians preach till they are exhausted for lack of extra words and phrases, is and will ever be the charm of rhythmic tune, expressed with eloquence so persuasive and touchingly simple as by this accomplished lady. But apart from mere "cantabile," Madame Albani brings to her task the ease and fluency of a consummate vocalist, and thus "Son vergin vezzosa" (the polacca) and "Vien diletto" are no less effective artistic displays in one sense than "Ah vieni" and "Qui la voce" in another. About the other leading characters—filled by Signors Gayarré, Graziani, and De Reske—it must suffice to add that the last-named by his excellent assumption of Giorgio (Lablache's once great part) has advanced a clear step in public regard. *Dinorah*, with Madame Adelina Patti, as the dreamy love-born heroine; the *Huguenots*, with a heroine and hero strange to this country; and repetitions of *Lohengrin*, *Romeo e Giulietta*, the *Barbiere*, and *L'Africaine* have been the other attractions within the last ten days. To dwell at this time upon the qualities that help to make the *Dinorah* of Madame Patti a performance in its way absolutely unrivalled would be superfluous. Enough that, both in a musical and dramatic sense, it has gained rather than lost, and that this was the evident opinion of a densely thronged house. The new tenor, M. Engel, though vocally by no means unamenable to criticism, was in other respects a Corentino not to be despised; Madame Scalchi was the "Capraio" we all know so well; and the French barytone, M. Lassalle, whose merits have already obtained unanimous recognition among us, represented the unscrupulous adventurer, Hoël, to whom the composer has awarded music far too good, in a manner that earned and merited general approval. Madame Verni, who made her *début* in the *Huguenots*, has more than one attribute to prepossess an audience in her favour, but as yet she is by no means competent to sustain, as it should be sustained, so interesting and commanding a personage as Valentine. In parts less exacting she would enjoy a fairer chance; for that there is more in this lady than was likely to declare itself on the occasion of a first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera there can, we think, be little doubt. With regard to the Raoul of M. Devilliers it is impossible just now to speak in such terms of hope. The audience were encouragingly kind to both new comers. That Mr. Gye is right, and that, in fact, it is his duty (*noblesse oblige*) to strengthen his company as well as to enrich his repertory is manifest; and if his enterprise does not always bring success, he is surely not open to reproach on that account. His patrons can only observe with satisfaction that, for to-night, Madame Sembrich, highly esteemed in Germany (and especially at Dresden), is announced to appear for the first time in England, the opera selected being *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The much-talked-of performance of *Lohengrin*, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, came off on Saturday night, and, taken for all in all, was a brilliant success. How many among the crowded audience were attracted by the name and fame of Herr Richter as a conductor, how many by the universal repute of Madame Christine Nilsson as an ideal representative of Elsa, and how many by *Lohengrin* itself, must of course be matter of conjecture. That *Lohengrin* brought a large number may safely be assumed—but *Lohengrin* conducted by Herr Richter gave *Lohengrin* a factitious importance; for to deny that the aggressive clique whose cry has ever been "Wagner! Wagner!" generally attend the first performances of Wagner's operas, grumble at the "detestable" manner in which they are given here, and then leave

them to fate and the general unbiassed public, would be to ignore fact. That Herr Richter attracted even a larger number may with equal confidence be assumed; but Herr Richter conducting *Lohengrin* gave Herr Richter also a factitious importance; for the Richter Concerts—where there is more of Beethoven (happily) than of Wagner, a crust or two being thrown out to Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Schubert, and Mendelssohn—have by no means thronged St. James's Hall, as occasionally when Joseph Joachim plays the music of those "Heaven-born geniuses." Lastly, Christine Nilsson, though her Elsa is a divine embodiment of an ethereal character, the invention of which would alone place Wagner among imaginative poets, if not among "absolute" musicians, of all time, attracts just as many admirers in whatever other opera she may sing. The execution of *Lohengrin*, under Herr Richter's baton, was in many respects entitled to admiration. Scant time had been granted him to make acquaintance with the forces under his direction, on or off the stage; but he marshalled them like a generalissimo of the first order, and the result was ever and anon surprising. The orchestra, less numerically strong than the one over which Herr Richter presides at St. James's Hall (though elementally far superior), obeyed his dictates like one man; and the involved and not unfrequently obscure instrumentation of Wagner was made the clearer as though by a first application of the electric light to dark corners. A triumph for Herr Richter, it was not less a triumph for the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, which, under such supreme control, showed the stuff of which it was made. Even the chorus, under the magnetic influence of the Viennese conductor, seemed inspired with new life and vigour; while the leading vocalists must have felt at ease all through. It was hardly necessary, indeed, to look at the conductor, who was sure always to be with them wherever they might wander. Madame Nilsson has rarely shone more brightly, and her Elsa only wanted a Mario for her *Lohengrin* to make the illusion complete. Mr. Candidus is not a Mario; but Marios do not spring up like wild flowers. Could he (or would he), however, impart more spirit to his acting, more ease and grace to his gestures, and more mobility to his physiognomical expression, the voice and musical knowledge of Mr. Candidus would serve him to good purpose, if not make of him a *Lohengrin sans pareil*. Mdlle. Tremelli earned golden opinions last year by her Ortrud, which more nearly approaches that of the late Mdlle. Tietjens than any Ortrud we have seen; while Signor Galassi is beyond all comparison the best Telramundo in our remembrance. Last night Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann (the original Flohilde in the *Nibelungen* at Bayreuth) was to appear as Violetta in the *Traviata*; and for to-night we are promised another *début*—that of Madame Eleanora Robinson, from Hamburg, as Fidelio.

**WAIFS.**—An exhibition of musical instruments and books of musical instruction is to be held in St. Petersburg.—Mdlle. Caroline Salla will not come to London this year, as was expected. Her engagement for St. Petersburg next season is renewed.—Madame Pauline Lucca has been giving some extra performances at Vienna, to help Herr Jauner, the retiring director, out of a difficulty.—To the banquet given in honour of Herr Richter in the restaurant of St. James's Hall, on Wednesday night, some 150 guests were invited. The affair passed off with spirit, but had not sufficient public interest to call for a detailed account of the proceedings.—Dr. Hans von Bülow has again left for the Continent to pursue his Quixotic errand on behalf of the "Wagner-Parsifal" fund.—M. Bagier, whose death is announced, was Director of the Opéra Italien, when Adelina Patti, after her first successes in London, made her Parisian *début* at the late Théâtre Ventadour. He was by no means an "enterprising impresario," and it was only by the arguments of a London amateur that he could be persuaded to see any merit whatever in the now universally accepted *prima donna* of the Italian operatic stage.

#### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK MAY 27 TO JUNE 2 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—During this week a great change in the weather has taken place, the fine warm weather having changed to a period of cloud and gentle rain. It will be seen by the diagram that after the barometer had reached its lowest point on Thursday (27th ult.), it rose briskly for forty-eight hours, after which a new, but gradual, fall set in, which still continues. The wind has veered round from S.W. to N.W. and N.E., but is now inclined to "back" again, and the day temperatures have decreased decidedly. Rain has fallen over the greater part of our islands, but in the southern half of Kent the weather has remained persistently fine. The barometer was highest (30.48 inches) on Saturday (29th ult.); lowest (29.74 inches) on Thursday (27th ult.); range, 0.74 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (71°) on Thursday (27th ult.); lowest (42°) on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday (28th, 29th, and 30th ult.); range, 29°. Rain fell on four days. Total fall, 0.29 inches. Greatest fall in one day, 0.22 inches, on Monday (31st ult.).

#### THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS SALON \*

In the development of this work since its inauguration in 1879, M. Dumas has displayed much energy and judgment. The idea of printing illustrated catalogues of Art Exhibitions is not new, but the real merit of any undertaking exists in its treatment, and in the publication before us we have a result which shows an exceptional degree of artistic excellence. M. Dumas's work preserves in a lasting form the salient features of perhaps the most important of annual Exhibitions of modern Art, and provides at a popular price a souvenir of permanent value. Last year's "Illustrated Catalogue" was received with such favour that this year's issue has been greatly enlarged and improved. This favour is greatly due to the fact that, as is the case to some extent with our own "Academy Notes," though here on a larger and more elaborate scale, the illustrations are executed by the artists by whom the original pictures were painted. Last year's

\*"Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon" (English Edition). Edited by F. G. Dumas. British and Foreign Artists' Association, 19, Cockspur Street.

Catalogue contained 112 drawings, in the present one there are about 400. The illustrations include not only those of the most important pictures exhibited, but likewise all possessing special interest. Among the contributors may be mentioned the names of Alma Tadema, Bastien Lepage, Bonnat, Bouguereau, Jules and Emile Breton, Cabanel, Duez, Fantin La Tour, Edouard Frère, Henner, J. P. Laurens, Lefebvre, L'Hermite, Lumenais, Mesdag, Passini, Puvis de Chavannes, Schenck, Van Marcke, G. F. Watts, Barrias, Chapu, De La Planche, Dubois, Millet, &c.

This series of drawings by prominent artists of the day cannot fail to be a source of real pleasure and interest to many who will probably never visit the Exhibition itself, but who are nevertheless anxious to study the latest phases of modern Art. M. Dumas has been fortunate enough to receive for his undertaking the hearty support of the French Government. M. Turquet, Under Secretary of State for the Department of Fine Arts, fully shared the lively interest with which artists and critics welcomed the "Illustrated Catalogue" on its first appearance, and as a consequence it was declared that the publication should be placed side by side with the official *livret* within the Palais de l'Industrie. This year M. Dumas decided to publish his "Illustrated Catalogue," not only in France, but simultaneously in England, because former experience taught him that the appreciation bestowed upon the work was not confined to any one country. We may note that in these illustrations the subjects of the pictures are complete, and not partially reproduced, as was the case in last year's "Catalogue." Under the titles will be found the dimensions of the originals. In conclusion, it is worth noting that, in spite of the large amount of labour and troublesome detail inseparable from a publication of this nature, the Editor managed to bring it out on the "varnishing day" of the Salon.



**HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES** were entertained at the Mansion House on Tuesday by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justices were absent from indisposition; but there was a brilliant gathering, and amongst the speakers were M. Léon Say, Lord Chelmsford, Rear-Admiral Mayne, Mr. Chitty, Q.C., the Master of the Rolls, Lord Romilly, the Home Secretary, the Solicitor-General, Sir James Hannen, and the Earl of Milltown.

**THE FITZALAN CHAPEL, ARUNDEL.**—The Appeal Court of the Supreme Court of Judicature (Lords Justices Bramwell, Bagallay, and Brett) have this week been occupied with the dispute between the Duke of Norfolk and the Vicar of Arundel, concerning the possession and ownership of the chapel or chancel in Arundel Church, erected 500 years ago by one of the Duke's ancestors. The Duke claims it as his private property, and the Vicar as part of the parish church of which he is incumbent, and the appeal is from the decision of Lord Coleridge, who gave judgment for the Duke.

**THE TICHBORNE CASE.**—The hearing of the arguments on the writ of error granted in this case has been again postponed, this time in consequence of the illness of the "Claimant's" counsel, Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., who is suffering from the effects of an accident which he met with some days ago. The case now stands for Monday, June 14th, subject to Mr. Benjamin's ability to appear on that date.

**MRS. WELDON.**—The Home Secretary having been asked to intervene on behalf of Mrs. Weldon, who was last week sent to prison for libelling Mr. Rivière, has replied that there are no sufficient grounds to justify him in advising any interference with the sentence passed upon her. Since Mrs. Weldon's incarceration a dispute has arisen between her lady-companion, Madame Menier, and Mr. Weldon, regarding the possession of "Tavistock House," but a magistrate, who has been appealed to, has declined to interfere.

**THE SQUIRT NUISANCE.**—The police have determined to put down the senseless "amusement" of squirting dirty water from miscalled scent-fountains, so much indulged in of late by thoughtless persons to the great annoyance of the general public. Small fines have been inflicted on several persons who indulged in this objectionable pastime on Saturday (the Queen's birthday), and two gentlemen who amused themselves in a similar way on their way back from Epsom on the Derby Day have been mulcted in penalties of 10s. and 5s. respectively, the heavier fine being imposed on a man who had rashly chosen a police-inspector for a target. A number of persons have also been taken before the magistrates for selling the "fountains," but those only who were charged with hawking without a licence were punished, it being impossible to show that the others had committed any offence recognised by the law.

**MONSIGNOR CAPEL**, the well-known Roman Catholic priest of the pro-Cathedral, Kensington, has been adjudicated a bankrupt; and Vice-Chancellor Malins, sitting in the Chancery Division, in the action "*Berkeley v. Capel*," has granted an order restraining him from continuing to reside at Scarsdale Lodge, Kensington, premises comprised in two mortgages.

"**HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY**" is a proverb which will doubtless live in the memory of the colliery proprietor who was last week fined by the Dewsbury magistrates for travelling by rail between Heckmondwike and Liverpool on three different occasions, on each of which the railway company were defrauded to the extent of one penny. The full penalty was imposed in each case, and the defendant had to pay altogether upwards of 8l.

#### SPORTING

**THE TURF.**—If ever the "glorious uncertainty of the Turf" was illustrated, to the confusion of professional prophets and the dismay of upholders of public form, it was in the race for the Oaks. In the Derby previous running was vindicated, and the favourite won while the other fancied horses made a fair show; but in the Oaks everything was turned topsy-turvy. The uncertainty of fillies at this time of year was once a proverb, and in a former generation the result of the Ladies' Race at Epsom was considered most difficult to anticipate, and although favourites were made in the market, no one was surprised at the victory of an outsider; but of late years favourite after favourite has won the race, and prophets and backers have fared well. This year's race, however, will be long remembered for the fact that in a field of thirteen three rank outsiders were the first three past the post. From previous running it seemed almost any odds on the French filly Versigny and the Duke of Westminster's Evasion coupled, and both were backed very freely, the winners on Bend Or standing manfully by the Duke's colours. The winner, Jenny Howlet, started at 33 to 1, being less fancied, strangely enough, than her stable companion Bonnie Marden, who started at 20 to 1, and ran second. War Horn, who was not even quoted in the market, was third; and after her came Queenfisher, who was the most extreme outsider of all at 50 to 1. It does not require any great gift of prophecy to anticipate that this running will before long be shown to be utterly unreliable. —This week, as the one preceding the great gathering at Ascot, is held to be more or less a by-week; and though there has been racing at Croydon, Sandown Park, and Beverley, interest in it has





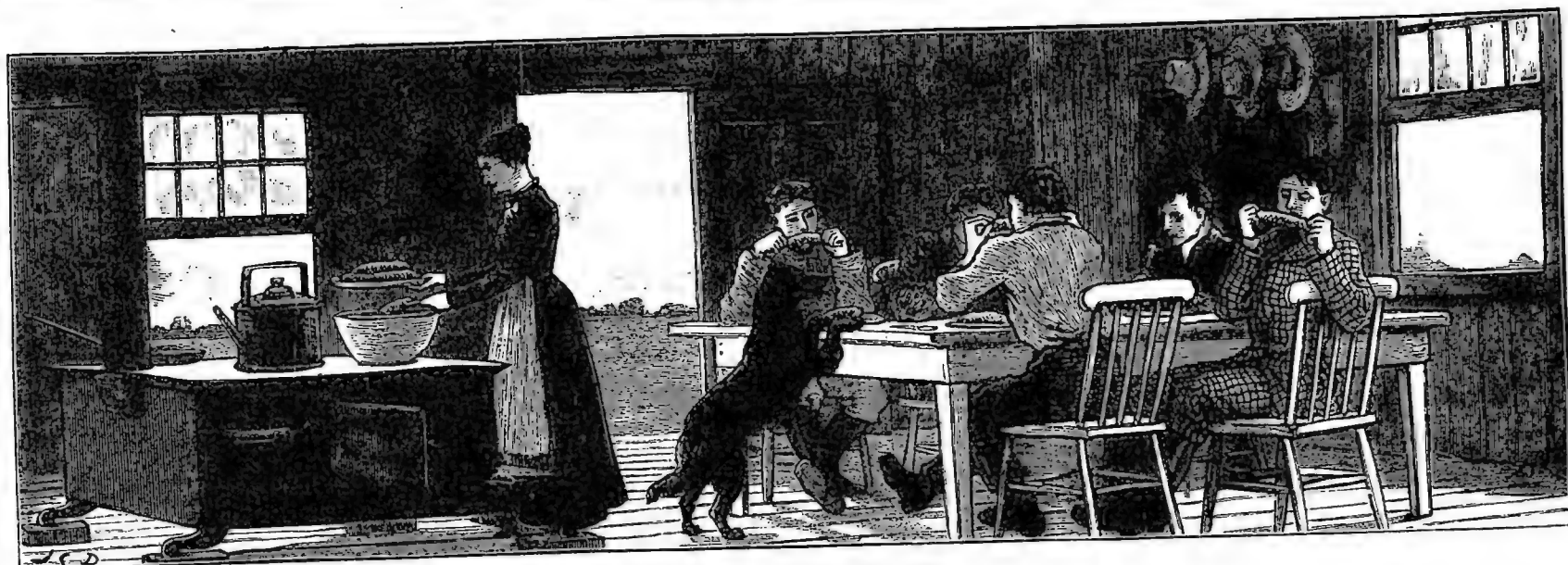
CATTLE GRAZING IN NEWLY CLEARED PASTURE



BREAKING UP NEW GROUND—STUCK IN A ROOT

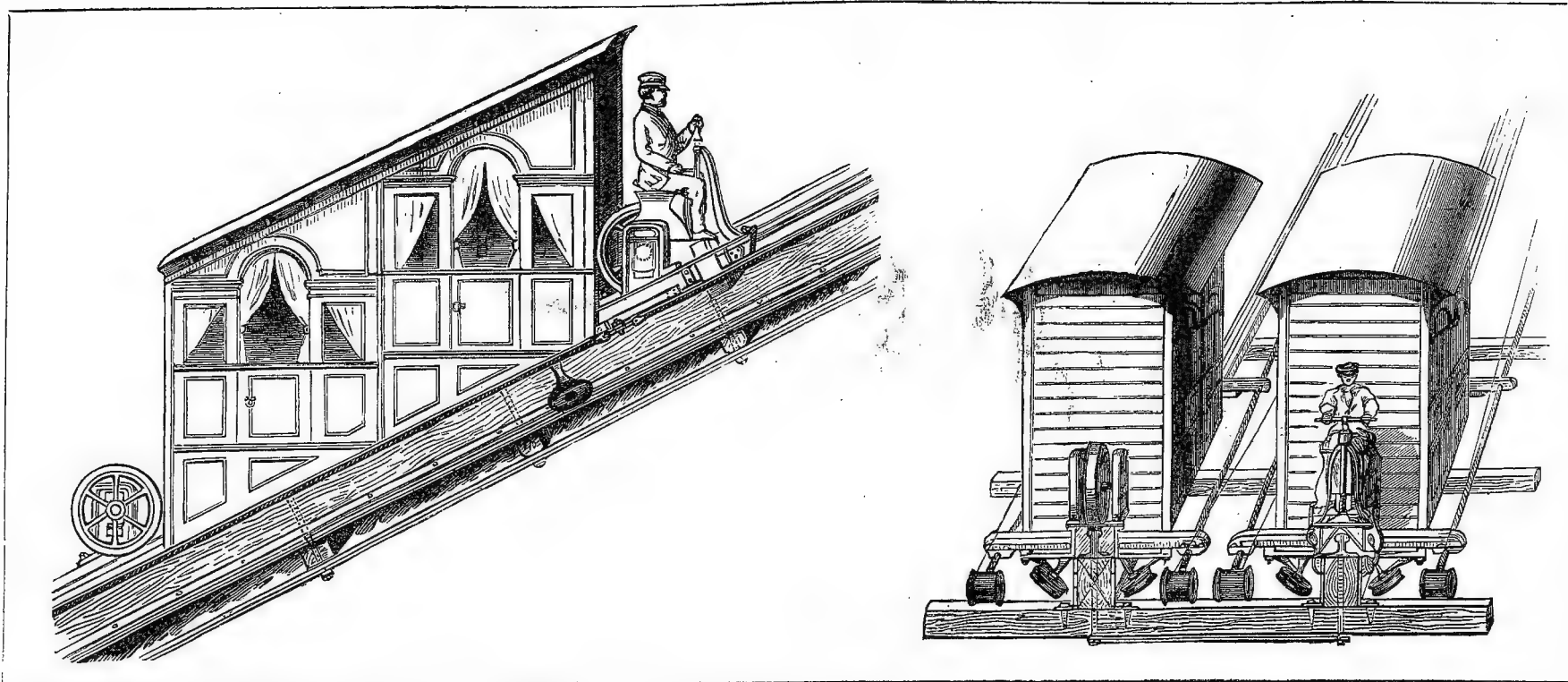


WHEAT HARVEST IN NEW LAND

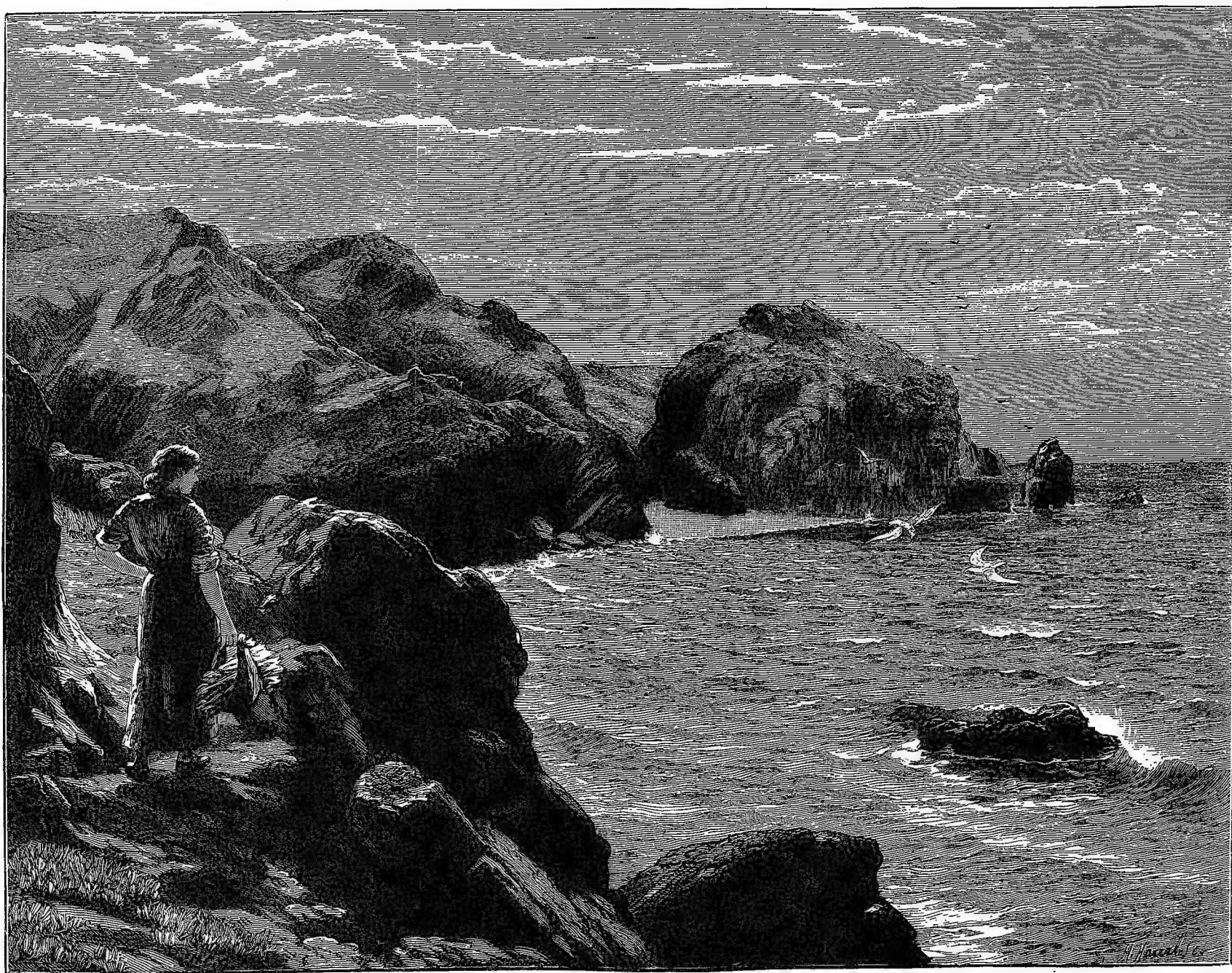


THE FIRST KETTLE OF GREEN CORN





THE NEW RAILWAY UP MOUNT VESUVIUS—THE CAR



"ON THE COAST OF CORNWALL"  
FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION BY HENRY GIBBS (TURNER GOLD-MEDAL)



been very slack, future events claiming most attention. A market has already been made for the St. Leger, Bend Or of course heading the quotations. His price is given as 3 to 1, and that of Robert the Devil as 4 to 1; while Beaumont, the winner of the French Derby, stands at 8, and Muncaster at 10 to 1. Many good judges hold that the last named will very much improve on his Epsom running, the flat Doncaster course being more suited to his long stride.—The Ascot Hunt Cup finds favour with speculators, who have made Ruperia a strong favourite; while Sir Joseph and Lord Clive have a whole host of supporters. The Stakes are a dead letter almost, the presence of Teviotdale being considered as spoiling the handicap.—The Grand Prix, to be run at Paris on Sunday, seems booked as a certainty for Robert the Devil, on the strength of his gallant struggle with Bend Or for the Derby, and odds are actually offered on him. Beaumont is next in demand, and the field is likely to be unusually small.—It is said that the Duke of Westminster made a

present of 1,000l. to his trainer, R. Peck, in recognition of his services in bringing Bend Or to the post in such excellent condition; while F. Archer, the jockey, received the nice little compliment of 500l.

CRICKET.—The rain, though it has interfered with several important matches, has been most welcome to cricketers, as the grounds were getting as hard as flagstones. Middlesex and Surrey had to make a draw of it after some very tall hitting on both sides. A. J. Webb for the Metropolitan county marking 33 and 96, I. D. Walker 94, and C. T. Studd 65, while for Surrey Jupp scored 42 and Humphrey 57.—The Gentlemen of England have beaten Oxford and University by 32 runs. The largest score in the match was the 52 of A. J. Webb for the Gentlemen.—Kent has won a decisive victory over the M.C.C. by ten wickets, among its batsmen Lord Harris being credited with 65, and Mr. R. S. Jones with 79.—At Lord's on Saturday last, a match between Huntsmen and Jockeys

proved a great attraction, but perhaps it would have been better not to have introduced the "gentlemen" element into the latter team. The match was for the first benefit of the Hunt Servants' Society and the Bentinck Benevolent Fund. The jockeys had the best of the contest, Captain Middleton's 58 being very useful.

AQUATICS.—Hanlan won his match with Riley easily enough over the five mile course on the Potomac. It is said that the final arrangements for the match between Hanlan and Trickett will be completed this week.—At Cambridge the result of the eight oar races left Jesus at the head of the river, Caius second, and First Trinity third.

BILLIARDS.—A splendid game was played on Monday evening last at St. James's Hall, between Cook the champion, and Michell, the latter receiving 200 points in 1,000. Slight odds were laid on Michell, but after a most exciting contest he was eventually beaten by 41 points. The stakes was 200l. a side.

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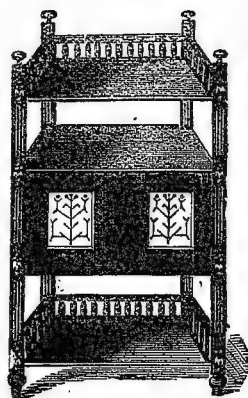
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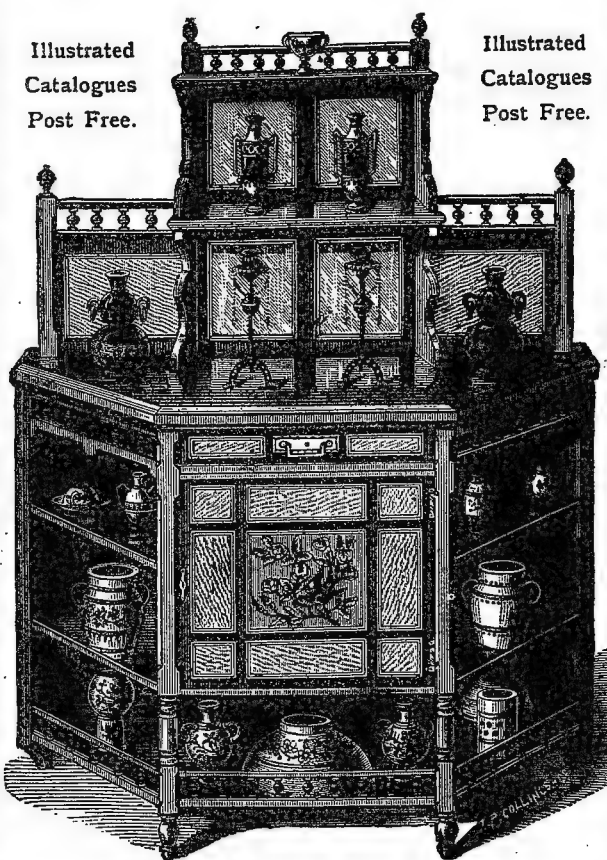
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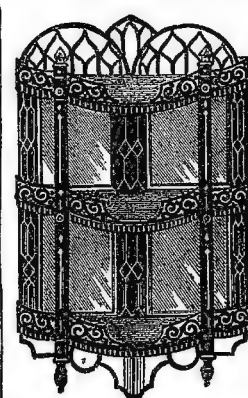
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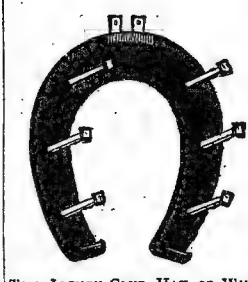
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"I have attentively examined the beautiful Pianos of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons that are exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. I consider them to be exceptional in the ease with which gradations of sound can be produced, from the softest to the most powerful tones. These excellent pianos merit the approbation of all artists, as the tone is full as well as sustained, and the touch is of perfect evenness throughout its entire range, answering to every requirement of the pianist."  
CH. GOUNOD.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.** "Paris, the 8th Sept., 1878."  
"We, the undersigned, certify that, after having seen and most conscientiously examined the English Pianos at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, and that the palm belongs to the Grand Pianos of the house of Brinsmead."  
NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN, D. MAGNUS, Chevalier ANTOINE DE KONTSKI, Court Pianist to the Emperor of Germany.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**  
"The highest praise is certainly due to Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons for the complete success which has crowned their efforts to produce, on the most simple principles, a perfectly even, smooth, and sensitive repetition touch. The purity of the tone and the excellent mechanism of the Pianos exhibited by them in the Paris Exhibition called forth warm eulogies from all competent critics."  
JOHN STAINER, M.A., Mus. Doc. Member of the International Jury of the Paris Exhibition, 1878.

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"I have pleasure in expressing my opinion that the Paris Exhibition Model Grand Pianofortes of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons are unsurpassed. The tone is deliciously sweet, sustained, and extraordinarily powerful; the touch responds to the faintest and to the most trying strains on it, and the workmanship is simply perfect."  
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"I feel great pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of the Pianofortes made by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons. Their tone is rich, powerful, and equal, and their check-repeater action most ingenious, successful, and valuable."  
EDWARD J. HOPKINS, Organist and Director of the Choir, Temple Church, London.

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**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.** Echo.  
"The nearest approach to perfection with which we are acquainted."

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**DEAR VANITY.**—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured; fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no pedantic and only sing its praises in the sale of Glykoline, and only sing its praises around, and by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.  
TALON ROUGE,  
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

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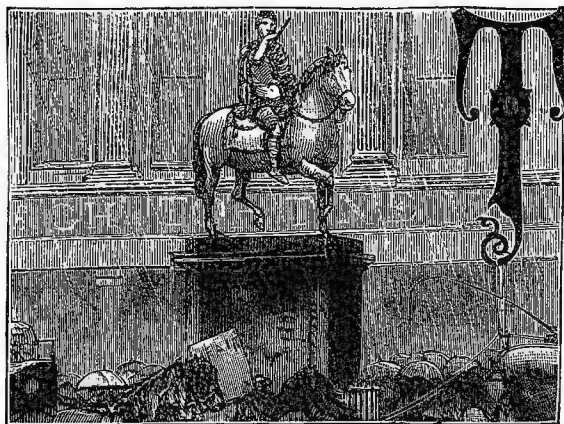
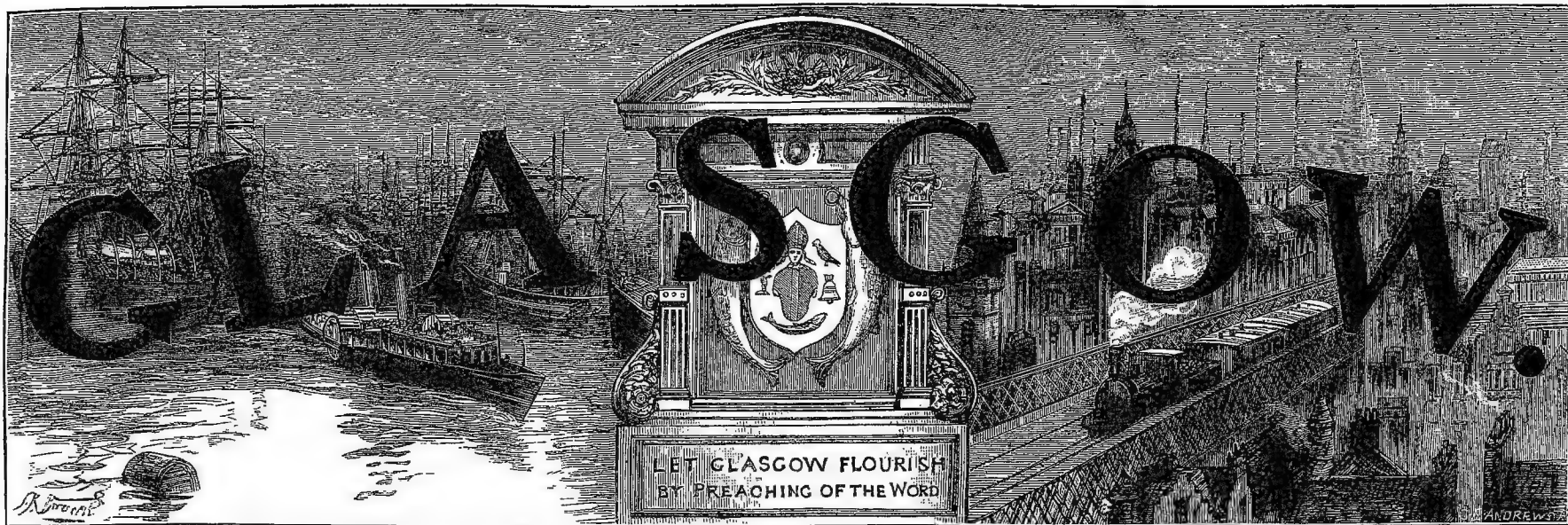
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GLASGOW CROSS

THE year 1707, the date of the Union between England and Scotland, marks the beginning of the modern history of Glasgow. Immediately after that year, and consequent upon the changes the Union introduced into the social and commercial life of the Northern half of the kingdom, Glasgow entered upon her wonderful career of growth and progress. For the race she had to run she was happily prepared in having many natural advantages, but not the least powerful of her aids has always been the public spirit

of her citizens. Coal and iron and the River Clyde would not have helped her much without the indomitable will and the far-seeing sagacity that have turned these to good account, and have never been either disheartened with failure or lazily content with success. Glasgow is a notable example of what the energy of man can accomplish when it is well directed and untiring.

Modern Glasgow dates from the Union, but during the twelve centuries of its previous history the foundations of the city's prosperity were being quietly and steadily laid. To the present day typical Glaswegian, however, the incidents recorded in that older history possess, for their own sake, but little interest. A thorough-going Glasgow man is proud of Glasgow *as it is*; and when he thinks at all of Glasgow *as it was*, it looms up in his mind merely as a dark background against which are set in bright relief the successive stages of the modern city's progress. Edinburgh's reputation rests rather on what she has been than on what she is; apart from the unrivalled beauties of her natural situation, her chief glory is the air of antiquity that hangs around her. At every turn there you see some spot linked with the literary and political history of the past; living in Edinburgh, to any one who can turn his opportunities to good account, is in itself a liberal education. Glasgow's glory, on the other hand, is that in population, in enterprise, in wealth she is now the second city of the Empire, and that the energy and clear practical intelligence of her own children have won for her her present proud position. There is an older Glasgow, ignorant of chemicals and steam engines, and with annals that antiquaries delight in, but for the mass of the people, the great facts of to-day have thrown altogether into the shade the achievements of the bygone centuries. We have the tallest chimney-stalk in the world; our coals and our cotton goods go to the farthest ends of the earth; we have made a noble harbour out of a shallow meandering stream; the skill of our shipbuilders is the admiration of nations—where will you find in the old sleepy years results that can match in value such as these? So far, so good; we show that we understand our position, and the basis on which it rests, but Glasgow people require one caution. They forget that the centuries are developed one from another. The great stream of progress depends for its volume on many nameless little rills that helped to swell the current at the outset of its



GLASGOW ILLUSTRATED—VIEW OF TRONGATE



course. The history of the city is a record of change and growth, and it is only by contrasting to-day with yesterday that we arrive at a proper appreciation of our actual condition and attainments. Knowledge of Glasgow as it was throws light upon Glasgow as it is.

### THE BEGINNING OF GLASGOW

GLASGOW owes its origin not to merchants, but to monks and missionaries. The Church set the ball going that the Exchange keeps up nowadays; and a town more or less under the influence of the Church—first Roman Catholic, then Protestant—Glasgow remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century. Away back in the misty times of the sixth century, Kentigern, or St. Mungo, since adopted as our patron saint, settled down on the banks of the Molendinar Burn, then, and for many a year afterwards, a bratling, pellucid stream, now a common sewer, with all its foulness covered up from the light of day.

Where Kentigern came from no one seems exactly to know. Some antiquaries hint that he was an Irishman; other authorities, however, drawing their ideas of the Irish from an acquaintance with the not too pleasant manners and customs of the Hibernian denizens of our Saltmarket and Briggate, repudiate such a suggestion with scorn.

Whatever his origin, he set about with a stout heart to make Christians out of the barbarians among whom he had cast his lot. The settlement formed by him passed after his death through many vicissitudes, but the grand result of them all was that it continued to grow in importance. A cathedral eventually was built, and in 1175 the Bishops got from William the Lion the grant of a burgh; in 1189 King Alexander gave them the right to hold an annual fair. In 1546 Glasgow was for the first time represented in Parliament, and in 1636 it was made a Royal burgh. In 1690, for the services Glasgow had rendered the Revolution cause, it was declared a free town, with full power to elect its own magistrates. Then the Union came, and the full tide of Glasgow's prosperity began to flow. In 1556 the population was about 4,500; in 1708, 13,000; in 1801, 53,000; in 1880 it amounts, including the dwellers in the suburbs, to close upon 750,000. These figures speak for themselves.

In the armorial bearings of Glasgow are recorded some of the miracles of St. Mungo. The tree represents the frozen branch with which he is said marvellously to have rekindled an extinguished fire; the bell shows us a bell which he transported through the air from Rome; the bird is a counterfeit presentment of a robin which he restored to life after it had been torn in pieces by a cat; and the fish, with the ring in its mouth, commemorates the salmon that, through the saint's instrumentality, was the means of restoring a lost ring to a British Queen who was "frail and fair." There are no salmon in the Clyde now at Glasgow, and when we look for lost rings we have to trust, not to priests, but to newspaper advertisements and Highland policemen.

The motto of the city in its entirety is "Lord, let Glasgow flourish through the preaching of the Word and praising Thy name." Nowadays we have shortened this to "Let Glasgow flourish." We are not so particular about the means as were our earnest-minded forefathers.

The name "Glasgow" is said to mean "a dark glen," or "a beloved green place," or I don't know what else besides. When learned antiquaries differ, who shall presume to decide?

### THE CATHEDRAL AND ITS SURROUNDINGS

GLASGOW is not much addicted to veneration for what is old, but it makes an exception in favour of the Cathedral. It is the one relic of antiquity that in their own way the inhabitants are proud of, and rightly so. The Cathedral is unique on the mainland of Scotland. You have to endure the agonies of sea-sickness on the ever-vexed Pentland Firth, before, at Kirkwall in the Orkneys, you find another of its kind in perfect preservation. It is a noble building, and our principal lion when strangers visit us. When Edinburgh people boast of their Castle, and sneer at the newness of Glasgow, we "dish" them with our Cathedral, and Edinburgh men, in their discomfiture, have been heard to wish that the Knoxites had not left one stone of the structure upon another. In old Glasgow the life of the town gathered round and spread out from the Cathedral, just as in after years the life of modern Glasgow had its origin and centre at the Trongate and Cross. The existing Cathedral is not the first that was built on the banks of the Molendinar. The original Cathedral that grew out of the early rude Church was dedicated about 1136. Mr. MacGeorge, in his recently-published admirable book on "Old Glasgow," shows pretty clearly, on the authority of Mr. Honeyman and others, that the building we have now was founded by Bishop Bondington about 1240, and completed—how patiently and calmly they went about their work in those old days!—during the rule of Bishop Cameron some two centuries later. At the time of the Reformation the Cathedral had a narrow escape. All over Scotland "the rascal many," to gratify their new-born zeal against Popery and their innate love of smashing and rending, were pulling down the priests' "rookeries," as they called the churches and abbeys. Our Cathedral was doomed to destruction by the Reforming leaders, but the townspeople, wiser for once than their spiritual guides, turned out in arms for its protection, and although they could not save the stained glass windows and much of the ornamental work, they kept the building itself untouched by sacrilegious hands. "And," as Andrew Fairservice remarks, "I have heard wise folk say that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland the Reform would just have been as pure as it is e'en now, and we had have mair Christianlike kirks." In later times three Presbyterian congregations met in the Cathedral: the "High Outer" and the "High Inner" in the body of the building, and the "Laigh Kirk" in the crypt below. The last was "Low Church," indeed; according to profane wits, the congregation might truly say, "Out of the depths do we cry." A better description of the place cannot be found than in Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy." If we forget an atrocious act of Vandalism committed in pulling down a tower and the Consistory House, we may be said to have changed this for the better now. Some years ago the whole interior arrangements underwent a thorough renovation: the nave and the crypt, which had actually been used as a burial-place as well as a kirk, were cleared out, and the choir fitted up as the meeting-place of the High Church. All the windows were filled with stained glass, the gift mostly of

West-country families. The glass came from Munich, and, notwithstanding its brilliancy of colour, cannot rank high as an example of the purest art in glass staining. It is heresy, however, to say so in Glasgow.

Externally the Cathedral is not very imposing, but internally it is beautiful. The style is Early English. The nave, 155 feet long and 90 feet high, is separated from the aisles by two rows of exquisitely formed columns, massive, yet supremely graceful in their lines. On the walls are monuments and tablets to some of our most distinguished townsmen. "The Lady's Chapel" beyond the choir is declared by Dibdin, in his "Northern Tour," to be the most beautiful and faultless in symmetrical form and arrangement that he had ever beheld. The Crypt is one of the chief attractions of the Cathedral, and good authorities tell us that it is the finest in the kingdom. "Men who thus could build dreamt not of a perishable home." At their carvings and traceries and pillars the monkish artificers worked as if they loved their work for its own sake, and without regard to the results in either fame or money to themselves. They lived, happily for themselves, when strikes were unknown, and before these days when from the platform of every Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association the pernicious gospel of "Get on in life" is dinned into our ears. Glasgow people, proud as they are of the Cathedral, seldom visit its solemn shades except when country cousins come to town to see the sights. The building is left on weekdays almost altogether to tourists, and if these hail from lands where "Black Prelacy" prevails, they will notice wonderingly that Scotchmen, for the most part, walk through the sacred edifice with their heads covered. Verily, if Scotchmen be the most religious people in the world, they are also the most irreverent. Strangers should attend service at the High Church on Sundays. It is something like a "Christian Kirk" now, and the organ is one of the best in Scotland. Close to the Cathedral are many noteworthy objects. Behind it, on the old Fir Park, rises our most famous burying ground, the Necropolis, where some of the worthiest and wisest of Glasgow's sons sleep their last sleep, many of them under tombs quite heavy enough to prevent the most obstreperous of ghosts from revisiting the glimpses of the moon. Edward Irving lies here, and Motherwell the poet, and Michael Scott, who wrote "Tom Cringle's Log." The Royal Infirmary stands partly on the ground once occupied by the Bishop's Palace. On the opposite side of the square there existed up to a few years ago "Darnley's Cottage," where Darnley lay ill of small-pox, and was visited by Queen Mary shortly before he went to Edinburgh to meet his death at Kirk o' Fields. When Glasgow was a great See the neighbourhood of the Cathedral was crowded with ecclesiastical hospitals and residences of the Church dignitaries, all now long since swept away. But one modern church is close at hand, which claims from us respectful notice. Off hats, gentlemen! we stand on ground holier than much of that which is consecrated in the name of legendary saints! This is the Barony Church, where Dr. Norman MacLeod preached—the genial, true-hearted, big-brained Norman—and which he made the centre of much of the truly higher life of his day in Glasgow. The Barony Church is emphatically ugly. When the scare of a French invasion passed over the country in 1859-60, Dr. MacLeod himself said that probably he was the only man in Glasgow who would welcome the French host, as the invaders would be sure to burn his church, and then he would require to get a new one.

### THE CITY IMPROVEMENT TRUST

FROM the Cathedral, down by the "Bell of the Brae," where in ancient times the original Market Cross of Glasgow stood, and where Wallace once gave a drubbing to our Southern invaders, we pass through the High Street to the Trongate and Cross of Glasgow. Vast are the changes that the City Improvement operations have wrought on all this district during the last few years. It would be like a new world to Baillie Nicol Jarvie, were he to come to life again. There can be no doubt that in the 17th and 18th centuries Glasgow was a very pretty little town. On this point there is a wonderful consensus of opinion. One traveller in 1658 calls it "the Nonsuch of Scotland;" Defoe speaks of it as a large stately and well built city; even Dr. Samuel Johnson condescended to admire it. Glasgow then was clean and sweet, compared with Edinburgh at least; the streets for the time were broad, the houses, substantially built, must have been exceedingly picturesque with their "crowstepped" gables and varieties of roofing, the gently sloping heights round the town were covered with trees, and, greatest attraction of all, close to the busiest thoroughfares, the crystal waters of the Clyde and its tributary burns ran "wimpling to the sea," by cornfields, and between grassy banks all aglow in summer time with the golden blossom of the broom.

But the semi-rural beauty of Glasgow vanished as the city grew in size and population. When increased trade had brought with it increased wealth and more pretentious styles of living, the well-to-do people deserted by degrees the east end of the town, and migrated westwards. The inevitable consequences followed. The houses, all in flats, and never very spacious at the best, fell year by year into the hands of a poorer and ever poorer class of tenants. The flats were divided and sub-divided; a dozen people tried to live where only one could have found breathing space. The wave of Irish immigration that rolled in upon us after 1847 aggravated the mischief. Destitution and disease and crime made the district round the Cross their peculiar lurking-place. The narrow wynds and fetid closes gave congenial shelter to all that was dishonest and impure and of bad report, and that shunned the light and air of Heaven. The evil grew till it became intolerable. It was a disgrace to civilisation, and yet it seemed almost hopeless to attempt to grapple with it.

At length the public spirit of Glasgow, fairly roused to a sense of the position, stepped to the front, and a marvellous change has been wrought. In 1866 the City Improvement Act was passed, not without much opposition from selfishness and ignorance. Authority was given by Parliament to buy up old streets and houses, and supplant them with new ones, and to meet the outlay by levying a tax on the inhabitants of the city.

The late Provost Blackie, Sir James Watson, Baillie Morrison, and Mr. Carrick, the City Architect, deserve the chief credit for devising and carrying out the scheme, and for persevering, through good and through ill report, in their work of renovation. Very

much yet remains to be done; but, from the good that has been accomplished, we may take courage and go on. Old closes and wynds have been demolished; new and wider streets have been formed; dwelling-houses, that were very nests of fever and profligacy, have been swept away; and in better localities improved houses for the dispossessed tenants have been erected, partly through private enterprise, partly through the operations of the Trust. The improvements are calculated to cost in taxation a little over 370,000*l.*; and as a result of them, the death rate of the city has fallen from about 30 per 1,000 before the passing of the Act to about 24 or 25 per 1,000 at the present time.

The City Improvement Scheme is a gigantic undertaking of which the Glasgow people are justly proud. All who wish detailed information on the subject cannot do better than consult the able paper which, some short time ago, Sir James Watson read before the Institute of British Architects in London.

### THE TRONGATE AND CROSS

MODERN Glasgow, without having any pretensions to the beauty of Edinburgh, is yet, for a commercial city, a handsome, well-built town. In its general appearance it far eclipses either Manchester or Liverpool. The stone buildings give it a massive look, and the principal streets are broad and straight. In the suburbs not so much has been made of the natural advantages of the ground as might have been. The "flat" system is not a pliable one in the hands of an architect. Still, it would be difficult to match anywhere else in the kingdom the terraces of "self-contained" houses that line the Great Western Road. This is the finest approach to Glasgow, and it is a pity, for the first impressions to be made on strangers, that all our railways enter the town through the dingiest surroundings. In Edinburgh, from a hundred points within the city itself, you have a magnificent panorama spread out before you; in Glasgow, on the other hand, you can get no bird's eye view of the lines and masses of the buildings, unless you trudge out to the Necropolis, or to the South side or West-end park. Even from these coigns of vantage, the smoke that hangs over us like a pall is too apt to baffle the keenest eyesight. It is only when our annual Fair holidays have extinguished our thousands of furnaces that we have a chance of an atmosphere clear enough to display properly the imposing bulk of the city. The town has grown miles beyond the small network of streets, radiating from the Cross, that in the beginning of the last century formed Glasgow. What were quiet country lanes fifty years ago, where blackbirds piped and cattle pastured, are now the scenes of our busiest traffic; to the west and to the south street after street, terrace after terrace has been built. Glasgow has crept up on the little burghs that formerly encircled her at a distance that seemed great enough to ensure to them rural quiet, immunity from contact with the bustling town, and these burghs are now her suburbs, beyond which the lines of stone and lime are every day extending. Once, many years ago, Lord Brougham, in an after-dinner speech, called Paisley a "suburb" of Glasgow. It was then some six or seven miles distant, but the day is coming when Lord Brougham's designation will be justified. Trade with America, thrown open to us by the Union, laid the foundation of Glasgow's prosperity. Tobacco was the staple commodity we imported from the colonies; by the middle of the eighteenth century more than half of the "divine weed" that came into the kingdom was brought by Glasgow merchants. And great men these merchants were—at least in their own estimation. They seem to have put on what modern slang would call "no end of side." The district round the Cross (the Trongate and the Saltmarket) is especially associated with their names and dignity. In their day the four streets that branched from the Cross were the only ones in the city that could boast of pavements, and on the "Plainstones," as they were called, and beneath the piazzas that were then before the shops, the "tobacco lords" strutted, in the pride of scarlet cloaks, and bushy wigs, and gold-headed canes. They were the aristocracy of Glasgow. A common tradesman had almost to kiss the ground at their feet ere he ventured to address them.

The Cross (the Cross itself, it may be mentioned, disappeared in the seventeenth century) corresponded for many years to what the Exchange is now—the centre of the business life of Glasgow. And a picturesque centre it was! The irreverent hand of the improver has swept away many of its most prominent features, but some of them remain to this day.

The old Tolbooth (or prison), with its grated windows and quaint outside stairs, where Rob Roy had the famous interview with Baillie Nicol Jarvie, has gone the way of all decaying buildings; but its beautifully-proportioned steeple—which we now call the Cross steeple, still throws its shadow on the Trongate, as it did when the red-cloaked tobacco lords walked beneath it, and its chimes still ring out the melodies that have vibrated so sweetly in the ears and hearts of generations of Glasgow men and women.

The Tontine Coffee House and Reading Room, which stood beside the Tolbooth, and which, from 1782, was the great meeting-place of merchants until the present Exchange was erected, has disappeared, but the Tron Church and Steeple, with its basement arching over the pavement, still front the street on the opposite side, and the equestrian statue of King William still encumbers the thoroughfare. This statue was given to the town by a Mr. McRae, who ran away from his Ayrshire home when he was a bare-legged boy of nine years old, and forty years afterwards returned to it Governor of Madras. He might have found a more graceful way of testifying his respect for Glasgow. Burke declared the Trongate to be the handsomest street in Europe. The designation is perhaps as true now as it was in Burke's time, if we consider it merely as a business street. In one straight line, as the Trongate, Argyle Street, &c., it runs for four and a half miles within the municipal boundaries. It is broad; the shops are for the most part substantial-looking, and the steeples of the Cross and the Tron Church break up most picturesquely the monotony of the vista. The crowd nowadays in the Trongate is not by any means a fashionable one—it is a crowd essentially of working people and of people who ought to work and don't—a bustling, noisy, not over-clean crowd, nor too polished in its manners, but, as a rule, law-abiding and orderly.

Of course, sights are to be seen there, especially of a Saturday night, that must make the judicious grieve. But was it ever otherwise in the poorer localities of a large city? It would be as absurd to judge of all Glasgow by what goes on in the Saltmarket as it



would be to expect in Wapping the manners of Belgravia. Glasgow has an Irish population—and with all its faults it is a useful, hard-working population—greater than that of any town in Ireland itself, except Dublin and Belfast, and as our Irish settlers cling to party tunes and rival factions, we have occasionally lively passages of arms between Orange and Green. "Boyne Water" played by a flute band seems as powerful an irritant in the Saltmarket as it is at Portadown. A plague on both their houses! A little judicious flogging might do some good; on musicians who swear by either "Deathless William" or the Pope it is useless to waste the solemn admonition of the worthy Bailie, who dismissed a hardened offender from the police bar with the remark that "Henceforward he must remember that the eyes of Almighty God and the Glasgow police were upon him." The Trongate by night is a sight worth seeing from the top of a tramway car; all will appreciate it who understand something of the forces that beat at what one of our own Glasgow poets calls "the tragic heart of towns."

#### STREETS AND SQUARES

OUR fashionable resorts for promenaders are Buchanan and Sauchiehall Streets, and the covered Arcade that runs between Argyle Street and Buchanan Street. Glasgow men, however, are not much given to promenading. Glasgow is not an aristocratic, but a trading town, and we have few idlers. Every Glaswegian naturally always walks quickly, as if he had a train to catch, or feared to miss an appointment. We have no such sight as Princes Street in Edinburgh presents on an early summer afternoon, when every Bank and Government office turns out its prim officials to sun themselves on the pavement, and try to look as like officers from the Castle as possible. On fine days, however, "our girls" make not a bad show, and you will see in Sauchiehall Street as pretty faces and as good dressing as the most exacting need desire. Glasgow "vulgarity" used to be a standing joke with all outside of the city who pretended to be fashion-critics, and their sarcasm was not undeserved. But we are growing wiser now, and are every day learning more and more to appreciate neutral tints and the charm of quiet harmonies. Rainbow-coloured plaids and raiment of unmitigated scarlet and blue, with other outcomes of barbaric taste, are almost entirely relegated to mill girls, who have not yet learnt to regulate their "Sunday brows" by the principles of æsthetics. Our shops are handsome, and the shopkeepers too much given to announce that they are selling off at immense reductions. In no town in the kingdom is the unscrupulous rivalry of trade-advertising carried to such an extent as with us. Foremost among all our shops, our fruiterers' deserve honourable mention. They are a feature in Glasgow, and with Leigh Hunt most people will agree that "there is great beauty, as well as other agreeableness, in a well-disposed fruiterer's window." The traffic in Glasgow streets is heaviest in those that converge on the riverside and the Bridge. Lorries, tramcars, cabs, and vans get mixed up there into a very fair imitation of the blocks that occur in Cheapside and King William Street. We have policemen to regulate the flow, and they are much required. Furious driving is an intolerable nuisance in Glasgow. It will never be put a stop to, until the police have the power of summarily taking an offender from his vehicle, and hanging him to the nearest lamp-post. Our tramway lines extend all over the city, and on the cars a penny carries you a long distance. Glasgow railway stations were until recently a disgrace to the town, but we have removed the reproach now. St. Enoch Square Station—part of the outside of which is figured in one of our illustrations, was opened about two years ago. It is built on the model of St. Pancras, and is one of the most commodious stations in the kingdom. As it is the great centre for the summer "coasting" traffic, its platforms are trodden by the feet of many a paterfamilias heartsick of the weary journeying morning and night between town and the seaside. Eighty years ago St. Enoch Square was a quiet rural spot. The name is a corruption of St. Thenna, the mother of St. Mungo. The church is a notable object, terminating, as it does, the view southwards down Buchanan Street, but there is a talk of demolishing it, as well as some of the other old city churches, on the ground of their being an obstruction to traffic. On every Wednesday—market day—St. Enoch Square is crowded with men whose air is not of the city, who talk of bullocks, and, to the inconvenience of non-bucolic passers-by, occupy the pavement with their big sturdy bodies. It is the farmers' meeting-place. They are a greater obstruction to traffic than the church itself.

The Caledonian New Central Station is another most important improvement. The internal decoration of this station is very artistic, and it is a pity like taste has not been shown in the construction of its bridges outside. The one across the river at the Broomielaw is as strong and as ugly a bridge as engineering skill and Philistine contempt for beauty ever combined to produce. It is approached in hideousness only by the bridge thrown by the same railway across Argyle Street; an indispensable addition, no doubt, to our means of communication, but a great disfigurement to the street view. The opening of the new stations in the midst of the town, necessitating, as it did, the knocking down of streets and houses in some of the most wretched quarters, has greatly aided the work of the City Improvement Scheme.

George Square is our open-air Walhalla. A few years ago it was an unkempt piece of ground. The Corporation took it in hand. They uprooted trees that were making laudable but unsuccessful efforts to flourish and grow green; they formed broad walks, and planted flowers and shrubs, with the result of turning the Square into rather a nice city breathing-place. It bristles with statues.

An old lady from the country, when she saw George Square for the first time, remarked "It was very bonny; but gey and like a cemetery." In the centre stands a column, which was the first monument erected in Scotland to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. David Rhind was the architect. Within the square we have a number of other figures of varying artistic value. The Queen and Prince Albert are of course there; and Burns, by G. E. Ewing. Mr. Mossman, our townsman, contributes Sir Robert Peel and a fine statue of Campbell, the poet. Sir John Moore will attract attention, as it is one of the best works Flaxman ever produced. Sir John was a Glasgow man; his father was a physician here, and the author of the once popular "Zeluco."

There are several other statues scattered about, and judicious people fear that in the future there are more to come. The dread

that his fellow townsmen may endeavour to immortalise him by erecting a monument to his memory in George Square has added a new terror to the deathbed of every prominent Glasgow citizen, whose sense of humour is greater than his ambition. The General Post Office, recently enlarged and rebuilt to meet the enormous demands of Glasgow commerce, is in George Square, and the Merchants' House, designed in the Italian style by Mr. J. Burnet, makes with its tower a prominent feature in our illustration. On the east side of the square there will be commenced before long the most important architectural work that has ever been undertaken in Glasgow, viz., the erection of Municipal buildings worthy of the city. The hearts of architects everywhere are fluttered just now over the conditions of the competition for these buildings, and the City authorities are declared by "the profession" to have gone about the matter in the reverse of the right way. Time will tell! Hamilton, Adams, and "Greek" Thomson are among the architects of other days, to whom we are mainly indebted for the embellishment of our city. The Athenæum—formerly the old Assembly Rooms—is one of our finest and least appreciated buildings, and the various banks and insurance offices have housed themselves so handsomely as to add much to the effect of our street views. Mr. MacGeorge informs us that in 1788 ground in Buchanan Street could be had for 2s. 6d. a yard, and lately ground there has been sold at from 20l. to 25l. per square yard—one lot bringing in even 50l. In Argyle Street 100l. per yard have been given. These figures show the rise in the value of property. Building was overdone in Glasgow two or three years ago. One or two lucky speculators made fortunes, and a much greater number of unfortunates found stone and lime anything but a profitable investment.

#### BUSINESS GLASGOW

THE Royal Exchange is not only the centre of business in Glasgow; it serves the purpose as well of a great Club, where men of all opinions freely meet, and where many a good story is told, and most of the gossip of the town has its origin. A really smart *bon mot* uttered on 'Change will make the author famous for a week—to be considered one of the wits of "The Rooms" is, therefore, the fondest ambition of every sprightly young shipbroker and commission agent.

The Exchange, opened in 1829, is a noble building, and we are indebted for it to the architect, David Hamilton, whom Dr. Dibdin calls "the Vitruvius of the North." The style is chiefly Greek, with a portico of massive fluted Corinthian columns. "The Room" itself is 130 feet long by 60 broad, and at 'Change hours, when it is crowded, it has a very lively appearance. The iron brokers always muster in great force, and in their "ring," and in the uneasy cloud of irregular speculators that generally hovers round it, there has been of late not a little excitement. You can get as exhilarating fun out of "iron warrants" as out of cards, and lose a great deal more money by them. Bears and bulls have much to answer for. When iron ran up recently, even office-boys held fractions of warrants; and the number of people in Glasgow who, according to their own story, had been on the brink of making fortunes, was perfectly surprising. We have crowds of very sharp fellows knocking about who are infallible prophets—after the event! Glasgow business men stand high in reputation for honour and intelligence, but too many of them are firmly persuaded that "a good business man" is the very salt of the earth. "'Cuteness"—one of the virtues that is more odious than not a few vices—is held in great respect. I wonder how many people on 'Change would believe with Bacon that "the ways to enrich are many, and most of them foul?" However, in these points we are not one whit worse than our neighbours, and money is not more worshipped in Glasgow than it is in Manchester.

Our Exchange, of course, has had its days of panic and dismay. Black Wednesday in October, 1878, when the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank was announced, will not soon be forgotten. A terrible blow was then given to Scotland; but the manner in which we have recovered from it shows that, commercially and financially, our position is a sound one. The storm, has, it is true, carried ruin and misery into many a happy home, but it has only retarded for a little our general prosperity, and has not destroyed it. In fact, the clearing of the air has done good. And one thing must be noted: how bravely and quietly the sufferers have borne their unmerited trouble!

When the business man has got forenoon 'Change over, he can drop into Lang's for luncheon. Lang's is one of the institutions of Glasgow. Is it not *Punch* who said that there you have 365 different ways in which you can spoil your dinner? Mr. Lang's sandwiches are famous all the world over; he could set down, and he were willing, more than two hundred kinds, many of them the special invention of his own fertile brain. There is nothing he will not make a sandwich out of, unless it be *baby*! He has not tried *that yet*. Mr. Lang—and in this he has been imitated by other *restaurantiers*—trusts entirely to his customers' honour; they help themselves to what they please, and pay as they go out. The plan seems to work well; it has, at any rate, not made Mr. Lang a poor man. There are thrilling stories afloat every now and again of some one having been detected swindling—eating, it may be, twice as many buns as he gives cash for—and having to hand over an immense sum to the Infirmary to avoid exposure. Rumour always paints "the mean cuss" as a man of great wealth and piety—a Free Church Elder at the very least. These are the little artistic touches put in to intensify our disgust at the shabbiness of the theft.

The Stock Exchange, of which we give an illustration, was built in 1874, and is the work of Mr. J. Burnet, architect. The style is a combination, for the sake of refinement, of Early English and French Gothic. The hall internally is finely proportioned, and is sixty feet long by fifty broad—quite spacious enough to allow room for the gambols of the most outrageous bull or bear. Merchants' and lawyers' (or writers') offices are not confined in Glasgow to one special district; they are scattered pretty widely over all the more central portion of the town, and are even creeping up the hill, and threatening to invade the once aristocratic retirement of Blythswood Square. The enormous warehouses belonging to firms such as Messrs. Stewart and McDonald, Campbell, Orr Ewing, Arthur, and others, will be sure to strike a stranger's eye. The stranger, too, will notice the uncountable number of tall chimneys that rise

on all sides in the town and round the town, each helping to pollute our atmosphere, and to make the city wealthy and dingy. The smoke soon takes all the newness and brightness out of our handsome buildings. Chiefs of the chimney clan are the two stalks at the chemical works of St. Rollox and of Messrs. Townshend. They are the tallest in the world, and reach to some 450 feet in height. Over the south-east of Glasgow by night there hangs a cloud of fire: it is the reflection from the Ironworks, popularly known as "Dixon's Bleezes." The industries of Glasgow are of the most varied kind; its prosperity depends upon no single branch of trade or manufacture. After the American War of Independence had ruined the tobacco trade, Glasgow's energies had to find outlet in new and more diffused spheres of enterprise. She began to gather wealth from every corner of the globe. Her progress since then has been wonderfully continuous, and occasional periods of depression have left no permanently hurtful effects. Like the rest of the country, we have been recently passing through "a bad time"—one of the worst Glasgow has known, because it affected nearly every one of her individual industries, and spread suffering through all sections of our working population. But better days seem to be dawning, and there are signs everywhere of reviving trade. It is to be hoped that of returning prosperity good use will be made. Unfortunately, with too many of us more money means more foolish expenditure. With better wages the working classes drink more whisky; with larger profits their masters make more frantic struggles after style and "gentility." The other day the number of cases at the police bar of "drunk and incapable" showed a great increase. One of our civic rulers, who is known to have more volubility than discretion, declared this to be "the most encouraging proof he had yet seen that times were improving!" The multifarious industries of Glasgow require only brief mention. Coal and iron are our mainstay; we are in the centre of the richest "fields" in the kingdom. About a million tons of pig iron are annually produced here. The manufacture of chemicals, glass making, potteries, bleaching, calico printing, Turkey red-dyeing, cotton spinning, weaving, engineering works,—these, apart from our river-side trades, are among the chief sources of our wealth. Out by the east end, at Bridgeton, are most of our cotton-spinning and weaving factories. One of our illustrations represents the Cross at Bridgeton—a recently erected street-shelter with canopy and seats—a paradise for loafers tired of the monotony of the street corner. The mill girls of Bridgeton reserve the display of bonnets and shoes and stockings entirely for Sundays; it is to be regretted that they are not equally sparing in the use of bad language.

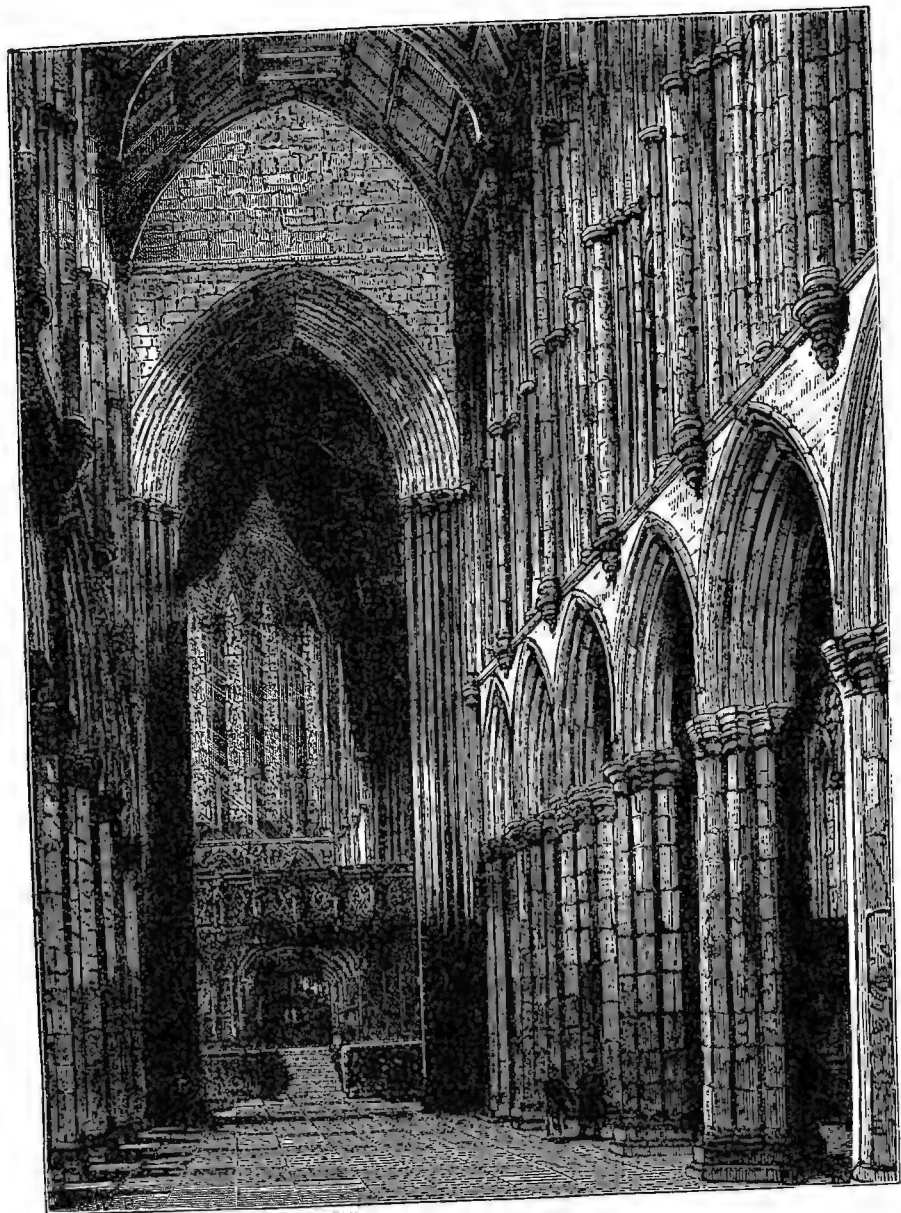
#### JAMES WATT

A NOTICE of Glasgow would be incomplete without some reference to James Watt, whose inventions have done so much to make Glasgow what it is. Watt was a Greenock man by birth, but his fame is associated mainly with this city. In 1757, when the Incorporated Trades of Glasgow refused to allow Watt to begin business here, Professor Anderson procured his appointment as mathematical instrument maker to the University, and gave him a workshop in one of the quadrangles within the college walls. The old college is now a railway station, but the room where Watt perfected his invention still remains, and is used as a lamp room. It figures in our illustrations. A Newcomen Engine belonging to the University was put into Watt's hands for repairs, and step by step from his experimenting he was led to see what vast improvements the mechanism was capable of. This engine is still preserved by the University in their Museum "as the most precious of relics." The action of the condenser was for long a matter of deep puzzle to Watt. At length, when he was walking on Glasgow Green one quiet Sunday in 1765, light burst upon him suddenly, and in a moment he comprehended how all his difficulties could be cleared away. So the steam engine became an established fact, and the foundations were laid for wonderful changes in the social condition of the world.

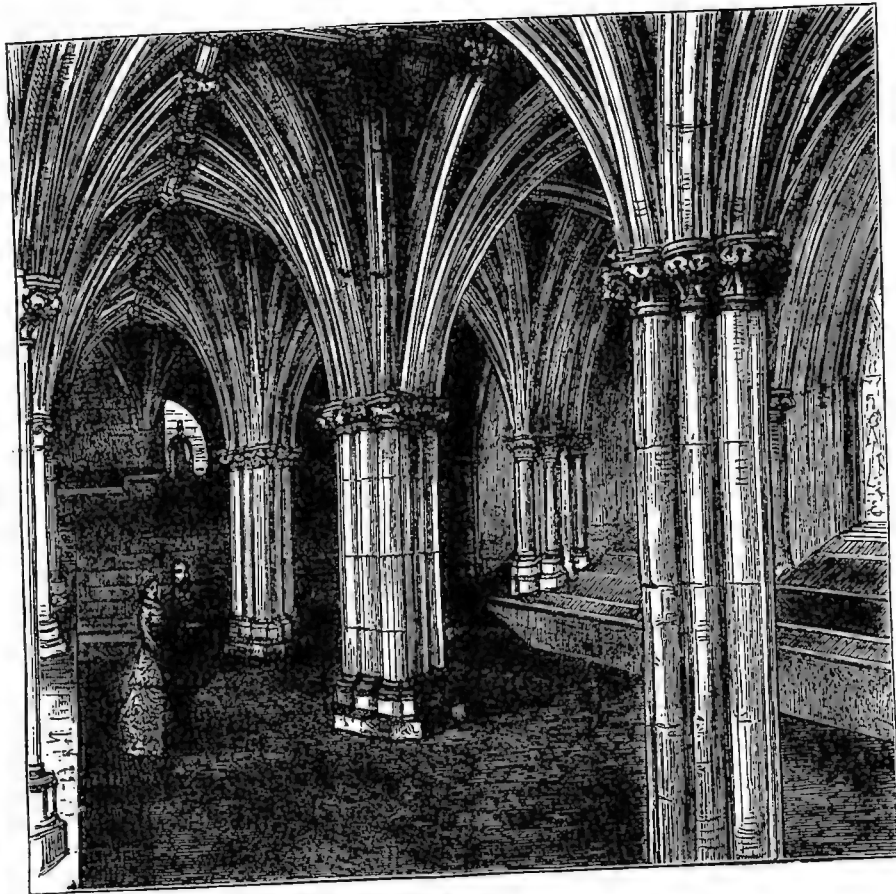
#### THE CLYDE AND THE BROOMIELAW

A FEW facts and figures will show better than the most eloquent of descriptions what the enterprise of the citizens of Glasgow has done for the river, and how in return they have been benefited by it. These I take from the interesting volume on the Clyde written by Mr. Deas, the present engineer to the River Trust. The Clyde originally was a shallow, irregular stream, abounding in banks and quicksands. Only the lightest of boats could float on it at Glasgow. In 1565 the first recorded attempt was made to improve the river, but it was not until 1740 that the task was seriously set about. Since then, some of our greatest engineers, such as Smeaton, Golborne, Watt, Rennie, and Telford, have employed their skill in combating with the shoals and mud banks. The initiation, in its main features, of the system of improvement still carried on is due to John Golborne of Chester, who in 1768 advised the contraction of the river by the construction of rubble jetties and the removal of the shoals by dredging. From 1807 till the present day, widening and dredging operations have been continuously carried on. In 1755 the depth of water in the harbour at low tide was 18 inches, and in 1806 it was thought wonderful that a vessel of 120 tons could reach the Broomielaw. Ships of 3,000 tons now float where a cotton mill stood in 1839, and Anchor Liners, drawing over 22 feet and of 4,000 tons, come to the quays. At Dumbuck, twelve miles down from Glasgow, the depth in 1789 was two feet; at present no obstacle exists there to the passage of an ironclad. The length of quayage in the harbour is at present four and one-half miles, including the accommodation in three large docks, the Stobcross, Kingston, and Queen's, the last opened only the other day. The dredgers last year raised 1,502,696 cubic yards of sand and mud. This refuse is carried in hopper barges to Loch Long, a very deep arm of the Clyde, and deposited there. The river is under the management of the River Trust, numbering twenty-five trustees, representative of the municipal and trading interests. The revenue of the Trust in 1779 was 1,540l., in 1879 211,501l. In 1878-9, steamships alone of the aggregate tonnage of 2,283,876 arrived at the harbour, and we imported 1,176,362 tons of goods, and exported 1,290,071. The year 1718 saw the first crossing of the Atlantic by a Glasgow ship, now we have ships voyaging to every port under the sun, and our Transatlantic lines, the Anchor, the Allan, and the State, vie with the Cunard in comfort and regularity. All the summer





THE INTERIOR

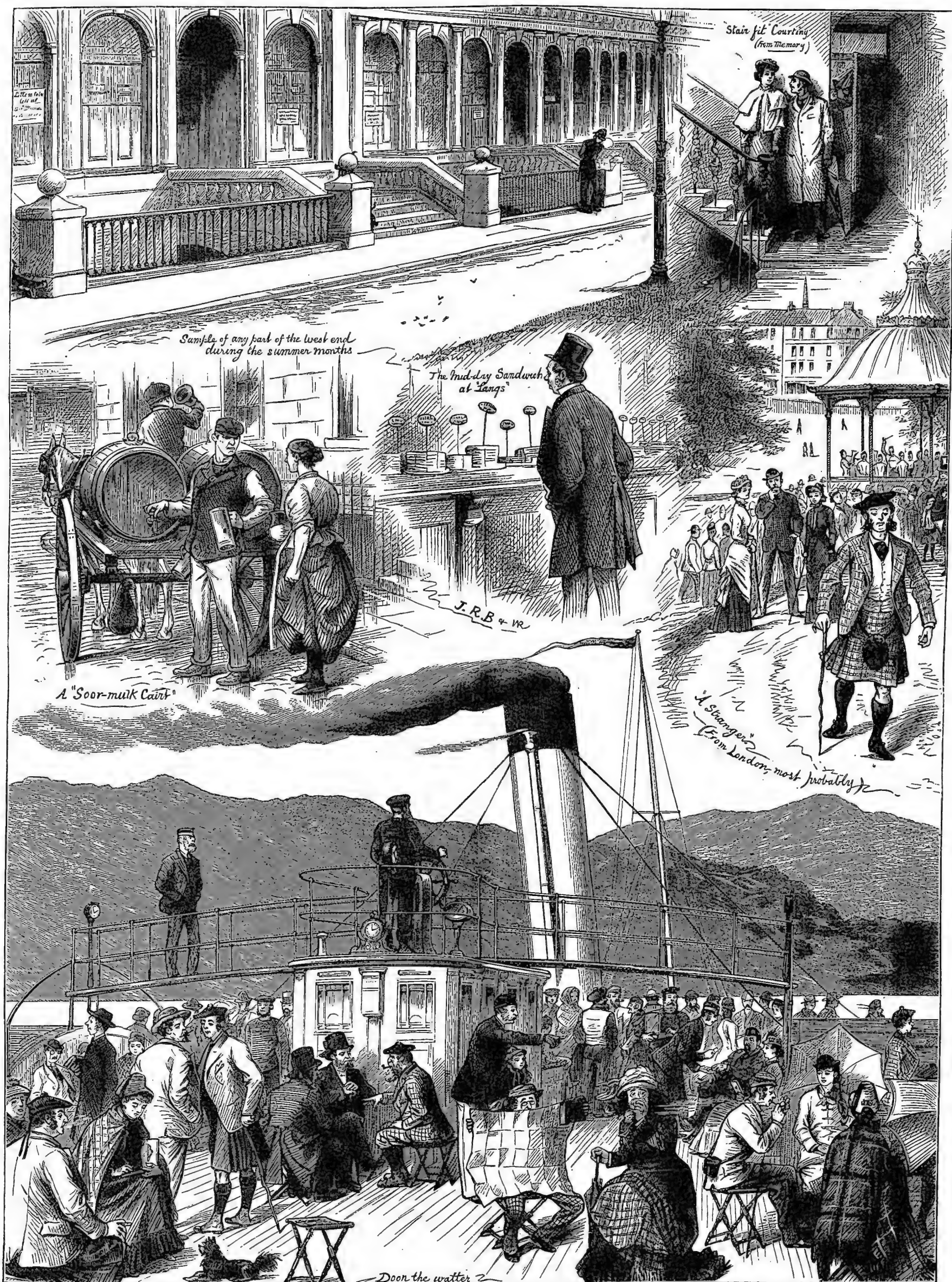


THE CRYPT



VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NECROPOLIS





GLASGOW ILLUSTRATED—SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER



months the river and frith are busy with steamboat traffic, and the craft engaged in it will hold their own for speed and elegance against anything else of the kind in the world. The outcome has been wonderful of the experiment tried in 1812 by Henry Bell, when he launched the *Comet*, the first steamboat that ever floated on the Clyde. She was only about three horse-power. Sometimes her engines gave out, and then the passengers set to and turned the crank themselves. On one occasion they had to alight and push her over a shoal! "Ca' ye this a sail," said a dissatisfied Paisley body, "It's liker a hurl!" Our artist has represented the departure at seven in the morning of one of the most beautiful of our river boats, the *Columbia*, successor to the renowned *Iona*. In the *Columbia* "all the comforts of the Saltmarket," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie would have said, are to be found, and many he never dreamt of, honest man! Shipbuilding is the chief industry of Glasgow, and the yards extend at intervals for miles down the river. We build everything, from hopper barges up to warships, and as the majority of the vessels are constructed of steel and iron, the clang of the riveters' hammers, when work is brisk, is deafening. In 1874, which was our best year, 262,430 tons were launched. We have had bad times since then, deserted ship yards, starving workmen, and doleful prophecies that our "palmy days" were over. But happily the tide has taken a turn, and orders have again flowed in upon the Clyde builders. Slips will soon be once more filled, and the air resounding with the music of the hammers. The suburbs of Govan and Partick depend very much for their general prosperity on the prosperity of the yards, and this will easily be believed when I mention that one of our largest works—that of John Elder and Co.—employs, when in full swing, about 5,000 hands.

In the dull season for newspapers, we have in Glasgow a splendid variation on the big gooseberry and two-headed chicken paragraphs: our reporters discover a salmon in the Clyde, a sickly and sad salmon that generally swims uneasily on its side, and vanishes as soon as it catches sight of the reporter's searching eyes, not to reappear until again required by the exigencies of daily journalism. This is the one and only salmon now known to haunt our river; once upon a time—and that time not so long ago—we had actual salmon fisheries within the area of our present harbour. But sewage and chemical refuse have fouled the stream and banished all our fish. The next great problem that asks solution from the Glasgow people is the purification of the Clyde. The subject has already received much anxious consideration. The Corporation are bound to take the question up; in fact the time for doing so allowed to them by Government has already expired. The most feasible scheme for disposal of the sewage appears to be the one recommended by the Consulting Engineer, Mr. J. F. Bateman, and the Consulting Chemist, Dr. Wallace, our City Analyst. They advise the formation along each side of the river of large intercepting drains which would carry all the sewage some five or six miles down, where it could be treated chemically, the solid matter being precipitated, and the liquid, almost pure, allowed to run into the Clyde, which would then become clean enough for fish to live in, and for cattle to drink. Strange to say, although the present condition of the Clyde is a nuisance to the nose, especially in hot, dry summers, no actual resulting injury to the health of the population can be detected. The expense of the proposed scheme is its great drawback; it would amount, on the town rental, to between 6d. and 8d. per pound.

From the tower of the Sailors' Home we have a most comprehensive view of the Broomielaw, the main features of which, to the eastward, our artist has faithfully reproduced. We look immediately down upon the steamboat wharf, where in the busy season the bustle on the river is such as to make navigation not always easy, and the language of skippers invariably bad. The street is thronged, too, with lorries and carts—an occasional traction engine snorting its way through the confusion like an asthmatic demon. The human crowd, male and female, is of the usual riverside kind. It contains a profusion of brass earring and sou'wester and mixed nationalities, and around it floats the unmistakeable riverside smell—a combination of the perfume of bilge water, tar, and tobacco.

We have some eight or nine railway and other bridges across the Clyde. Two or three of them are seen in our illustrations. The most famous of all is Broomielaw Bridge, a handsome structure, erected by Telford. It is 400 feet long by 60 broad, and has seven arches. In our view it is nearly hidden by the hideous new railway bridge. There is a disquieting rumour abroad that the Broomielaw Bridge is showing signs of weakness. Glasgow herself might as well come to grief as our own special bridge, of which we are all proud. Among the other bridges there is a Suspension one. It stands light and airy alongside its fellows like a circus acrobat among a lot of Free Kirk elders. Farther down the river we have an excellent ferry service, including several steam ferries. But even these are not equal to the demands of traffic, and there is a talk of some day having a subway to connect the north and south sides of the Clyde.

#### THE CLYDE STEAMERS

THE Clyde steamers are the pride of the Glasgow folks, and with good reason. Quite a fleet of them may be seen any summer morning at the Glasgow "Broomielaw." The smaller boats, making daily voyages of forty or fifty miles, are very fast, and are kept as bright as paint and gilding can make them.

They afford a marvellously cheap and pleasant means of enjoying the beautiful scenery of the famous river. But it is boats such as the *Iona* that are best known and appreciated by tourists visiting the Highlands. *Iona* has been a name given to successive steamers, beautiful in form, and with a high rate of speed, making the daily voyage to Ardrishaig and back in connection with the steamers on the Caledonian and Crinan Canals.

For the last season or two the *Iona* has been to a certain extent superseded by the *Columbia*, incidentally mentioned above, which is a triumph of shipbuilding skill, and one of the far-famed fleet belonging to Messrs. David Hutchison and Co. She is fitted up in the most luxurious manner. Dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, smoking-room, post-office, refreshment bars, and book-stalls are to be found on board, among many other conveniences,—in fact nothing is omitted that can be done for the comfort of the passengers. Her engines are of immense power, propelling her at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Steam steering gear and hauling apparatus are

among the improvements introduced in the working part of the vessel. A rival to this boat is to be found in the *Lord of the Isles*, which does not run from Glasgow, but from Greenock; her route is through the Kyles of Bute, up Loch Fyne to Inverary.

The "Sunday boat" is the only boat on the river looked upon with disfavour by the "respectables" of Glasgow. She is supposed to be the refuge of the destitute convivalists, who are deprived of their "mornin'" glass of "mountain dew" by the Act of Forbes Mackenzie for Sunday Closing, and so are driven to join the army of "Boney Feedy" travellers.

A young man seen landing from the Sunday boat is considered to have forfeited all claim to further respect.

#### THE WATER SUPPLY

THE purest water in the kingdom is supplied to Glasgow, at the rate of over 30,000,000 gallons a day. We bring it all the way from Loch Katrine, some thirty miles distant. The gigantic works necessary for such an undertaking were begun in 1855 under the superintendence of Mr. J. F. Bateman, Engineer; and in 1859 Queen Victoria turned on the tap that let into the city the first gush of the stream from "the land of the mountain and the flood." The water is like crystal in its purity; some grumblers even complain that it is too pure. It is deficient in "body," they say, for drinking purposes—hence they are constrained to strengthen it with the admixture of a little mountain dew. Very learned philosophers even attribute the prevalence of bent and weakly legs among the juvenile population of Glasgow to the deficiency of lime in the water. There is no satisfying everybody!

#### THE WEST END AND SUBURBS

IN the West End we get not a little of the feeling of repose which we miss so much amid the perpetual bustle of the business streets. We have there no signs of squalor or hurrying crowds. There is a certain picturesque massiveness in the lines of houses which a brick-built city can never possess, and, it must be confessed, a little heaviness as well. All our terraces, especially those looking down on the Park, are imposing and stately, and our many handsome churches help out the street effects. Internally, too, a more refined system of house-decoration is coming into fashion. Money can be better laid out, we find, than in barbaric magnificence. In the district round the Park, and in the suburbs of Hillhead and Kelvinside, the most fastidious might live with pleasure. The air is clear there, and we can tell when spring has come by the "laburnum's dropping well of fire" and the fluting of the blackbird. Very fair and fresh these suburbs look in early summer, before the dust and smoke have had time to blacken the tender flush on such elm trees and hedgerows as the devastating march of stone has spared to us. Other suburbs on the opposite side of Glasgow are growing rapidly round the south side Park, and they too possess many attractions. Langside is there, where Queen Mary fought her last fight, and from which she fled to her doom in England. The battle field is now covered with houses. Glasgow stands begirt with a belt of little independent burghs, which are sad thorns in the flesh of the big city. "Do come and be amalgamated," is the invitation of the town. "We refuse to be swallowed up," is the reply of the burghs. The discussions that are consequently raised and the Bills that are promoted afford, annually, profitable employment to Parliamentary lawyers and, to town officials, pleasant trips to London. In the mean time the burghs seem to have the best of it, but the time will come when they must be absorbed.

Society, as the word is understood in London, does not exist in Glasgow. We have no resident aristocracy; our "patricians" are simply our wealthier classes. A few years have seen many changes, and one of the most important is the growth among us of true culture. But with culture, that bastard imitation of it, "gentility," also has spread, and nowadays our most vulgar people are those who are most afraid of being thought vulgar. We know how to enjoy ourselves in Glasgow, and hospitality has always been one of the virtues of its natives. Last century, and for many years of this, the hospitality was demonstrative in its kindness and conviviality. Suppers and cold punch at night, and head-aches in the morning, were its evidences and accompaniments. Cold punch was a Glasgow speciality. "The materials" as they would say in Dublin, rum and limes and sugar, were the result of our close connection with the West Indies. Do you remember how in Lockhart's (a Glasgow man by the way) inimitable "Lament for Captain Paton" we are told

... the captain he would ring,  
And bid Nelly to the West Port,  
And a stoup of water bring,  
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,  
As they made it long ago,  
With limes that on his property,  
In Trinidad did grow.

All who wish to know how our forefathers could amuse themselves cannot do better than read Dr. Strang's "History of the Clubs of Glasgow." We are still as hospitable as ever we were, dinners and dances abound during the winter season, and strangers receive the kindest of greetings, but the hospitality takes a more decorous and proper form than with our ancestors. To outward observers it may look slightly colder. It is not possible to get as much fun out of "afternoon teas" as out of tripe suppers. But tripe suppers are no longer fashionable. Of clubs, in the modern sense of the word, we have several excellent ones. "The Western," our Premier Club, has its habitation in one of David Hamilton's finely proportioned Italian structures, and the "New Club" has just entered into occupancy of a splendid building erected for them by Messrs. Campbell-Douglas and Sellars. Then we have the recently started "Conservative," destined to be the rallying point of the True Blues in the west of Scotland, and the "Junior," the haunt mostly of Young Glasgow. Young Glasgow, it may be mentioned, is not more uninteresting and self-sufficient than Young Anywhere-else, and he has the good quality of manliness. Glasgow lads take to the water like ducks. We have three admirably managed private swimming clubs, and Clyde amateur yachtsmen have shown their skill and hardihood at many a regatta. "Our boys" have also fortunately discovered in football and bicycling excellent outlets for the energies that are left unemployed by the ordinary routine of town life.

#### THE UNIVERSITY

OUR new University is as a city set on a hill. It fronts the houses of our merchant princes—a silent preacher of the truth that all our gettings are vanity, if with them we get not understanding. The lesson in a commercial place like Glasgow is not un-needed, and that our citizens feel this to be the case is shown by the munificent way in which they have subscribed towards the cost of the building. The foundation of the structure on Gilmore Hill was laid in 1868, and it was ready for occupancy in 1870. Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect, and the style is a combination of the Early English and the Scotch domestic. The estimated cost, 266,000*l.*, has been already far exceeded. We have the spire yet to add, and some parts of the building to complete, but we see our way to money for these now, thanks to the late Mr. Randolph, the engineer, and to the Marquis of Bute, and, when the whole is finished, Learning in Glasgow will be most comfortably, even splendidly, housed. The students number about 2,000, drawn from all ranks of society. Our Scotch University system favours this diffusion of education. The status of the college was never higher than it is now under the principalship of Dr. John Caird, who is reckoned the most eloquent preacher of the day. Many of the professors live at the University, and "the College Set," in the cultured retirement of Gilmore Hill, make a little clique very much by themselves—a centre of "sweetness and light" amidst the prevailing Philistinism of the city. At least, such it is rumoured, is the belief of "the College Set" themselves. The old University buildings in High Street have been turned into a railway station. The original sculptured front is still in existence, the only relic of antiquity that faces our busy thoroughfares. A quaint old place this college must have been, with its quadrangles and turrets borrowed from the French architecture of the sixteenth century. Founded in 1450, ours is the second oldest University in Scotland, and some of the worthiest in the kingdom have been connected with it, as Lord Rectors, professors, or students. Zachary Boyd, whose effigy so long adorned one of the old quadrangles, Adam Smith, Burke, Jeffrey, Macaulay, Campbell, Palmerston are among the great dead, whose names are associated with our college. The Hunterian Museum and the Library must not be overlooked. Dr. Dibdin's account in the "Northern Tour" of his visit to the latter is a most delightful record of the bibliographer's joys. As we speak of libraries, our Free Mitchell Library deserves honourable mention. The founder left 80,000*l.*, and in less than three years some 28,000 volumes have been gathered together. There is a special Scotch Poets' Corner, containing 2,000 volumes. In connection with the new University, the Western Infirmary has been established. The Medical School of Glasgow is rapidly rising in importance and solid fame. Our Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons dates from 1599, the Charter having been granted to it by James VI.

#### ANDERSONIAN UNIVERSITY

IT was from the constitution of our Andersonian University that the idea of Mechanics' Institutes was first taken. But the Andersonian is superior to most Mechanics' Institutes, in that the instruction given there has nothing about it of the "Royal Road to Learning" character. This University was founded under the will of Professor John Anderson, of Glasgow—the friend of James Watt—who died in 1796.

Anderson, with some eccentricities of temper, was a shrewd, clear-headed man. He was much impressed with the absolute necessity to Glasgow's prosperity of her mechanics and artificers understanding the scientific principles on which their work should be based. In his lifetime he taught artisans in his own class-room and in their workshops. At his death he left money to found the University that bears his name. There was only one Professor at first—the well-known Dr. Thomas Garnett—who lectured on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. He was succeeded by Dr. George Birkbeck. In 1823-4, long after Birkbeck had left the Andersonian, he advocated the establishment of Mechanics' Institutes, founding his arguments on the experience he had gained in Glasgow. His suggestions met, as is well known, the approval of Lord Brougham and others, and through their exertions, Mechanics' Institutes were ere long an accomplished fact over the length and breadth of the land.

The Andersonian University, from bequests, &c., has greatly grown in importance, and, including the attendance at the evening Science Lectures, is taken advantage of by about two thousand students. Professors lecture in the Faculties of Medicine and Art, and the good work done is shown by the value set on the medical diplomas.

The Chemical Chair is one especially distinguished—Ure, Graham, and Penny have held it; and it does not suffer in the hands of its present occupant. The Natural Philosophy Laboratory is also very complete; and there is a Chair of Music.

Among the students of past years are Dr. Ward Richardson, Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., and David Livingstone. One of our illustrations shows the room in which the last-named received the medical instruction that proved so useful to him in the wilds of Africa. The Andersonian is housed in the building once occupied by the old Grammar or High School.

Education for all ranks in Glasgow is now well provided for, and among the lowest the School Board keeps a sharp eye on street Arabs and other neglected waifs of society. The juvenile population not attending school has been brought down to about one-tenth of what it was before School Boards were known.

#### THE PARKS

GLASGOW is not of "hot stony streets" all compact. We have parks that every year become, as far as town parks can, "camps of summer," and pleasantly remind city dwellers of the primrose banks, and the glad blue skies, and the silence of the hills that lie beyond the range of sooty foundries and hurrying traffic. The West End Park, in size about eighty-one acres, occupies part of the site of Kelvin Grove, renowned in song. If we haste there now, we shall find, alas! the river no longer "running bright and clear," for the Kelvin is at times almost as foul as the Molendinar, but we shall see well laid out grounds, fine old trees, and many-coloured flower-beds. The architectural features of the scene are striking. The imposing bulk of the College on the one hand, and the dignified range of terraces on the other, make an admirable setting to the green slopes and the gay parterres of the park itself.



In the West End Park stands an Industrial Museum belonging to the Corporation, located in what was once the old Mansion House of Kelvin Grove. The collection is rapidly growing, and the Trustees are face to face with the problem of what should next be done for the consolidation and extension of their exhibitional institutions. In the Park also is the Stewart Fountain, erected in 1872, to commemorate the services of Lord Provost Stewart in connection with the introduction of Loch Katrine water into Glasgow. The structure, rising to a height of about 45 feet, is exceedingly graceful. The design was drawn by Mr. James Sellars, jun., of Glasgow, and was selected in open competition from among others submitted by architects from all parts of the kingdom. The whole is surmounted by a bronze figure of the Lady of the Lake, modelled by Mossman. The South Side Park (142 acres) is laid out with great taste, and the Alexandra Park (85 acres) flourishes in spite of East End smoke. In these parks, during the summer, bands play on certain evenings, and the crowds of working people that flock to hear the music show how well they appreciate any judicious attempt to add to the few opportunities we have in Glasgow of open air recreation. The West-Enders have also the Botanic Gardens as a place of promenade. They resort to them greatly on Sundays. The time is long past when in Glasgow people could be haled to prison for walking on the Sabbath Day. The Kirk Session actually exercised this power at one time, and used it once too often. Last century a Mr. Blackburn, who was thus treated, brought an action for false imprisonment against his captors, and gaining his case, taught Presbyters and their allies that the law of the land is something mightier than their private interpretation of it.

The Green is the original and the most noted of the public parks of Glasgow. It contains about 136 acres, and lies along the north bank of the river at the east end of the town. The citizens are very jealous of any encroachment being made on this open space, under any pretence whatever, and they are right. It is an inestimable boon to the vast working population that surrounds it. It affords them a breath of fresh air, close to their own doors: they walk on it, on fine days they sleep and roll about on it, and on Sundays they preach on it, and at one another. It is the great battle-ground of rival sects, and the war is not always one of words merely.

Many improvements have been made on The Green of late years. A gymnasium has been erected, and new walks and flower-beds laid out. The grass is not very luxuriant, nor the trees too leafy; but the river gives brightness to the scene, and excellent opportunities for boating and swimming. Nelson's Monument stands here—an obelisk, 144 feet high. The other hero of the "great war that closed at Waterloo"—Wellington—is kept in mind in Glasgow by an equestrian statue in front of the Exchange.

The Green has seen many notable gatherings—reviews, political meetings at the Reform time of 1832, &c. Glasgow was strongly Tory until two or three years after Waterloo; it has been more or less Liberal or Radical ever since. Prince Charlie reviewed his Highlanders in this park when he passed through Glasgow on his retreat to Culloden. He carried off a goodly booty from the city in money and clothing, in addition to the heart of the beautiful Miss Walkinshaw, who afterwards, to her own undoing, followed the fortunes of the young Chevalier.

We have a grand new public wash-house at The Green. In olden days the washing was done in open air, with much tramping of blankets in the Scotch fashion by those whom Mayne, in his poem on Glasgow, calls "strappan lasses, tight and clean." The machinery in the new washing-house may do the work better than the old method, but, then, it's not so picturesque!

Near the west end of The Green stand our Gaol and Court House. We have three Assizes in the year, and the Circuit Judges enter town to the ringing of church bells and the blaring of a military band. This is one of the entertainments with which the black-guardism of Glasgow specially identifies itself. It feels that it is the cause of the whole display, and it turns out in great force to welcome the Court, and to see that all the proceedings are properly gone through.

#### CHURCHES

In the seventeenth century Presbyteries and Kirk Sessions carried matters with a high hand in Glasgow. The people could scarcely sneeze without their permission, especially on Sundays. Like all Scotchmen, we have still a great respect for "the Kirk," but we can be pretty sharp critics of our parsons' doings and sayings. They have not got it all their own way now. Churches are numerous in Glasgow, and more are continually being built. Almost of a necessity they follow wealth, and are "stepping westwards." Bazaars for the extinction of church debts are highly popular; they afford a harmless form of dissipation to those of our young people whose parents "object" to theatres and other frivolous forms of entertainment, and it is an established axiom in our code of morals that a "fib" told in the way of business by a stall-keeper at one of these bazaars partakes of the nature of a good work. The adherents of the Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterians are in a majority here; the Free Church seems to thrive best in the more formal legal air of Edinburgh. Episcopalians are not numerous, and their ranks are filled mostly by our "very Upper Ten." To be an Episcopalian is looked upon as almost a social distinction and a mark of "blue blood." "When they were puir and honest folk," said a Presbyterian old lady of some distant kinsmen, "they went to our Kirk, but noo that they've got on in the world they've turned Episcopalian." And the implied sneer was quite characteristic of our popular suspicion of "Prelacy." The Glasgow clergymen of all denominations are a hardworking, earnest body of men. Our churches are not now the barns they used to be. We have ceased to believe that ugliness is necessary to godliness. We have organs (the Free Church, however, still keeps "the kist o' whistles" outside the Church) and artistic decorations and stained glass, and really don't feel a bit nearer Rome than we

did fifty years ago. The charities of Glasgow are numerous and well supported, and reach, as far as charities can, every form of sin and sorrow. Poverty and suffering and unmerited calamity never speak to a deaf ear when they appeal to the Glasgow public. The heart of the city continually devises liberal things, and its hand is prompt and munificent in giving. Among our permanent charities Hutcheson's Hospital, founded more than two centuries ago, has a foremost place. It is the only institution we have of a kindred nature to the "Hospitals" of Edinburgh. Its wealth is great, and is devoted to the support of aged poor people, and the instruction of the young. The other day the trustees agreed to give 600*l.* a year for five years to promote technical education.

#### ART AND LITERATURE

MR. RUSKIN lately wrote to a friend that we in Glasgow had nothing to do with Art, and could not be benefited by its teachings until we had burned the city and cleaned the Clyde. Mr. Ruskin wrote with the unfairness of a man whose enthusiasm on the subject of which he treated exceeded his knowledge. Glasgow is a business city, but it is something more. We have a public here, and a growing public, who take in affairs artistic and literary a keen and healthy interest, and whose influence is having no small effect on the great masses, who, of course, in a place like Glasgow, do require education in all matters of taste and culture. There always have been sound and widely diffused literary sympathies in Glasgow. As *Whistle Binkie* and *The Laird of Logan* show, we appreciate humour, the salt that keeps life fresh and wholesome, and we have given poets to the world who have sung, amid all the smoke and noise, songs that have touched the hearts and brightened the lives of thousands of toiling men and women. Campbell, Motherwell, Alexander Smith, David Gray, Glassford Bell—these were all either born in Glasgow or closely connected with it, and we have poets with us yet in whose verse there is the true ring of genuine inspiration. Our newspapers are well written and well managed, and some of them are accordingly very valuable "properties." One of our illustrations shows the stately new building lately erected by the *Herald*. The *Evening Citizen*, owned and edited by Dr. Hedderwick, was, if I mistake not, the first halfpenny evening paper in the kingdom. Music has, of late years, been most successfully cultivated in Glasgow. We have a flourishing Choral Union, and musical societies in every section of the town—our policemen even think of getting up a band—and our subscription Choral and Orchestral Concerts, at which such men as Sullivan, Bülow, Tausch, and Manns have acted as conductors, have grown to be the most fashionable and best patronised of the amusements of the winter season. These Concerts take place in St. Andrew's Halls, which were built in 1877 at a cost altogether of 100,000*l.*, from the designs of Douglas and Sellars. They are among the finest halls in the kingdom, and at a pinch can hold over 6,000 people. Our other large public hall is the old City Hall, which will accommodate about 3,000. We have four theatres in Glasgow, and no stock companies. Managers, unfortunately for the interests of the stage, find "stars" more attractive. The principal houses are the Gaiety and the Royalty, a new theatre, very prettily got up. The Royal was burned down fifteen months ago, and is now rising again from its ashes. Fire is an old enemy to Glasgow theatres. Last century we burned one intentionally to demonstrate our orthodoxy. The only regret of sincere Calvinists was that none of the actors were in the house at the time.

Art, although it has made great strides in Glasgow of late years, received here early recognition. About the middle of the last century, the famous Brothers Foulis, the Elzevirs of Scotland, whose works are yet a delight to book-collectors, started a Fine Art Academy, which had a tolerably successful existence of nearly twenty-five years. The first public exhibition of paintings in Glasgow, and one which was among the very first in the United Kingdom—the Royal Academy was not started until 1768—was held in the open air, in the courtyard of the old College, on the occasion of the rejoicings at the coronation of George III. in 1761. Some of the pictures were "skied" indeed! they were hung, as an old print shows, on the very steeple itself. After the close of the Foulis Academy, Art and artists had for long a languishing time of it in Glasgow. All the exertions of the Dilettanti Society and of the West of Scotland Academy were not more than sufficient to keep them in life. But kept alive they were, although on humble fare, and amid all the intentness of the many on material interests, by the exertions of a faithful few. The good result is seen nowadays; Art sympathies and Art knowledge are beginning to leaven with their beneficent influence the body of the people. The general interest shown to-day in Art in Glasgow is a hundred times greater than in any previous period of our history. The Institute of the Fine Arts, to whose operations very much of the good that has been done must be attributed, was founded in 1861. Its annual Exhibition was held for years in the Corporation Galleries, but this year, having made some alterations in its constitution and method of working, it has for the first time occupied its own premises. The new Galleries in Sauchiehall Street are the work of Mr. J. Burnet, jun., and are in design an endeavour to combine the Greek style with modern French Renaissance. It may fairly be questioned whether, either externally or internally, finer picture galleries exist out of London. The Exhibition of 1880 has just closed after a highly successful season. In August and September next a Black and White Exhibition (the first of the kind that will have taken place in Scotland) will be held in conjunction with a loan exhibition of the works of the late Sam Bough and George Paul Chalmers. It will not be the fault of the Council if the Institute does not exercise in all time to come, a most healthy influence on the progress of art in Scotland. We have given the President to the Royal Scottish Academy, Sir Daniel Macnee, great as a portrait painter, almost greater as a Scotch story; we have sent able painters to London; and our resident artists number among them men of power and originality. Some of them will make their mark yet. What is most required here is syste-

matic and severe training in the higher branches of artistic education. We are particularly strong in landscape painters; frivolous Southerners who jump to conclusions say it is because the hills and the straths in Scotland are bonnier and more attractive to artists than the men and women. Our Government School of Art is most efficiently managed, and the pupils number about 1,200. In the Corporation Galleries there is a collection of paintings, and some of the examples of the Dutch school it contains are very good.

#### FALLACIES

THERE are several fallacies about Glasgow current in the south. It is not true, for example, that it is always raining here, and that no Glasgow man ever ventures out without his umbrella. We have, however, I confess, a few "saft" days now and again, and our winter fogs, charged with chemical vapours, are not pleasant. Our average rainfall in the year is about 43 inches; in 1872 it ran up—or rather I should say, fell down—to the extent of 61, and some of us who are not very tall, began to tremble. Neither is it true that the majority of our citizens of sane mind wear the kilt. We have many Highlanders among us, but they are all dressed decently, and when a man clothed in the "garb of old Gaul" does appear in our streets, the odds are that he is a stranger from London, who is under the mistaken idea that he is paying us a compliment by the costume he has adopted. We detect him at once by the whiteness and smoothness of his legs. Neither is it true that on Sundays our thoroughfares are encumbered with the bodies of intoxicated Presbyterians, who, during the day, have all been three times at church, nor has every man in Glasgow been, on an average, fined twice in the police courts for drunkenness. Far too much drinking goes on in Glasgow as in other places, but we are making great efforts at reformation, and some of these efforts, such as providing better houses and coffee taverns and healthy amusement for the people, are altogether in the right direction.

Our artist has given us a spirited drawing of "a soor milk (butter-milk) cairt," with a fiend of a boy making day hideous with the brazen-tongued bell wherewith he attracts custom. When one of these carts and an itinerant seller of coals—bawling "coals" at the top of an uncouth voice—happen to be in the one street at the same time, the resulting effect is quite sufficient to turn any decent quiet-loving citizen into a Bedlamite.

The possibility of "Stair-Fit Courting," as represented by our artist, is one of the advantages of the "flat system." Secure from prying eyes and wintry weather, what sweet confidences and lingering farewells can the two fond lovers not exchange? But alas! they snatch, after all, only "a fearful joy." Here, to disturb them, comes an old curmudgeon with an umbrella, and no sympathy with love's illusions. Their bliss is over.

#### HOLIDAY-MAKING

THE holiday times for the bulk of our people are at the New Year and during the Fair week in July. The Fair is of ancient institution, dating from the end of the twelfth century. Up to a few years ago its great attractions were "the shows," menageries, wax-works, fat women, clowns, and merry-go-rounds. The glory of these is gone now, and when the Fair comes we mostly take our pleasure "down the water." For about a week the whirling of factory wheels is stilled in the city, smoke ceases to pollute the air, and cheap excursions, in number and variety uncountable, give even almost the poorest of us a chance of getting away from the haunts of men to where the mountain air sweeps through the pines, and the silence is broken only by the sound of the sea or the bleat of a lamb on the lone hill-side. The river steam-boats are crammed, and at our bonny watering-places on the shores of the Frith of Clyde, crowds surge out, and spread over the shore, and overflow into every available corner of the neighbouring public-houses. Wise people, however, make good use of their chances. They can wander through Highland glens, where the birch hangs over the foaming cascade; they can sit on the sunny beach and watch the ships glide by; they can climb great hills and see a world of beauty lie stretched at their feet; they can bathe and fish and boat, and lay up for themselves golden memories that will help to lighten many an after hour of labour.

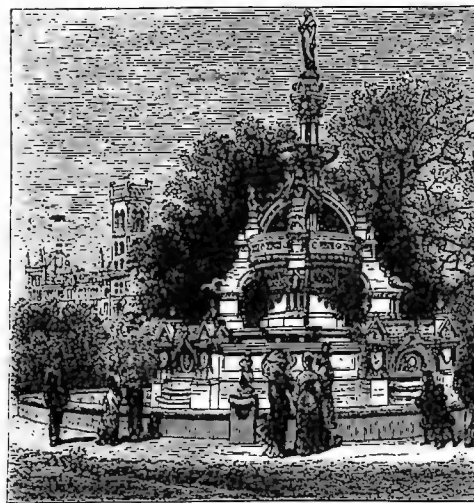
The people of Glasgow are peculiarly fortunate in having at their very doors scenes of surpassing interest and loveliness. Of course it would be foolish to deny that many of the excursionists do not use their opportunities well, and are rude—the Glasgow populace are not at any time remarkable for polished manners—and drunken, and careless of others' comfort; but surely it is pleasanter to think of those who show they are thankful for their mercies by the worthy use they make of them.

In no other town in the kingdom do so many of the inhabitants go to summer quarters. The windows in the west end are done up in brown paper from June to September; grass grows in the streets and the Highland policeman—most of our policemen answer to the name of "Tonald" or "Tugald"—has, in the absence of the vanished cook, to console himself with a perusal of the *Tobermory Gazette*. The families are "at the coast," the womenkind enjoying themselves on the beach or in the woods, and the men "doing their sixty days," as the morning and evening travelling by railway and boat to and from town for two months, has come to be called in Glasgow. We all grumble at it, and yet, year after year, we go through the old routine. The truth is in our hearts we rather like it—for the first month at least. We love the quiet evening hours by the seaside, and the days we can snatch from business, and the change generally from tramway-cars and hard pavements. And then when we are tired of "down the water" we return to Glasgow quite inclined to see her at her best. With all her faults and weaknesses—with all her ignorance and roughness, if you like—she is a city worthy of our love. Her great heart beats sound and true. Sin and sorrow abound within her walls, but charity is there, too, and courage and kindness, and all the graces that go to the making of noble lives and the doing of great deeds.

GLASGOVIAN

**THE GRAPHIC GALLERY.**—*The Collection of Paintings, illustrating "BEAUTY," by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., Alma Tadema, R.A., P. H. Calderon, R.A., Frank Dicksee, A. Hopkins, G. D. Leslie, R.A., E. Long, A.R.A., Phil. Morris, A.R.A., C. E. Perugini, Marcus Stone, A.R.A., G. Storey, A.R.A., J. F. Tissot, and other artists, which has been such a great success in LONDON, will be exhibited at GLASGOW.*





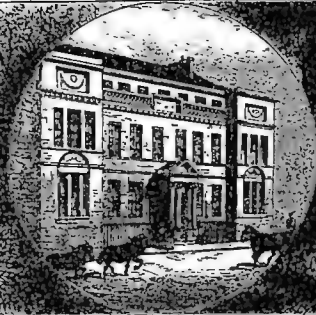
THE "STEWART" FOUNTAIN IN WEST END PARK



FRONT OF OLD COLLEGE, NOW A RAILWAY STATION



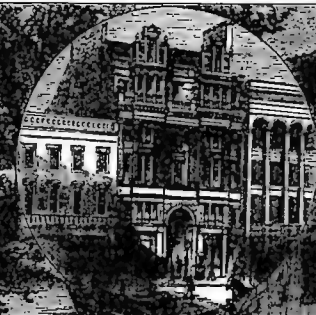
PART OF HIGH STREET, AND OLD TOLBOOTH STEEPLE



ANDERSON'S COLLEGE AND MUSEUM



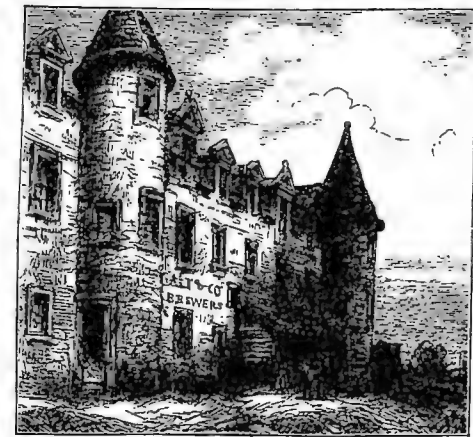
THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, GILMORE HILL



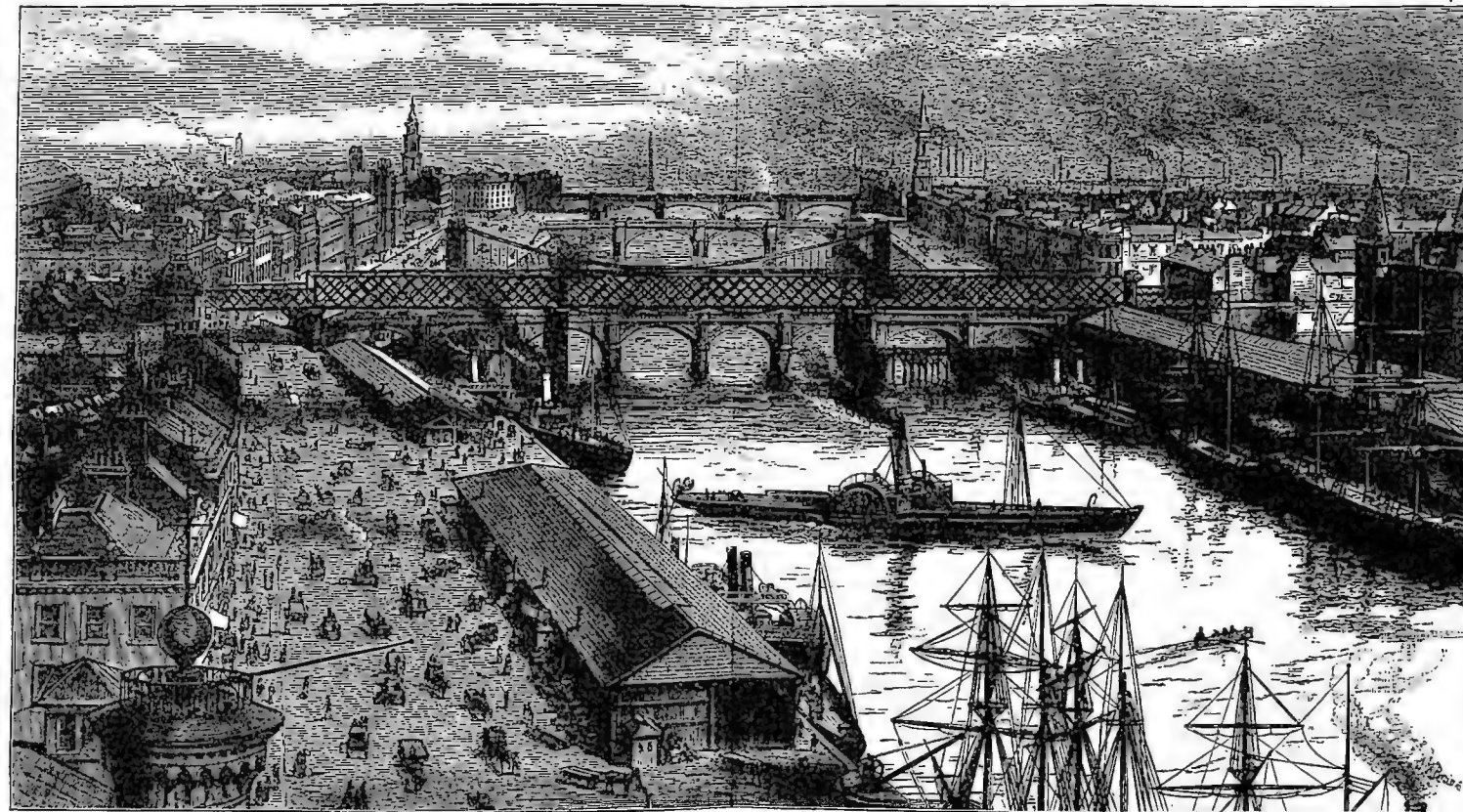
THE OFFICE OF THE "GLASGOW HERALD"



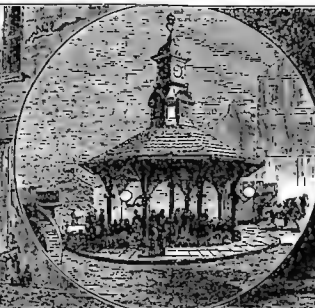
ST. ANDREW'S HALLS



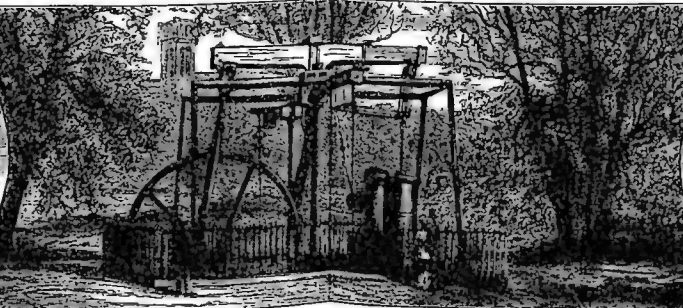
PART OF THE QUADRANGLE, OLD COLLEGE



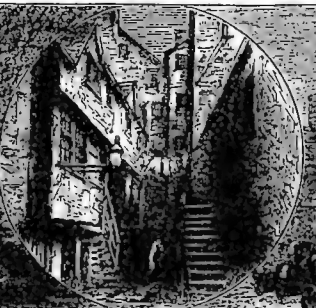
VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE SAILORS' HOME



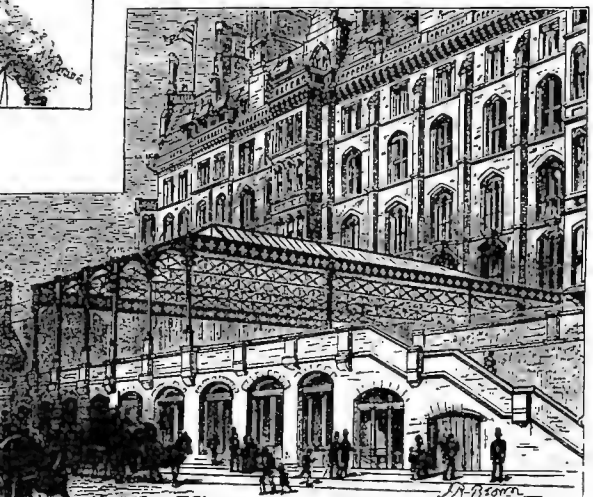
STREET REFUGE, BRIDGETON CROSS



WATT'S ENGINE, WEST END PARK

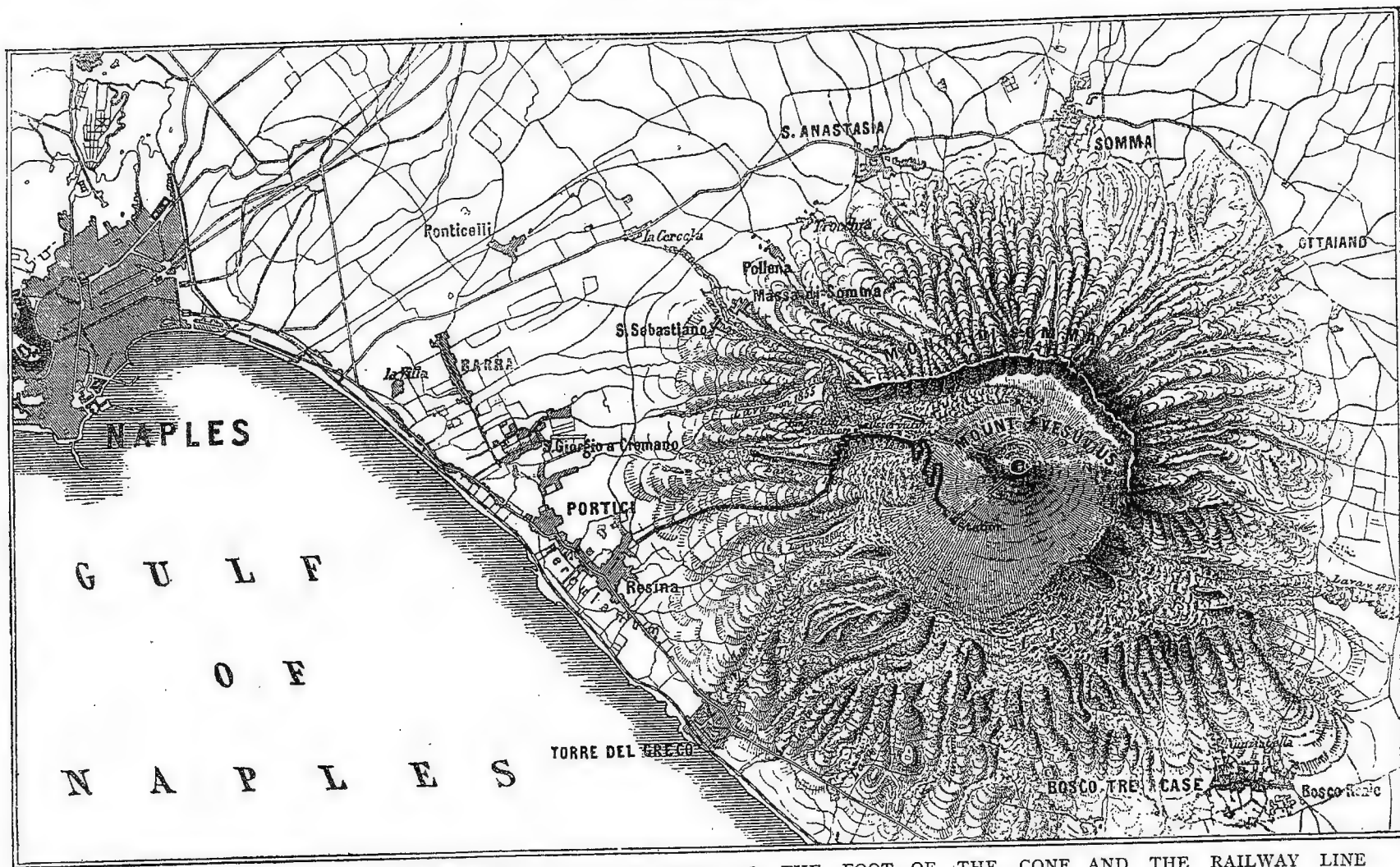


OLD CLOSE, SALTMARKET



ST. ENOCH SQUARE STATION





PLAN OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, SHOWING THE CARRIAGE ROAD TO THE FOOT OF THE CONE AND THE RAILWAY LINE TO THE CRATER

### THE NEW RAILWAY UP MOUNT VESUVIUS

WE recently gave an illustration and description of this latest invasion of the iron horse, and now illustrate a plan of the mountain, and on another page two views of the car in which the ascent is made. The zig-zag black line leading from Resina shows the carriage road to the foot of the cone whence the straight line leading to the crater indicates the railway which carries the tourist to within 200 yards of the gaping mouth of the mountain. We have already described the line, which is worked by fixed engines, and not locomotives, the carriages being drawn up and down by steel ropes attached to a windlass at the lower station. The carriages have been specially constructed for this purpose, and every precaution has been taken against accidents, the wheels being so made as to be free from any danger of leaving the rails; besides which each carriage is furnished with powerful automatic breaks, and these, in the event of the ropes breaking, would stop the train immediately.



"IN HER MAJESTY'S KEEPING," by the Honourable Lewis Wingfield (Bentley).—Within the last few months we have been favoured with more than one book treating of Convict Life, and all its unsavoury concomitants. They have been the work of men who have candidly confessed that their books are but autobiographies—reminiscences of their past careers; and though they naturally excited much interest, this interest was clouded with suspicion that the revelations of such men were not on the whole likely to prove trustworthy. The convict posed as the victim, the warder as the cruel tyrant. Mr. Wingfield, taking up the same train, has in the thrilling work now under review given us the career of a man who (guilty in a fit of passion of taking human life) is doomed to transportation, brooding over his wrongs, his sense of the fitness of things is warped by his associates; for years the convict leads the life of the damned; then a little spark of humanity is kindled by the utterances of a grisly warder, and eventually the quondam artist is set free. Despite all his semi-maniacal outbursts the man has retained a lively remembrance of the wife and child he left in the outer world, and Mr. Wingfield weaves a pretty story out of the meeting betwixt father and child. The book is a novel with an object, and we must congratulate the author on the pains he has taken to collect facts which show the faulty condition of our convict establishments, and on the crime of placing men guilty only of military insubordination in close contact with criminals of the most hardened nature. The punishments, too, seem most unequally distributed. One man returns to the labour which when free is his daily occupation, while the more gently bred are placed at tasks from which their soul revolts, and the mere fact of their being thrown into the company of past-masters in vice and sin adds only to their degradation. Vast as have been the improvements of late years in our penal system much yet remains to be done, and we trust that Mr. Wingfield's work may do something towards remedying the grievances which undoubtedly exist. The subject is a difficult one to treat, but the author has not merely given us a vast mass of trustworthy information—he has written a novel which surpasses any of his former efforts, and that is saying a great deal. We must again tender our thanks to the publishers for their kindly consideration towards the reading public in sending forth "In Her Majesty's Keeping" with the pages cut, and altogether got up in a manner which makes reading it a pleasure.

"David Armstrong" (Blackwood).—Why the author of this excellent work should have produced it anonymously it is difficult to say. There are certain signs that the book is the production of a novice, but with all that it is couched in such graceful language, the plot is thought out with such care, and the characters drawn with such rare fidelity that we could well believe it the work of an old and practised hand. David Armstrong, the hero, is one of those grand characters we sometimes meet with in the pages of a novel, but, alas, very rarely in the ranks of the working-classes. Gifted with mechanical genius, he deviates from the well-trodden paths of his associates, and earns their hatred and ingratitude by inventions which ease their labours, and promise to increase their profits; the well-known trades' union outrages follow, but the interest of the book centres not so much on the disputes between master and workmen as upon the tender devotion shown by David towards

Perdita, the child of a betrayed cousin. On this incident the author has bestowed all his talents, and has succeeded in giving us a book worthy of the fame of the firm under whose auspices it is given to the world. There is nothing sensational in the work, nothing which need grate on the most hypercritical nature. "David Armstrong" is a book essentially written by a gentleman for gentlemen, and as such we can cordially recommend it.

"Miss Bouverie," by Mrs. Molesworth (Hurst and Blackett).—The authoress styles her work "a little idle tale for summer days;" we think she places too light a value on what most novel readers would consider a very charming homely story of the family difficulties of the Bouveries. Goaded to fury by the conduct of his son towards his stepmother, Mr. Sydney, the grandfather of Miss Bouverie, wills away all his fortune to his daughter and her descendants, barring them from the power of restoring it to the male line. The injustice was repented of on his death-bed, but too late for restitution to be effected, and Mrs. Molesworth makes it her business, in three delightful volumes, to show us how Miss Bouverie, ever mindful of her grandfather's intention, strives to carry it into effect, and how effectually she succeeded, by marrying her cousin, and thus bestowing on the children of the now united portions of the family the estates which had fallen to the female line. The plot is simple enough, and has formed a peg on which many a novelist before now has hung a story; but Mrs. Molesworth has by her freshness and grace invested it with a new interest, and has produced a capital book, which will, we feel convinced, enliven many weary hours this summer weather. The broad clear margin, well-leaded type, and smooth, richly-toned paper, makes "Miss Bouverie" a book pleasant to read; and, when publisher vies with author in pandering to the public tastes, success is inevitable.

"Eveline; or, The Mystery of Love," by M. de Vere Smith (Samuel Tinsley).—This is an historical novel which carries us back to the days when our forefathers dressed in woad and lived a primitive life, under the ascendancy of Druidism. Even in those days the fickle god vied with the priests in ruling the hearts of Ancient Britons, and despite the difference of faith, and the hatred which naturally existed between the Islanders and their Roman conquerors, fair maidens of our nationality won the loves of brave men of the others. The brave struggle made by Queen Boadicea against Nero's legions is powerfully told, and the historical portions of the novel are draped in language which is full of interest. There are many portions to which exception may be taken, more especially the nomenclature of the British maidens, but the author's aim evidently was to produce a novel not a history, and keen criticism is not called for. For a maiden effort the book is decidedly a success; we believe we are right in considering it a first work, for though a portion of the author's name is familiar to us, we cannot remember any other novel by a De Vere Smith.



W. CZERNY.—A narrative song, written and composed by Frank L. Moir, which deserves a good place in a ballad concert programme, is "The Lighthouse." Both words and music are vigorous and dramatic. The song is published in two keys, C and D.—By the same composer is a pretty love song, with a graceful accompaniment, the words freely adapted by him from the German of Mathias Claudius, "There Shone a Star in Heaven" ("Der Verschwundene Stern"); the compass lies within E first line and the octave above.—Very sentimental words, very elaborately set to music, are combined in "Blue is the Sky, Blue is Thine Eye," written and composed by G. Meredith and Frank L. Moir, a song which will make little or no way in public favour.—Neatly written and tuneful is "Romance," for violin and violoncello, with piano-forte accompaniment by Edwin Shute.—One of the best transcriptions for the piano-forte of "The Pilgrim's Chant," from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, is that by W. Czerny, which is arranged as an easy, but not feeble, drawing-room piece.—Clever musician as he has often proved himself to be, G. Bachman has evidently no gift for writing dance music. "L'Amour Chérie" an "Impromptu Polka de Salon" for the piano-forte is a well-written *morceau* in 2-4 time, with no swing in it provocative of a wish to dance.—W. F. Taylor has arranged twelve "Operatic Fantasies" in a very easy form with unequal success. No. 1, *Don Giovanni* (Mozart), is the best of the series; No. 2, *Der Freischütz* (Weber) is fairly good; Nos.

3 and 9, from Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, suffer the most of the twelve from an attempt to simplify them; No. 4, *Lucresia Borgia* (Donizetti) would have been far better had the two pages been devoted to one complete melody instead of two fragments; the same may be said of No. 5, *Martha* (Flotow), No. 6, *Norma* (Bellini), No. 8, *La Sonnambula* (Bellini), and No. 10, *La Traviata*, No. 7, *Robert le Diable* (Meyerbeer) is spirited and cheerful, two pages well condensed, as are No. 11, *Il Trovatore* (Verdi), and No. 12, *William Tell* (Rossini).

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Twenty-eight years ago, "Israel Restored," an oratorio, by W. R. Bexfield, Mus. Doc. Cantab., was performed at the Norwich Festival with a fair amount of success; since its production it has been heard at intervals, but rarely, and certainly has not taken the position in the musical world which its merit entitles it to assume; most probably we shall hear more of this oratorio now that it is published in its present form, which places it within the reach of the public and choral societies in general. The print and type are clear, as is always the case with publications from this firm, which has done so much, and is always to the fore, for the advancement of composers and the public interest. The libretto is well selected from Holy Writ.—Few musical composers draw their inspiration from such remote and classical sources as does Charles Salaman, who on this occasion takes for his theme, "Luctus in Morte Passeris" ("A Lament for the Death of Lesbia's Sparrow"), which tragic subject was versified by Caius Valerius Catullus, born at Verona B.C. 87. The English prose version is by Arthur O'Shaughnessy. The music is what might be looked for from its clever composer, but the whole thing is more calculated to inspire awe and respect for its learned collaborators than for its interest as a song.—Three very useful studies for the pianoforte are "Scenes in the Scottish Highlands," by A. C. Mackenzie, entitled respectively, "On the Hill-side," "On the Loch," and "On the Heather."

MESSRS. PENTLAND AND CO., GLASGOW.—Two florid transcriptions for the pianoforte, by Eugen Woycke, are "Charlie Is My Darling" and "Reminiscence d'Ecosse," both are suitable for school-room practice.—Precisely the same may be said of "Auld Lang Syne," a transcription for the pianoforte, by David Pentland, and of "Tric-Trac," a *morceau de salon*, by J. A. Robertson.—A *pièce de circonstance*, "The Herbershire Castle," a grand military march for the pianoforte, by Louis Saurin, is spirited and tuneful.—The prettiest part of "Isabel's Little Pet," a *morceau de salon* for the pianoforte, by Frank Lorely, is the frontispiece, a photo. of a thoughtful looking little two-year-old; the music is very feeble.—"The Ringdove Waltz," by J. A. Robertson, although it lacks originality is smoothly written and danceable.

W. MORLEY, JUN.—Both words and music of "The Storm Fiend" by F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Roedel are dramatic, and of more than average merit.—Published in three keys "The Children's Home," a narrative song, the pathetic poetry by F. E. Weatherly, music by F. H. Cowen, will make its way both in the concert-room and the home circle.—"A Contrary Breeze," a ballad written and composed by S. J. Reilly, has already won public applause, both words and music are very pleasing.—A capital song for a penny reading or people's concert is "When A Man's Single," it is comic without the slightest tinge of vulgarity; the words are by F. E. Weatherly, the music by Theo. Marzials.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—Canon Kingsley's humorous little poem, "I Once Had a Sweet Little Doll, Dears," has inspired Cotsford Dick, as it did others before him, to set it to music; he has not done at all badly.—W. Smallwood has been at work again for the little folks, and arranged a series of well-worn popular melodies in the form of duets for the pianoforte, under the collective title of "Home Treasures." They are easy to learn and to play, but it would be well if he took for his themes more modern melodies than "Far Away" (No. 1), "The Flower Gatherers" (No. 2), and "Fading Away" (No. 3), of which ancient, though respected, tunes all the world is tired.—Odoardo Barri was in his happiest mood when he composed the music of "The Unforgotten Song," into which he introduces, very effectively, snatches from "Home Sweet Home," the pathetic words of this song are by Ada Lester.—Lord Byron's beautiful and well-known poem "To Inez" has been set to music (for a medium voice), with much taste and skill by H. F. Limpus.—Quaint words by Lord Houghton, "Good Night and Good Morrow," have been simply set to a pleasing melody by James H. Croxall; this is a very good song for schoolroom teaching.—No. XXX. of "Gems Selected from the Great Masters," is Glück's popular "March from *Alceste*," which G. F. West has arranged for the pianoforte with more than his usual



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skill; it will surely please whenever it is heard, and although brilliantly arranged is not difficult to play.—A meet companion for the above is "Processional March," by Wely, arranged for the pianoforte by F. Lemoine.

**MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.**—A "Lullaby" written and composed by Rose Piddington and G. Tartaglione is a very fair example of this somewhat hackneyed form of composition.—A capital song for a baritone or bass at a penny reading or People's Concert is "The Iron Founders," words by H. Neale, M.A., music by Wellington Guernsey.

**MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.**—Carlo Tieset has taken great pains to finger and arrange in an easy manner for the pianoforte a hundred popular, classical, and national melodies, under the collective title of "The Imperial Wreath." From the thirteen specimens before us, it is evident that he has fulfilled his task conscientiously; the only fault to be found with them is their extreme brevity. A single page is quite insufficient to do justice to such works as Dussek's Rondo in C major and Clementi's Rondo in G major. The arrangements of familiar Scottish, English, and Irish melodies, as well as some foreign *Völklied*, are for the most part very good, and calculated to please the teacher as well as the juvenile student. Not one in a thousand transcribers can simplify classical works without spoiling them in the process.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—A pretty and simple Italian song, "Giovannotto non Mel Dimandate," written and composed by Sidney Lever, is very creditable to him both as a poet and composer (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Both E. Oxenford and Alexander Reichardt have done far better than in a very feeble song, "Gentle Swallow," which would only pass muster in the schoolroom (C. Jefferys).—Healthy and vigorous sentiment and spirited music are combined in "Here's a Song, My Lads, for England," a patriotic song written and composed by Clement Scott and W. C. Levey (Messrs. Duff and Stewart).—A more sad and depressing song cannot well be found than "The Wife's Farewell," by W. N. Watson, which tells of the leave-taking of a wife whose husband is dying (Methven, Simpson, and Co.).—The words, taken from Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh" of "There's a Bower of Roses," are very poetical; Frances R. Winter has set them but indifferently well to music for a tenor voice (Messrs. Cramer, Wood, and Co.).—Two useful schoolroom studies are: "Midnight," a *romance sans paroles*, by Hewetson Burne (Messrs. Everard and Co.), and "Musical Leaflets," by John Kinross (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co.).—The pathetic poem by Burns, "The Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots," has been set to music by Frederick Archer, but with scarcely the success we looked for from him (Messrs. Patey and Willis).—"The Boatie Rows" is a tuneful and danceable polka by W. Smallwood, which quite young folks can learn to play (Messrs. Howard and Co.).—"The Sailor," a cheerful, but slightly bombastic bass song, written and composed by Mark T. F. Greig and J. W. O. Bamford, will win applause at a seaside concert (Messrs. Reid Brothers).—A really pretty and melodious valse is "Das Wunderschön," by Carl Rosengard (Messrs. Chappell and Co.).—There is nothing very new in "The Gipsy Schottische," by Horace de Quincy, yet it is danceable, and easily learnt by heart, which is a recommendation (J. Cheeswright).



**THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION.**—On Tuesday, the 1st, Mr. James Hope, Assistant Commissioner for the Lowlands of Scotland, held a meeting at Ayr, at which a considerable attendance of landed proprietors, estate agents, and tenant farmers gave him information on the state of local agriculture, and made a variety of suggestions with regard to measures for its promotion and encouragement.

**EARLY-MATURING WHEAT.**—French botanists have been investigating the growth of various cereals, with the object of ascertaining what species and genera attained maturity in the shortest time. It is reported to us (though, receiving it through a non-specialist channel, we give it with some diffidence) that a species of Japanese wheat, sown in mid-April, matures at the beginning of August; and that the yield equals that of the best known European varieties; and that the plant itself is hardy, and would probably grow well in England and France. However this may be, we feel sure that the investigation of the time of plant growth is likely to have important results for agriculture.

**DEEP PLOUGHING.**—The terrible losses of last year were losses entailed upon the farmer almost as much through the vicious abundance of weeds as through the generally moist and cool character of the weather. The latter misfortune is beyond human power to obviate, but deep ploughing may do much as regards the former evil. Weeds very seldom penetrate over a foot into the soil, whereas a two-foot depth of land might be turned over by the plough. To plough two foot deep instead of one foot almost amounts to doubling the land. In many cases it would amount to doubling the yield. It is the natural remedy for exhausted land, and "deep" ploughs would be of inestimable service, not only in the more poorly farmed parts of our own island, but also in India, Canada, and Australia.

**THE HOME SECRETARY AND THE FARMERS.**—Sir Richard Cross is not generally considered to have done much for the farmers, but Sir William Harcourt has declared himself the ally of the towns in all those matters wherein lies a difference between the immediate interests of countrymen and townsfolk. At the same time the Liberal party have made promises to the farmer of serving him better than did their predecessors. How are these promises to be redeemed? Like proverbial piecrust were they made to be broken, or, in the case of Sir William Harcourt's views and the interests of farmers clashing, would Sir William become once more "the man overboard"? We may be pardoned thinking that a middle course may remain, and that while Sir William Harcourt's general services at the Home Office are appreciated, in the fact that he cannot be reckoned a farmer's friend may be found one more reason for pressing that a special Minister of Agriculture should be appointed without delay.

**COUNTY GOVERNMENT.**—This subject requires early attention, and although it does not appear in the projects of the present short session, we trust that agricultural and county members on both sides of the House will take care that it has foremost notice among the measures destined to fill the Statute Book of 1881.

**INDIAN CORN.**—At a time when the consumption of maize is increasing more rapidly than that of any other form of food, it may be well to say that this cereal is a most dangerous thing to eat in an unfit or deteriorated state. In Italy last year the was a very bad wheat harvest, and vast quantities of poor American maize, badly cooked and injudiciously mixed with other food, were consumed by the lower classes. The insidious and wasting disease known as "pellagra" is now ravalling in Italy the worst times of cholera, and this horrible malady is traced with a clearness unusual in pathology to the abuse of the cereal above mentioned.

**THE CORMORANT.**—A cormorant was discovered the other day in the nets of a boat fishing off the Northern Scottish Coast.

**FERN FOOD.**—The common brake contains that valuable bone-forming material silex, and contains silicious matter in such quantity as to be unpleasant eating for cattle. The young ferns, when about six inches above the ground, lack the stiffness and hardness of the full-grown brake, and horses will readily eat the bracken at this period of its growth. Owners of stock who note this should give their animals a turn on bracken ground at the present period of the year. Later on the horse might be taken to the common, but he would not eat.

**WHEAT QUALITY AND RIPENESS.**—An agricultural analyst last year endeavoured to ascertain the result of cutting wheat at different times and stages of ripeness. Ears taken on the 16th of July, in a state of "early milk," gave at the rate of 9 bushels to the acre; taken four days later, they gave at the rate of 15½ bushels. Taken on the 28th of July, in a state of "early dough," they gave 17 bushels; on the 26th, in a state of "advanced dough," 23 bushels. On the 29th of July the grain was exactly "ripe," and gave 28 bushels; on the 6th of August "dead ripe." It then yielded 25 bushels.

**CATERPILLARS ON FRUIT BUSHES.**—We hear every season of insect ravages among the fruit bushes; but, after all, is the old remedy of air-slacked lime a failure? It does not injure the plant. It does not spoil the fruit. Does it fail to kill the caterpillars? It should not be dusted on, but the bush should first be watered, and then forthwith sprinkled with lime. But if lime should fail after all, despairing gardeners may fall back on "London purple," a new substitute for "Paris green," the fatal effects of which on all insects are said to be indisputable. This stuff sticks to the leaves, and, being purple instead of green, accidents are less likely to arise than in the case with Paris green. We believe it can be made and sold for sixpence per pound; and if the remedy be, as we are told, really efficacious, the price will hardly stand in the way of insect-pestered horticulturists.

**FRUIT IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES.**—Gooseberries seem to promise well—red currants fairly well; but black currants appear to have been much affected by the easterly winds. All sorts of plums look like a good yield; apples and pears like a fair crop. Cherries are not so promising.

**"YEOMAN"** is a name and word that takes us direct into the heart of the country; it smacks of the soil and rural life. It is of the earth earthy, and its common representative type is a broad-shouldered, lusty, loud-spoken man, with wind-roses in his cheeks, and a strong hand that can slap the breeches-pocket, where lurks some good gold drawn from paternal acres. A correspondent from courtly Devon writes thus on this subject:—

I am astonished that in such a well-informed paper as yours (especially in country matters) the term "Yeoman" is used to describe a farmer farming his own estate. I am perfectly aware that the word is so commonly used, but it is one of the "popular errors." "Franklin" is the proper term to use, and not "Yeoman." The "Yeoman" was the *large tenant* who did suit and service for his land, which was afterwards commuted for the payment, the "crofter" the *small tenant*. No doubt you remember the phrase "Doing 'yeoman' service." Now the Freeholder, "Franklin" or "Free Lance," had his land by direct grant of the Sovereign—originally, that is, of course. There are some "Franklin" families still left in this neighbourhood, my own being one, though they are few in comparison to what they were at the beginning of the century. The cause of their gradual disappearance is at present in more active operation than ever, viz., the excessive and unequal taxation laid on land, which induces the small land-holders to sell, it being so much more economical to sell small estates, and invest in railway securities, than to hold them.

As far as dictionaries go, we give from the modern etymological one of "Chambers":—

**Yeoman**—Literally a villager or countryman, a man of common rank next below a gentleman; a man of small estate, an officer of the Royal Household. Derived from Frisian *gaeman*, from *gai* or *gae*, a district. Anglo-Saxon, *gemene*, German, *gemeine*, mean or common.

In "Webster's Dictionary," 1864 edition:—

**Yeoman**—Old English—Yeman, perhaps from *man* and *ye*—yes. 1. A common man, or one of the plebeians, of the first or most respectable class. A *freeholder*, a man *free born*.

In an old "Thesaurus" we have on our bookshelves we find:

He Yeoman. She Woman.

which is a marked distinction, and rather curious.

A literary friend tells us Yeomen were *Yew-men*, because they drew the long bow, a definition which is partly sustained by the old Folio of Johnson.

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT," &c. &c. It is by no means a pleasant fact to dwell on; but it would really seem that there are children in whom from birth is implanted an irresistible impulse for wrongdoing, and this, not because they are incapable of distinguishing the good from the bad, but that they have a constitutional inclination for the latter. What else can be said of a boy of fourteen who, after an abominable career, is at length called on to answer a charge of threatening to murder his mother? The promising youth in question, having been dismissed from his master's service for robbery, returned to his home, and breaking open a box belonging to his mother, carried a selection of its contents to the pawnbroker's. On her remonstrating with him, he produced a sharp knife and threatened to stab her with it. A brother of the prisoner, and into whose head the juvenile desperado had threatened to "lodge a bullet," described him as being "as bad as could be." He had obtained goods on false pretences, and had frequently threatened to stab him. Nor was this dreadful boy's taste for blood restricted to his own family. The warrant officer who apprehended him gave evidence that the prisoner remarked at the time, "If you touch me I will put something through your head. Revolvers are cheap now. If I don't, some of my friends will when I come out." The boy did not deny all this. He demurred to some of the constable's statements, remarking, "We all know what policemen are." While his brother was giving evidence, he interrupted to inform the magistrate that the witness was a Jew, and that therefore it would be proper for him to put his hat on while he was making oath. Unless by grace of some influence little short of miraculous, it needs no prophet to forecast the destiny of this fourteen-year-old culprit. His ferocious affection for sharp knives and revolvers may lead to his being cut off in mid-career; otherwise he will probably depart this life a gaol-bird, old and grey, at Dartmoor or Portland. It is very deplorable, and the more so because the malicious proclivities exhibited appeared to be inborn, and not the outcome of bad example or neglect on the part of his parents or relatives. It is to be feared, however, that this being "born to the bad" is a much more common human affection than we are willing to recognise or ready to admit. How many of us are there acquainted with a family a certain member of which is as utterly unlike his or her amiable brothers and sisters as though some spiteful fairy had arranged a goblin exchange at the cradle period? Pattern parents may shake their heads when such instances come to their knowledge, and say reproachfully, "As the twig is bent," &c.; but it is a little rash to do so until they themselves are quite sure they have ceased to contribute to the population.

**THE ART AND MYSTERY OF STONE-BREAKING.**—In the case of a "respectable-looking man of middle-age" required to answer for his offence of refusing to perform the "regulation" amount of stone-breaking in return for a night's lodging and a breakfast of one pint of water gruel and a slice of bread, a workhouse taskmaster gave evidence in the witness-box that "any willing man could break a bushel of stones in two hours." But he forgot to add that the cracking of granite large lumps into small ones is a task that becomes easier with experience. No one will dispute Mr. Taskmaster's word, if he asserts that he can produce

men who can break twelve or even fourteen bushels of stone in a summer's day; but that is nothing to the point. It is easy enough to understand that the habitual vagabond, whose only home is the workhouse, would, for his own sake, give his mind to acquiring the art of performing the only work he is asked to do in the quickest and easiest way, until his hands are well corned with familiarity with the hammer handle; but it is very different with a poor fellow—an unfortunate gentleman, perhaps, or a poverty-stricken tailor or clerk, whose hands are as soft as a woman's. Such an one may sit down to a stone heap, and take to the long-handled "cracker" with a will, but he will succeed only in clipping off the sharper edges of the piece he is operating on, and in knocking it into a smooth oval or round, after which he has no more chance of smashing it than a cannon ball, though he should persevere for an hour, and until his fingers are blistered and bleeding. This is the great mistake of the "pauper labour test," and one that has withstood for twenty years all the righteous remonstrance that has been levelled against it. The taskmaster is not to blame. It is simply the duty of that functionary to find employment for those who are entrusted to his charge, and to take care, as far as he can, that there is no shirking or "malingering." A man may successfully plead illness as an excuse, and be let off, but he would be stigmatised as an idle rascal if he declared inability on account of the softness of his hands. It certainly never was intended by the Legislature that in order to prove his willingness to work a man may be crippled and incapacitated from following his proper employment, but that this has happened in hundreds of cases there can be no doubt. A watchmaker, a weaver, or any one of half-a-dozen handicraftsmen that might be enumerated, temporarily pauperised, is set to stone-breaking for half a day, and for all the good he is at his trade for a week after he might as well have his hands tied behind him. It is no use seeking work he is unable to perform. But he can't starve, and the workhouse receives him again and again, and the end of it is that the community at large has lost a good mechanic, and found a stone-breaker.

**"SIMPLE ADDITIONS."**—A publican doing a prosperous business in a working-class neighbourhood was last week summoned before a magistrate for adulterating his ale and porter. It was shown that the former had been liberally "sugared," and that the porter owed something of its ebullient complexion to treacle, and in both liquids there was found an unwarranted percentage of salt. The publican pleaded guilty. Brought to book, he did not seek refuge, as is the ordinary custom, behind a falsehood so transparent as to aggravate the offence. He boldly acknowledged, what he modestly called, the "simple additions," but respectfully pleaded that what he had done was in deference to the taste of his customers, and not for the sake of a little extra "paltry profit." His Worship on the Bench observed that this statement was preposterous, and inquired of the defendant whether he meant to say that if he retailed his beer exactly as he received it from the brewer the consumer would object to it. "They wouldn't drink it, sir," returned the publican; "if they had been used to the other for any length of time, I've tried 'em. Sometimes I've had time only to put the tap in a barrel just as it came from the brewery, and I've almost invariably had it grumbled at, and brought back by those who had carried it home in their own jugs; and I'll answer for it that my experience is that of every man who holds a beer-selling license." Accepting this explanation as a fact, it cannot, perhaps, be regarded as sufficiently justifying adulteration. At the same time, assuming that publicans are but as ordinary sinners, and troubled at times with penitential moods and qualms of conscience, it must be a consolation to them to be able to reflect that, in their case, the golden rule of life is reversed. If the publican were asked to "do as he would be done by," he would probably cheerfully accept the terms, and go on doing as usual, inasmuch as he himself has acquired a taste for "simple additions," and prefers them to an unsophisticated decoction of malt and hops. It is at all events obvious that the publican has a double temptation to tamper with his beer casks—he profits himself and he pleases his customer. Nor can one see—assuming that the tradesman in question is speaking truth—how the matter may be easily mended. Virtue may be its own reward; but it requires a greater amount of moral fortitude than is possessed by the ordinary beer-seller, in common with the rest of humanity, to turn over a new leaf, and sell nothing but the genuine article, if the immediate result is that his regular customers desert him, and carry their patronage to his rival over the way, who is less scrupulous in accommodating the depraved taste of the neighbourhood.

**DISCONTENTED GALIC ARTISTS** who lament their exclusion from the Salon should look back to the times before the Revolution, when no artist who was not a member of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture was allowed to publicly exhibit his works. The only chance afforded to non-members was an out-door Exhibition held on the Place Dauphine for two hours on Corpus Christi Day, the Academicians meanwhile holding their "Salon" in the Hotel de Richelieu, the site of the present Théâtre Français. In 1791, however, in accordance with the principles of equality, all artists were allowed to contribute, and the number of works at once doubled, so that on the next Exhibition—in 1793—the pictures were shown in the Louvre. After 1795 the Exhibitions became annual.

**THE STUDY OF MUSIC IN JAPAN** is to be introduced into the primary schools, the Government having engaged an American, Mr. Mason, to commence the system, the children being taught by means of a series of musical books with charts attached, adapted to the divers ages between five and eighteen. Suitable foreign songs will be translated into Japanese, and native compositions will be set to music on the European scale. The Japanese scale contains only five tones, being deficient of the fourth and seventh of the Italian gamut.

### "HOW FORTUNATE!"

At last a chance—there's no one by;  
No list'ning ear, no prying eye;  
For all the other guests are busy dancing.  
The shady stairs are all their own,  
As he and she sit quite alone,  
And deem the solitude a bliss entrancing.

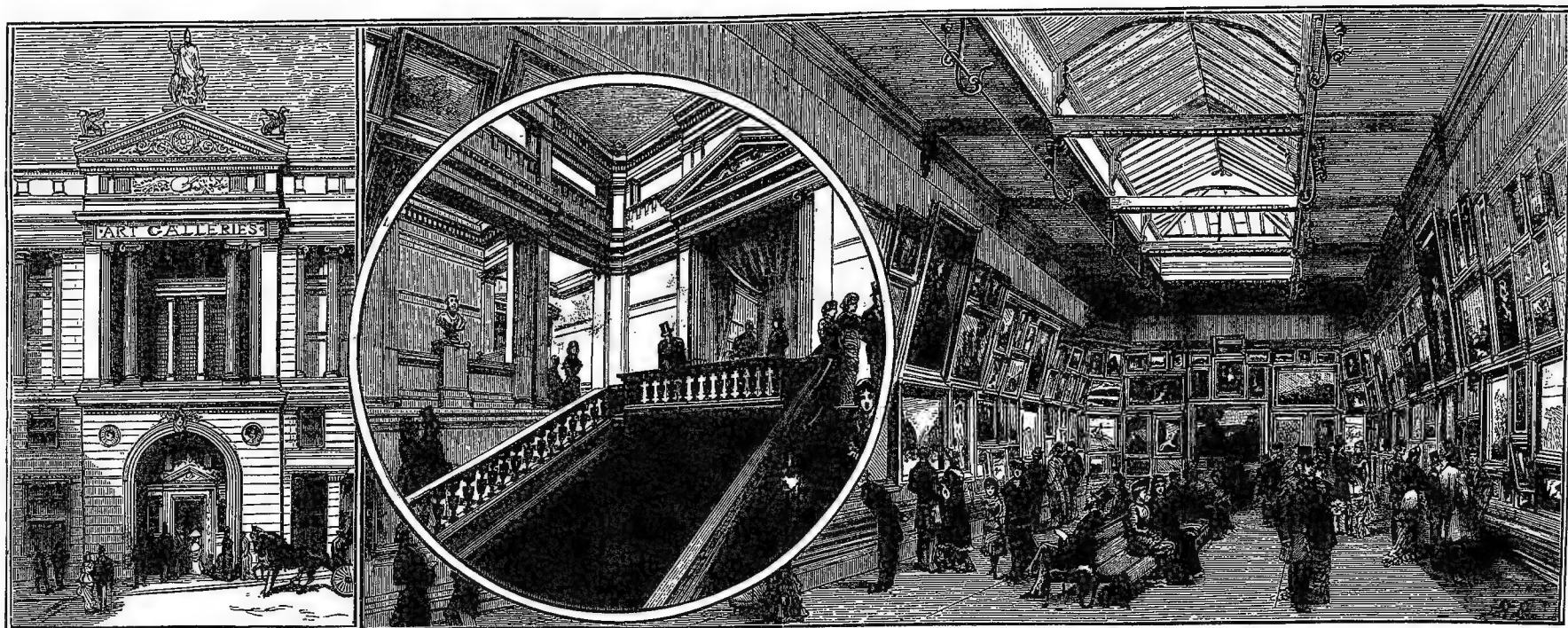
What boots it he has but his pay?  
And she still less?—so people say;  
Shall that deter him from ecstatic rapture?  
Ah! no, he scorns such sordid things,  
They only shackle Love's light wings,  
At once his little Birdie he will capture.

The phrases he has turned with care  
In which his passion to declare  
Are hanging on his lips; but ere he drops them—  
As from some giddy height of snow  
Descends the avalanche of woe—  
Mamma comes down to supper, and—she stops them.

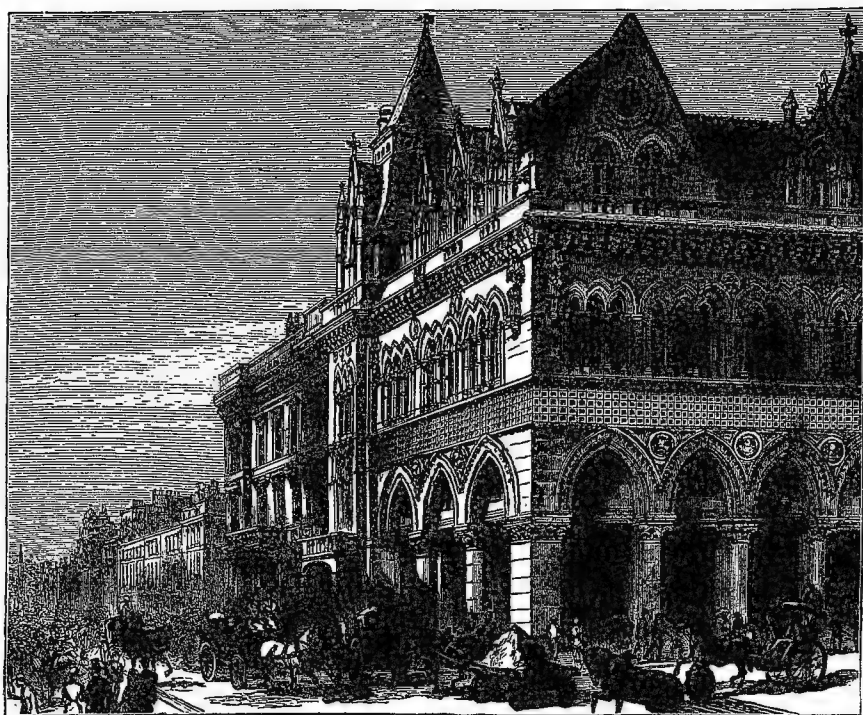
Old Time has hurried on since then,  
And far has left that evening, when  
He deemed mamma's intrusion was officious;  
But now he thinks, when looking back  
O'er life's swift, changeable, varied track,  
That hunger of mamma's was most propitious.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY

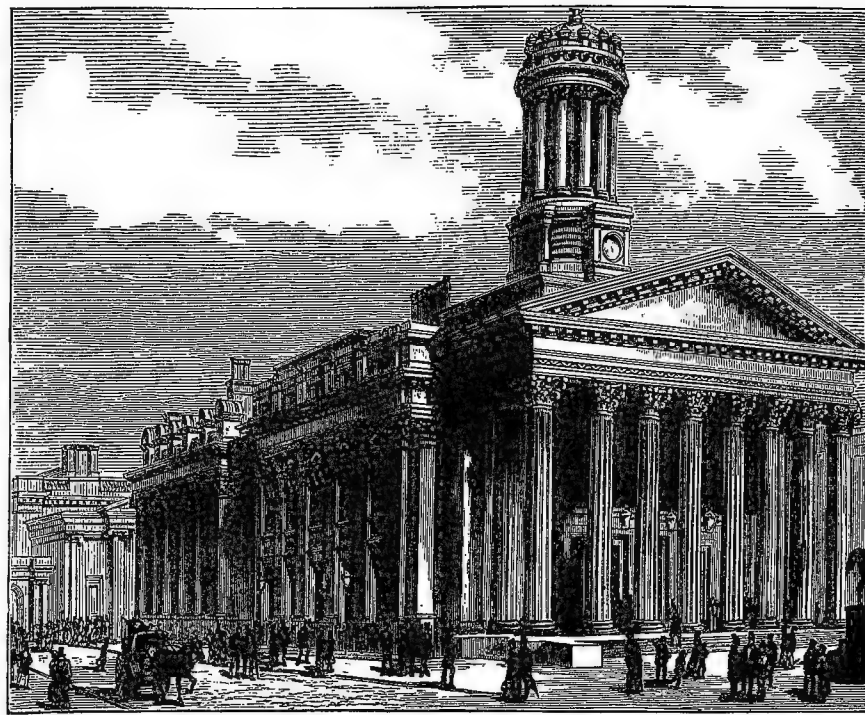




THE INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS



THE STOCK EXCHANGE

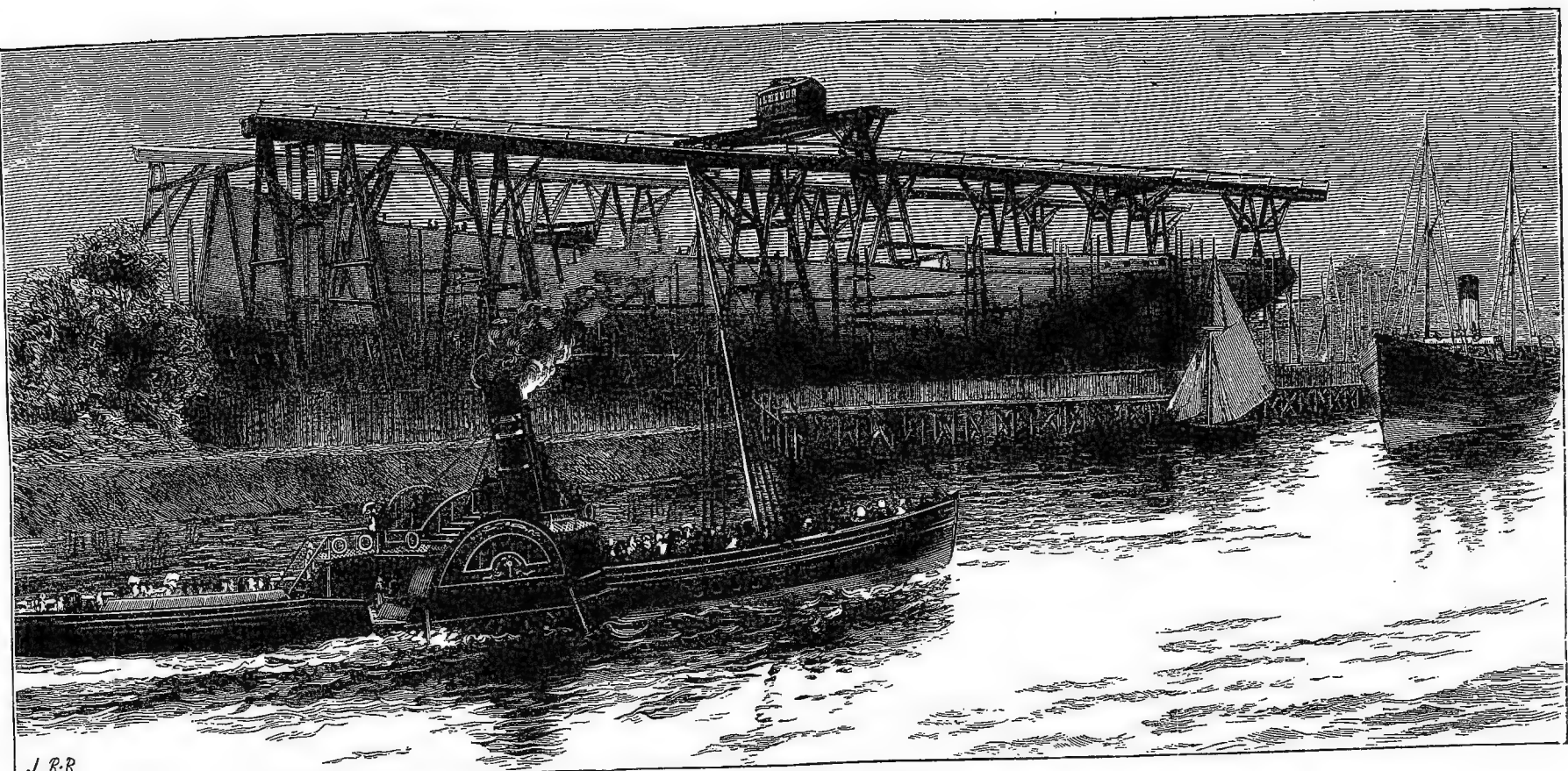


THE ROYAL EXCHANGE



GLASGOW BRIDGE





JRB

SHIP-BUILDING YARD, RIVER CLYDE



ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE





ONE of the most crowded and brilliant seasons which has been known for many years is now at its height; so numerous are the varieties of elegant toilettes to be seen every hour of the day and night that we can only give a bird's-eye view of the kaleidoscope of fashion. In spite of the hot sun and cloudless skies with which we have been favoured of late, fiery red and strong yellow are the prevailing colours; the former is used for sunshades with a total disregard to the eyesight, and probable headaches; red batiste petticoats made with box pleats look very pretty when toned down with a cool coloured upper dress of cream, starch blue, rose-pink, pearl-grey, or stone foulard or batiste, trimmed with English embroidery or lace, made with graceful drapery. Prettiest amongst the numerous pretty materials now in vogue are the Oriental satens, and "hand-painted satens," which should be worn with plain quiet coloured petticoats, for we have seen them, more especially the Oriental designs, with narrow flounces of five or six different colours, the effect being more gorgeous than pleasing. The favourite trimming for the hand-printed satens is a band about four inches wide, piped, and edged with narrow work or lace. The designs for these hand-printed materials are for the most part floral. A very elegant costume for a garden party was lately worn by a young girl. The petticoat of white striped saten was made with box pleats, a *balayuse* of cream coloured lace, the upper dress was of saten very highly glazed, a cream coloured ground on which were small tulips in many colours, a border to match. The dress was made in the Marie Antoinette style, a white lace *fichu* was worn with it, and a Leghorn hat with cream coloured feathers, one of which went under the brim at the left side; a few tulips were scattered amongst the feathers.

Another costume was: pale pink petticoat, with an upper dress of light grey saten, with small moss rosebuds and leaves. Since short dresses have come in the dress-improver has been revived, but so small as to be almost imperceptible, it only reaches to the knees and to the edge; it is buttoned on a deep, flat flounce of English embroidery, which can be easily replaced by a clean one. The best way of fastening these flounces is with ivory studs, as they are stronger than ordinary buttons, and need not be sent to the wash. As it is desirable to look as slender as possible, petticoats to be worn under train skirts are short and narrow, with a deep lace flounce, or three or more lace frills, quilled up, the lower part of the dress-train is lined with stiff muslin, a deep lace, or muslin *balayuse*, tacked in a quarter of a yard deep, serves not only to protect the skirt, but appears like a train petticoat when held up, and is very easily managed; a ribbon loop, concealed if possible under the trimmings, is the best medium for holding up a train; it can be fastened to a button on the hip or carried on the finger. Nothing looks worse than a skirt which has been trailed over a wet lawn or gravel path, and is stained and limp at the edge.

Boots and shoes require particular attention now that they are so much seen. For walking purposes the half-high Oxford or Cambridge shoes, in soft Spanish leather or kid, fastened at the side with three buttons, or tied up the front with coloured ribbons to match the dress and stockings, are cool and comfortable. For evening and indoor wear they should be made of the same material as the dress.

Those of our readers who are clever at painting on silk or satin can be in the height of fashion, and paint their own dresses. This is the plan to be pursued: first let the dressmaker cut out and fit on the dress, then unpick and tack each breadth and piece of the bodice on white lining; the artist can then paint it according to his or her fancy in wreaths or sprays; by a skilful hand this work is easily and quickly done. It is well for beginners to try their hands upon aprons and pinafores of saten or inexpensive satin. No more acceptable wedding gift can be offered than a painted dress, especially if by an artist of some fame; even when it is too great an undertaking to paint the entire dress, the *tablier*, or waistcoat, collar, and cuffs of satin or silk, black, cream-coloured, or white, thus ornamented, are most effective worn with velvet, black, or some darker colour. For trimming bonnets, and even dresses, painted lace is very fashionable. Those of our readers who are more clever with their needle than their brush may embroider their white muslin dresses in coloured ingrained cotton, which is more fashionable than crewel, although, in our opinion, less effective. The Langtry hoods are much worn at present, but will soon become very common; they look pretty in lace on a jacket or mantle.

Lawn tennis dresses are very stylish; the latest pattern is made with a short plain or kilted skirt, full bodice, and sleeves puffed on the shoulder, a style by the way only becoming to sloping shoulders and a rather long neck, navy blue summer serge or linen, the skirt and apron should be bound deeply with red linen or twill and embroidered in crewel with a bold floral design; on the front of the apron a large pocket worked to match, on the bib a small pocket for the handkerchief. Coarse straw hats with shady brims, lined with a colour, are very good in theory, or when the wearer is standing still, even then they are heavy and stiff, but once begin to play and they either tip forward on the nose, or fall off at the back; there is no headgear better for tennis-players than a close fitting *toque* hat.

Dress costumes are worn laced up the back, a pretty but irksome and inconvenient fashion. Some foolish personages have their ordinary walking dresses hooked or buttoned up the back, and as the plain fronted costumes are bound to fit somewhat tight, it is no uncommon thing to see the fastenings started and showing the white under-bodice, the only way to avoid this unsightly appearance is by having a flap two or more inches wide under the fastenings, and taking care that it is properly arranged. The small capes, "Henri III." made of jet in rows, or feather trimming, are much worn this summer, sometimes they are made of lace and insertion simple or beaded. Old gold colour is much used for bonnets, but very few complexions look well with this trying colour; gold lace and embroidered crowns in multi-coloured beads are fashionable, but must only be used for *fêtes* or grand toilettes, else they look vulgar.

White is in great favour this summer in every variety of material. Hindu cashmere, satin brocade, Madras muslin, satin de Lyon, and *merveilleux* satin, *mousseline de soie*, and *delaïne*. Muffs of the most dainty description, painted, embroidered, or covered with lace and ornamented with a bouquet of real or artificial flowers are carried at balls and theatres, but not as yet is the *reticule* made after the fashion of our great-grandmothers, carried in the hand or fastened with a ribbon to the side.

Some of the new hat and bonnet-shapes are very becoming; a light open-work Tuscan straw is cool and pretty; the Amazon hat, which is made with a point on the forehead and turned-up brim, looks very stylish lined with quilted satin, and trimmed with two long ostrich feathers. White straw or chip gipsy hat trimmed with poppies and straw, and wide red satin strings, tied at the back, looks well with a black or white costume.

The *casquins* for rich and thick materials are still in favour, with muslin or gauze materials; the corset bodices of satin are very popular when the figure is really good; these bodices may be worn with only a double ruffle of lace at the throat and wrists, otherwise they must be trimmed with lace draperies; for flat, thin figures an open V-shape is most becoming, whilst square-cut bodices have a narrowing effect. A very pretty way of making a dinner dress for a

young girl is: A petticoat of white *foulard*, with two pleated flounces; about six inches deep, one of cream colour, the other of pale blue; above these two wide scarves of cream and blue tied at the back; basque bodice of blue, with waistcoat of cream; elbow sleeves and lace ruffles. This costume may be made in *mousseline de soie* of any two colours, or of plain silk and satin damask scarves in one colour.

Dust cloaks or mantles are necessities at this season; they also are trimmed and bound with fiery red.



MICHAEL ANGELO represents the Renaissance in its strength, as several of his contemporaries represent it in its weakness. And, because he is a representative man, M. Charles Clément's somewhat French manner perhaps suits him best. M. Clément takes us up into the clouds, talks of "the mighty beings to whom Liberty gave birth amid the raging storms," of "the giants whom antiquity would have made into gods," and of the Renaissance as being "sudden, bursting out almost without a dawn after ten centuries of ignorance and barbarism and dreary darkness." This we certainly do not believe, any more than we believe that Michael Angelo "owed to circumstances nothing but the opportunity for the free development of his extraordinary faculties." The facts of the life which, in spite of his high flights, M. Clément gives fully and carefully, contradict this. Michael Angelo owed much to circumstances, as every successful man must. Classicism was in the air; and he seized and developed the grander form of it. Hundreds looked at the statues and fragments in Lorenzo de Medici's garden; but only he so studied them that his soul became steeped in the antique spirit. M. Clément's criticisms of Michael Angelo's works are very good; we hold with him that he is strongest in the Sistine Chapel, weakest in the statue of Christ on the Cross in the chancel of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva in Rome. His estimate of Leo X. and his real influence on his time deserves careful study; and he sketches very cleverly Michael Angelo's gloomy, self-contained, society-shunning character. What- ever facts he omits, notably those about Michael Angelo's father, the translator supplies in an appendix. We think there are Englishmen who could have done M. Clément's work; but perhaps it may widen the views of the many readers of the "Great Artists" to see what an approved foreign art critic says on the subject. Anyhow "Michael Angelo Buonarroti" (Sampson Low) is one of the best volumes of this admirable and wonderfully cheap series; and the illustrations, we are happy to see, are greatly improved.

Doctors used to be over-anxious about not recommending "nostrums," but the rule now is "if you know of a good thing let as many as possible know about it." Hence in "Nature's Hygiene, a Series of Essays on Popular Scientific Subjects" (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox), Mr. C. T. Kingzett not only deals with the chemistry and hygiene of the pine (such a popular curative agent in Germany) and of the eucalyptus (whose value is beginning to be known amongst ourselves) but dilates on the virtues of "Sanitas," and shows how in powder or solution it prevents any change in milk or beer or beef-steak or paste for more than a fortnight. "Sanitas" is made by forcing air through turpentine, which absorbs its oxygen and forms camphoric peroxide and various other hygienic compounds, giving, as it were, the very essence of the pine-forest. Mr. Kingzett's notion is that "germs" and "putrefactive vibrations" are ubiquitous; therefore, if you can, live in a pine-wood or an eucalyptus forest; if you can't, make diligent use of "Sanitas." There is a freshness about his book which smacks of what he writes of; and we wish sanitary authorities, rural as well as urban, and owners of house property in city slums, would read what he says of the distribution of disease, and be thereby terrified into action.

Miss Betham-Edwards is a well-known and very pleasing writer, and her "Six Life Studies of Famous Women" (Griffith and Farran) is quite worthy of her reputation. Her six are Fernan Caballero, the half-German Spanish novelist; Alexandrine Tinné, the unfortunate Dutch lady who devoted herself to African exploration; Caroline (sister of William) Herschel; Marie Pape Carpan- tier, the educational reformer, one of whose pupils Miss Edwards found doing a great work at Athens; Elizabeth Carter, daughter of the Rector of Woodchurch, who in days before Girton College arose learnt Greek and Latin, translating Anacreon at seventeen, and went on to Arabic, Hebrew, and several modern languages; and Matilda Betham, sister of Sir W. Betham, author of "The Gael and the Cymri," &c. Miss Edwards's heroines will, except Mlle. Tinné, whose story has been in the newspapers, be strangers to most of her readers; but they are all worth knowing. Miss Betham, the friend of Charles and Mary Lamb, herself the first English biographer of famous women, is a very lovable character; while how Miss Carter, whose translation of Epictetus has only lately been superseded by George Long's, managed to combine study with "society" and any amount of dancing, is very instructive. The book is full of information, and is to be thoroughly recommended for young readers.

Travelling as civilians, and even as military officers, travel in India is a very different thing from roughing it with a French *savant* intent on bird and butterfly gathering. Mr. J. A. Lawson, in the "Wandering Naturalists" (Remington), describes how he and M. Paulet went with only two coolies, a few mules, a tent, &c., across from Calcutta through Bograh to Nepal, collecting specimens and shooting wolves and tigers on their road. The number of man-eaters that they killed must ensure their memory being cherished as benefactors among the gorges of the Himalayas. One likes being taken into a writer's confidence, and Mr. Lawson thoroughly confides in his reader. How he and his comrade lost heart on a Nepanlese swing bridge, and clung to it convulsively while the natives danced upon it to frighten them; how he slipped into a ravine while chamois-shooting, and was left there for more than a day in madden- ing loneliness; how M. Paulet ran away from a bear; and how climbing Mt. Everest converted Mr. Lawson to Christianity—this sort of thing makes the book very lively. They climbed over 15,000 feet up Mt. Everest, and sojourned in the Nepanlese cities of Sekura and Khatang; but M. Paulet lost most of his cases, partly by the upsetting of a boat, partly by a typhoon which destroyed several villages. Moral: Always send your cases up to headquarters as soon as they are filled. The book is quite the freshest and most novel work about India which we have seen since Jacquemont.

Mr. Seguin is by no means satisfied that visitors to Ober-Ammergau should just see the play and go back again. He tells them of the exceeding beauty of Partenkirchen and the grandeur of the Karwendel and Zugspitze, and of the primitive manners and quaint dress of the Bavarian Highlanders. Indeed, in "The Country of the Passion Play" (Strahan) he goes much further afield, guiding us by the beautiful new Black Forest Railway to Constance, and thence to Lindau, returning by Munich and Nuremberg, not forgetting Salzburg and the Mönchsberg, and even Augsburg and Baireuth. This is a wide range, but Mr. Seguin (as those who know his "Algiers" are aware) has the art of giving fresh interest to all that he writes about. We heartily recommend his book to those who want something more than the cut-and-dried dullness of a guide-book. He gives a very good account, excellently illustrated, of the play, preceded by a brief history of miracle plays and moralities in general.

A better book for boys we can scarcely imagine than "The Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century" (Sampson Low and Co.), which forms the second of three volumes entitled "Celebrated Travels and Travellers." The first volume, called "The Exploration of the World," ranges from B.C. 505 to the end of the seven- teenth century; the third is to contain the great explorers of the nineteenth century. The volume before us deals first with the great cartographers, Cassini, Picard, D'Anville, Maupertuis, and Conda- mine, who determined the meridian, and settled the shape of the earth; then with Cook's predecessors, among them Wood-Rogers, the rescuer of Alexander Selkirk, Byron, Wallis, Carteret, &c. Then comes Cook, and then La Pérouse and the other Frenchmen; and then we have chapters on African and Asiatic Exploration, and on Humboldt's work in America. All this has been told before; but never more pleasantly than by M. Jules Verne, whose story will delight old as well as young. The numerous engravings are some of them reproductions of the old woodcuts.

We have long heard of Dr. Birdwood in connection with Indian art, but we were scarcely prepared for two such delightful volumes as his "Industrial Arts of India" (Chapman and Hall), published for the Committee of Council on Education. They form one of the most important works of the season; and will be profitably studied by any one who wishes to know something of the Art- history of our great dependency. Dr. Birdwood, rightly judging that Art in India is indissolubly mixed up with religion, begins with the Hindoo Pantheon profusely illustrated. He soon passes on to "the master crafts"—the brass work, the gold plate, the teapots of Nepal, the enamels of Jeypoor, treating in his second volume of jewellery, textile stuffs, lace, pottery, &c. We regret to hear that the famous carpets of Hyderabad, Jubbulpoor, &c., have sadly deteriorated, owing to the "jail system"—carpets being made in the jails, and competing ruinously with the native artist. This is easy to understand; and the establishment of schools of industry has it seems been equally harmful. The artist who used to strive his utmost to produce a pleasing design now scamps his work, sure of a sale amongst indiscriminating Europeans. The glorious Cashmeres of twenty and even ten years ago Dr. Birdwood fears will never be made again; and he lays much blame on the Paris Exhibition, which gave prizes for quantity as well as quality. We fear it will be with India as it is with Japan unless a reaction comes, and the natives are taught that "Brummagem" is not so saleable as really artistic work. Very strange are the analogies between early Indian and European Art. Brooches worn in some of the Hima- layan valleys are exactly of the so-called Celtic or "Tara" type, the very curious gold relic-casket taken by Mr. Masson from a Buddhist tope, looks quite Byzantine or "Norman," though Dr. Birdwood believes it to date from Alexander's time, and to bear traces of Greek influence. The Committee of Council has done a very good work in giving this excellent book to the public in an accessible form.

In "Heroes of Britain in War and Peace" (Cassell) Mr. Hodder gives us a mixture of all sorts of famous folk. Grace Darling, Grace Russell of Wallscliffe, West Australia, Mary Somerville, the heroes of Rorke's Drift, O'Hara Burke who first crossed the Australian continent, Raikes of the Sunday Schools, Watt of the steam engine, Joseph Sturge who bearded Czar Nicholas in his den—these are a few of his "heroes." Of course it is a made-up book; several of the engravings have done duty elsewhere; but boys and girls will not be less delighted with it because it is made up. It is well for them to learn that there is a heroism of science and endurance, as well as that which shows itself in the field.

"English Fragments: Heinrich Heine," translated by Sarah Norris (R. Grant and Co., Edinburgh).—The chief thing that strikes the reader of this little book is Heine's extraordinary admiration, amounting almost to idolatry, for Napoleon Bonaparte, and his equally extraordinary hatred and contempt for Wellington. His partiality has naturally led his judgment strangely astray. We can scarcely doubt however that if he had known a quarter of what Madame Remusat's memoirs have recently disclosed of the Emperor's character Heine's adoration would have changed to disgust. Though written more than fifty years ago, many of his remarks on English society are doubly true to-day, and display very sharp insight and observation; and there is some subtle criticism of Sir Walter Scott's works, which, coming from such a master-mind, is of high interest. These "fragments" are mere trifles, but they bear the stamp of Heine's peculiar genius, and show something of the fire and pathos, and that shifting playfulness and cynical insincerity which characterise his poems.

Mr. Francis Hueffer, has republished under the title "Musical Studies" (A. and C. Black, Edinburgh), a collection of articles on various musical topics which originally appeared in sundry news- papers and magazines. We like his biographical sketch of Chopin best—though Liszt's little work on the Polish composer seems to have been pretty freely drawn upon—but we think the notice of Beethoven is only another contribution to the vast sea of doubt and controversy surrounding the life of the great master. Beethoven lives in his music, and so long as that remains it matters very little indeed about the petty dates and details of his physical existence. There are some careful criticisms of *Carmen*, *Polyeucte*, and the *Roi de Lahore*, and an interesting discussion of the chances of English opera, which all lovers of music should read. Mr. Hueffer is a "Wagnerite," and so possibly his criticism of the "Ring of the Nibelung" may be regarded in some quarters as too partial to the apostle of Bayreuth, and therefore objectionable; but those who care for the metaphysics of music, will find something attractive in the article on Schopenhauer, which, if it is novel to introduce into a work on musical matters, is undoubtedly entitled to a place, and is decidedly acceptable. Musicians and amateurs alike will find the book of interest, and occasionally valuably suggestive.

Messrs. Ward and Lock have added to their admirable "Chandos Classics" three new volumes (the "Spanish, German, and Italian Novelists," translated and edited by the erudite and learned Roscoe), which, perhaps, are as interesting alike to the student and general reader as any others of this most useful series.

"A Guide to Nature Printing Butterflies and Moths," by "A.M.C." (Harrison), is a tiny but useful volume, which will be acceptable to entomologists, professional or amateur. The disadvan- tages ordinarily met with by collectors, are wholly obviated by the processes described; the brilliancy of sheen, delicacy of shading, and every line and mark in each specimen being reproduced with great accuracy—as is plainly shown in the examples on the frontis- piece.

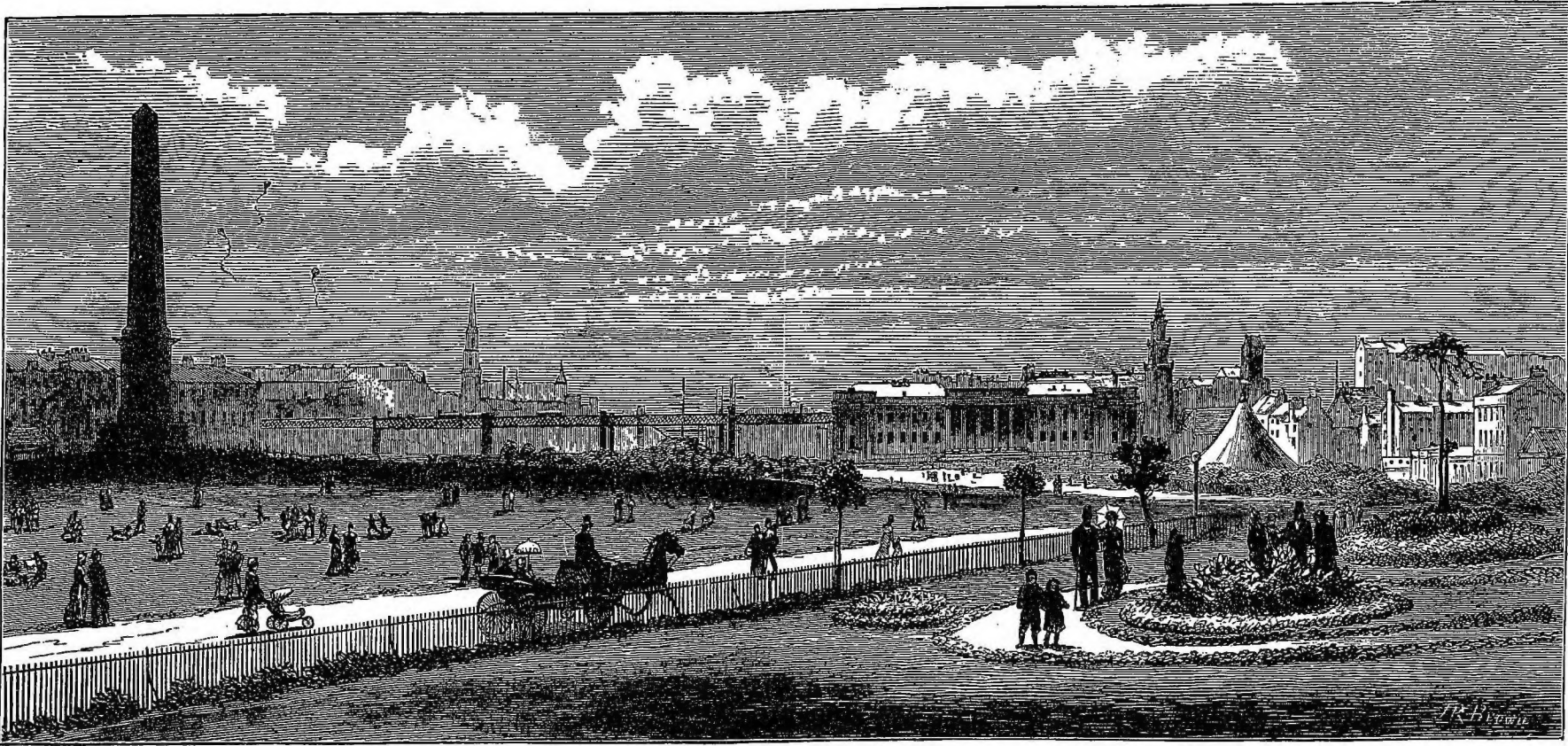
A DOG CLUB has been established in Paris, whose members consist exclusively of lovers of the canine species, while no one is admitted to the club rooms unless accompanied by a bull-dog, a King Charles, a terrier, or a setter.

SABBATARIANISM is causing great excitement across the Atlantic, where at Louisville, in Kentucky, the police recently made a raid on the newspaper offices directly after midnight on Saturday, and indicted all persons at work. All public-houses were closed, and cabs and trams sent to the stables; while later in the morning the churches were visited, and the names taken of all sextons and organists, the law punishing all persons who receive pay for services of any kind on Sunday. Nearer home, by-the-bye, Sabbath observance was lately strictly enforced for at Shrewsbury, a circus proprietor was fined for driving ten vehicles through the streets on Sunday, an old bye-law rendering it penal to lead or drive any beast, animal, cattle, or poultry, wagon or cart, through the borough on the Day of Rest.

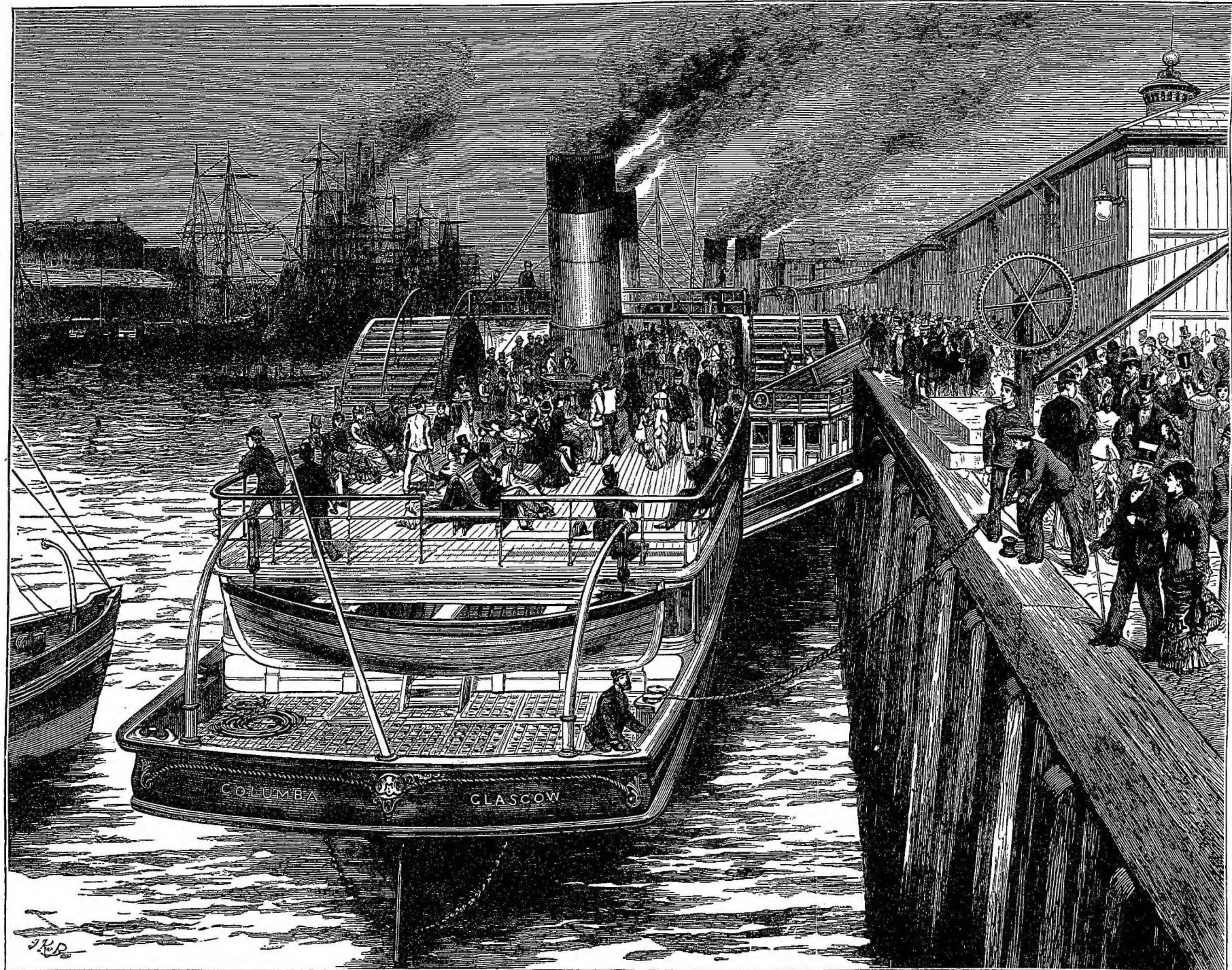








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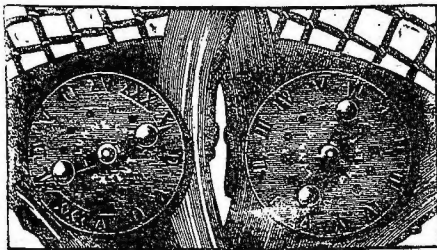
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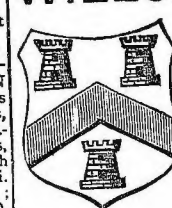
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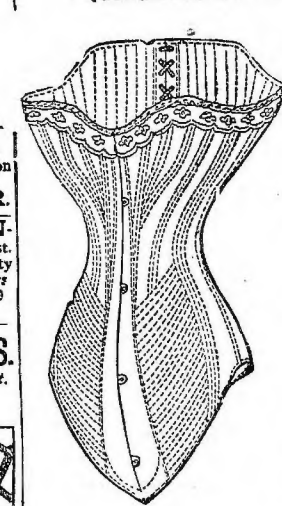
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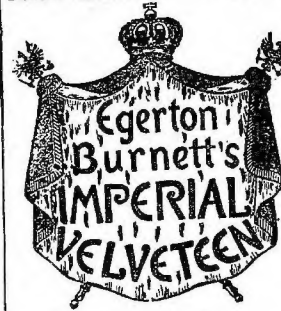
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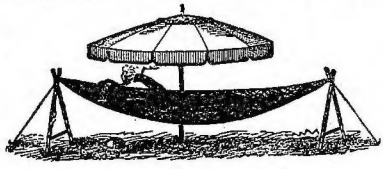
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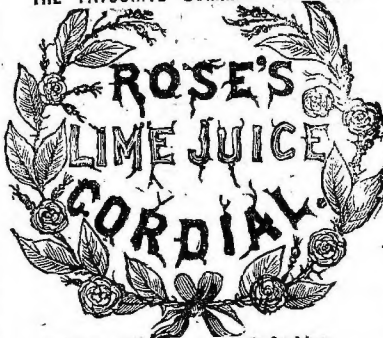
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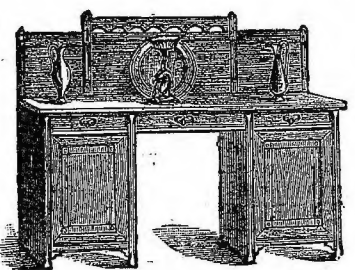
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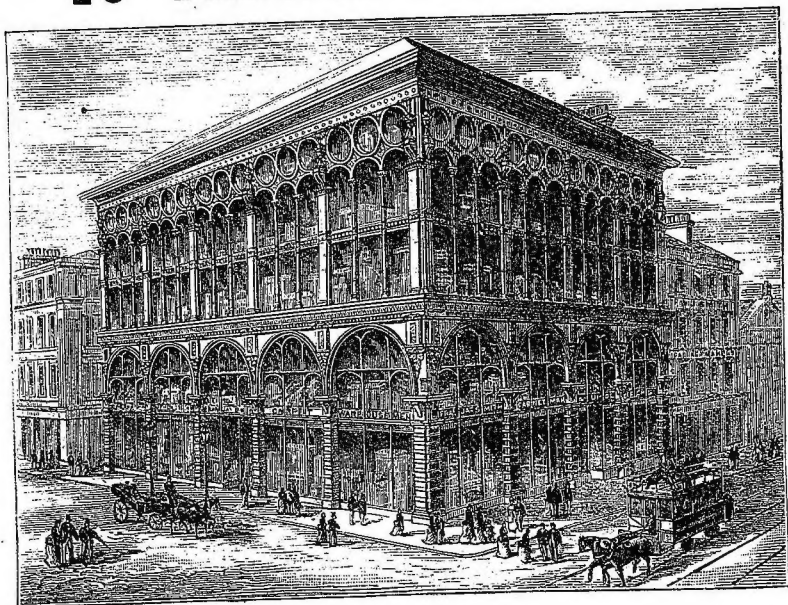
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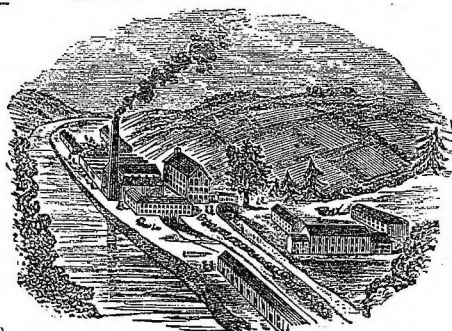
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